

New Portrait of Valerie West, the C.D. Gibson Girl in



### **NECROMANCY**

### By ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

I

What necromancy lies in little things.

A yellow rose, set in a yellow jar,
Smiled through the window of a city shop,
And lo! the hot street vanished, and the voice
Of blatant commerce suddenly was hushed:
I seemed to walk along cool corridors,
Where fountains played, and priceless statues gleamed;
Out from an alcove tiptoed tender notes
Of harp strings lightly touched; a woman laughed;
And silken garments, kissing marble floors,
Exhaled a fragrance subtle as their sound.
No discords marred the harmony of life;
Beauty, and mirth, and music made the world.
What necromancy lies in little things.

### H

What necromancy lies in vagrant airs. Idle and happy, basking in the sun,
Where art with nature held high carnival,
One summer day, there fell upon mine ear
A half-forgotten melody. It flayed
My heart out into strings, whereon the hand
Of Pain strummed misereres: and the light,
Spilling upon the earth from flawless skies,
Was changed, and charged with darkness. From deep graves,
Dead sorrows rose, with mold upon their shrouds;
And in the eyeless sockets of their skulls
Burned old despairs. The haggard past stood forth
And hid the radiant present from my sight.
What necromancy lies in vagrant airs.

# HALF-WAY MEN

BY REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN

DRAWING BY CHARLES A. WINTER



The man who leads a prayer-meeting and an exemplary family life, and then pays low wages because he can: . . . who puts his dollar in the collection-box, and marks his ballot for a corrupt politician, on a corrupt platform, in a corrupt party—such a man merely encumbers the too-patient earth

HALF-WAY MEN



HE midnight of December 31st found, as usual, eighty per cent. of our population in one of two attitudes. Their way of meeting the New Year was seated in a café or kneeling in a church.

Either way is half-way. Neither is enough.

The attitudes are, of course, no more than symbolic. There are plenty of cafes that do not smell of Gehenna; there are plenty of churches that are not redolent of righteousness. There are many

uncovered Albanys, Pittsburgs, Springfields. My point is simply that the tide of social betterment is rising; that you can't aid it by faith without works; that you can't hinder it by playing Canute on the shore; and that you have no right to stand by and do nothing one way or the other.

Now a tide. Soon an inundation. You can't stop it; but there are those who are delaying it by strengthening the old breakwater of graft and privilege; and there are those who are trying to speed it by attacking that work of the grafters and the privileged. If you don't want to see this country flooded by genuine democracy, then, in the church or out of it, resolve to work with the grafters and the privileged; and if you do want genuine democracy, then, in the church and out of it, get to work with those who are tearing the breakwater down.

Ours is no world for half-way men—or for half-way women. History has small place for its King Johns and Richard Cromwells. It prefers even an Attila to a Mark Antony, a Duke of Cumberland to a Bonny Prince Charlie, a Napoleon to a Louis XVI. That Roman princess who drove her chariot over the body of him she should have loved was scarcely a less edifying spectacle than Catherine de' Medici truckling to two factions and true to neither.

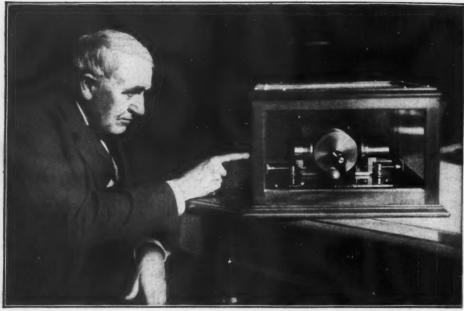
The man in power who says might is right—no other sort ever did say it—and who translates his faith into ruthless practice is a man that may be respected and can be dealt with. The man that denies the essential virtue of power, and, in the face of scorn and defeat, fights wrong wherever wrong is strong—that man is a WHOLE man. But the man that leads a prayer-meeting and an exemplary family life, and then pays low wages because he can; calls poverty, prostitution, and child-labor "necessary evils"; shuts his eyes to the sight of slavery, and his ears to the cries of the slaves; puts his dollar in the collection-box, and marks his ballot for a corrupt politician, on a corrupt platform, in a corrupt party—such a man merely encumbers the too-patient earth.

The day of the Laodiceans is past. "Because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot," said the voice that spoke on the Isle of Patmos, "I will spue thee out of my mouth." There are whole men whose mere bodies are in shameful service; but these half-men, these Laodiceans, are the servile souls; they are not worth the trouble and expense of damnation.

# Cosmopolitan

Vol. L

FEBRUARY.



The first machine that ever spoke like a man; but it couldn't say "sugar," and Edison worked with it two years before he overcame the defect. Now the machines are talking, talking everywhere

## The Wonderful New

1 8 2 P

Some Startling Prophecies

By Thomas

And reported by

Illustrated with exclusive photographs especially

ASKED Thomas A. Edison to talk to me about inventions. And he did. Inventions now remake the world every twenty years. I wanted Edison's forecast of what inventions are coming next. I wanted his views instead of those of anyone else, because I believed he was likely to know more than anyone else. I

recalled particularly a remark that he once made to me.

"When I am trying to make a thing," he said, "I always play my blue chips first. I try to think of the biggest thing that could be done, and then do it."

In other words, he lets his imagination go as far as it can. Such a man might appear

# Magazine

1911

No. 3



Edison and his first electric motor. Electricity, Edison thinks, will soon be used for every purpose, driving the farmer's plow as well as propelling powerful war-preventing submarines

## World Ahead of Us

of the Future as Described

### A. Edison

Allan L. Benson

posed by Mr. Edison for the Cosmopolitan

to be an unreliable forecaster. Think a minute. Edison meant only that he tries to bring out full-fledged inventions. Yet, see how far even his great imagination falls short of developments. He put all his imagination into the phonograph—and produced a machine, turned with a crank, that nobody would buy to-day at any price. He

played his blue chips into the incandescent electric light—and produced a light for which no one would to-day pay a white chip. The point is that Edison's imagination really is not great. It is great only in comparison with our small imaginations. It is small in comparison with the things it sees. It has never been great enough to see any

of his own inventions as they were destined to be

On my way over to the laboratory, I had mapped out in my mind a list of questions that I wished to ask. Edison did not wait to see the map. He knew what he wanted to discuss first. What he wanted to discuss first was money; not silver, not bank-notes, not government certificates—gold. He believes gold will not much longer lure; that it may be left out at night as safely as iron may be left out at night; that nobody who works will accept gold in payment for his work; and that no nation will issue gold as money. He holds these views because he believes it is only a question of time until a way will be discovered to manufacture gold.

"The discovery may be made to-morrow," he said. "It is just as likely to be made to-morrow as at any other time. The discovery will surely be made some time, because the making of gold is a question only of the proper combination and treatment of matter. I mean by this that all matter is alike. Silver and gold differ only because the matter in them was combined in different proportions and treated in a different manner. Who knows but radium has the power to convert a cheap metal into a dear one?

If not radium, something else."

The contemplation of the possibility held

him silent for a moment.

"Radium is a wonderful metal," he continued. "We know next to nothing about it. The fact of its discovery was made known to us one morning in the newspapers. News of the discovery of some metal even more wonderful may come to us in the newspapers to-morrow morning. All over the world, scientists are working hard to try to find out the secrets of things. Every fact we find makes it easier to find the next fact. Nothing that is reasonable is impossible, and it is reasonable to expect that we shall find out how to make gold."

Edison said he had often noted the gold clause in contracts, whereby the debtor agees to pay his debt "in gold coin of the United States, of standard weight and fineness." The clause always seemed to him to be dangerous. The ownership of most of the property in the world might at any moment be transferred from the creditor to the debtor class. He shook his head

and smiled.

"Oh, that gold business," he said, "does

not strike me as right. It is funny that the world still clings to it. What a snap it would be for the railroads, for instance, if they could pay their bonds with gold that they made at a cost of not more than twenty-five dollars a ton. They may do it, some day."

At this point, Edison digressed to tell what he thinks of bankers. He looks upon bankers as specialists in finance and industry. Finance and industry, like everything else, are governed by natural laws. Specialists should know these laws. Edison says bankers appear to know none of them. Here is his utterance on this point, as a

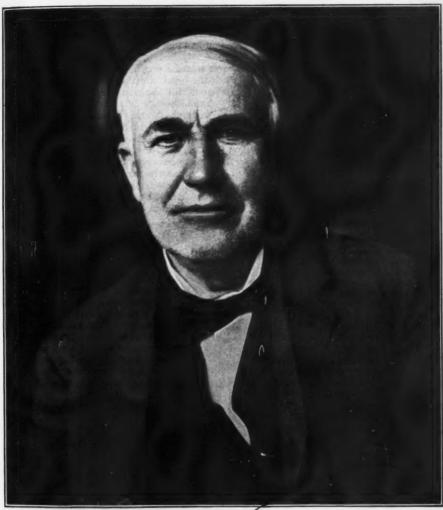
stenographer took it down:

"Business slumps. Bankers ask each other what is the cause. 'Overproduction of gold,' says one. 'Extravagance,' says another. All these experts do not know what is the cause of such a gigantic thing as a slump in business in the United States. Little they know about their business. It looks to me as if they are a lot of amateurs. They are dealing in money; apparently, they do not know a thing about money. I read what all these bankers say and get the impression that the banking fraternity do not know what they are talking about."

Maybe not. Edison ought to know a good deal about transportation, however, so I asked him what improvements were probable in the means of transportation. Would electricity always be used only for short hauls? Was nothing better than steam in sight for long hauls? Should we always travel by steam to Chicago, to Denver, to San Francisco? Should we never

travel by air?

Edison answered the aeroplane question first. He answered it by telling a story. Ten years ago he was sitting in front of his winter laboratory in Florida. Not a cloud was in the sky. The air, bathed in sunshine, was still. The smoke from a neighboring chimney went straight up—straight up for a thousand feet. Almost as high as the pillar of smoke soared a buzzard. Minute after minute, as Edison watched, the bird lazily described great circles. Sometimes it would slide down the air a hundred feet and then climb back again. But whether the bird circled, slid, or climbed, it never flapped a wing. Always its wings were like the hands of a clock at a quarter to three.



Edison at sixty-three. His characteristic expression and appearance after he has sat up all night with an idea. "I try to think of the biggest thing that could be done, and then do it"

Thomas a Eduson

Edison marveled. With no wind blowing, with no wing flapping, what kept the bird aloft? What enabled it to climb after it had slid down the air? Again and again, he asked himself these questions, but the answers did not come. Nine years later, the answers came.

"I think I know what kept that bird in the air," he said to me. "It traveled on sound-waves, and the little pin-feathers on the insides of its wings made the waves." What he meant was this: Any agitation of the air makes a wave. Agitate the air rapidly enough and the waves come to us in the form of sound. Then the waves are called sound-waves.

"The air, when struck with sufficient quickness," continued Edison, "is as rigid as steel. Touch a match to a stick of dynamite on a five-ton rock and nothing will happen—the dynamite will merely burn up. Set off a charge of gunpowder and the

Aeroplanes can go up only as they go ahead. "Suppose you had four million trained bumblebees," he said, "attached to wire wickerwork on which was seated a man. Can't you understand that if the bumblebees were signaled to fly, they would lift the man? I believe mechanical bumblebees could be so attached to a flying-machine that they would lift it straight up. By 'mechanical bumblebees' I mean inclined planes revolving upon perpendicular shafts at tremendous speed. Once in the air, ordinary propellers could be used to drive the machine ahead."

Edison believes the present type of aeroplanes will soon be discarded, and that "bumblebee fliers" will carry

passengers at the rate of a hundred miles an hour, or more.

Meanwhile, transportation upon land, he declares, will be revolutionized. The steam-locomotive is blowing its last blasts for millions of people. The next generation of New-Yorkers and New-Englanders will first hear at school of steam-locomotives, and never will see them unless they go to some state that has neither much water power nor much population. Water-wheels will make



"Reenforced concrete is cheaper than either brick or steel, and a building constructed of reenforced concrete will stand practically forever"

dynamite will be exploded, but not rapidly enough to shatter the rock. But explode the dynamite with a fulminate of mercury cap and the explosion will come so quickly that the air cannot yield. The rock will be split, because it is less rigid than the air."

Edison believes the buzzard kept aloft by causing the pin-feathers on the insides of its wings to beat the air with tremendous rapidity. He believes the buzzard traveled on sound-waves, precisely as the bumblebee travels on sound-waves. The bumblebee derives "The coming farmer will sit name from the fact that, in

flying, it makes sound-waves. beside a push
Edison has a high regard for button and
the bumblebee as a flier. He some levers"
says its wings are exceedingly

small in proportion to the size and weight of its body. It flies so well only because it uses its wings so well; beats the air until the air becomes like metal stilts. Moreover, he believes we shall have to learn wisdom from the bumblebee before we shall travel in the air very far, very fast, or very safely. He would apply the bumblebee principle to lifting the flying-machine, and the present propeller system to driving it ahead. In his opinion, flying-machines should be able to go straight up.



"Scientists are working hard to find out the secrets of things, . . . and it is reasonable to expect that we shall find out how to make gold"

electricity to run all the railroads that traverse regions in which there is abundant water power. Whole systems like the Great Northern will be thus operated. In densely populated states, electric locomotives will displace steam, regardless of whether water power is available. The New York Central will be electrified from end to end. Nor will there be, says Edison, in all New England or New York, a railroad

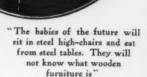
operated by steam power.

Yet the changes Edison foresees in the methods of transportation are less radical than the changes he foresees in the use of iron and steel. Steel, he says, is destined soon to fall from its high pinnacle as the skeleton of skyscrapers, to become the material of which furniture is made. Book covers may also be made of steel. Even the pages of books may be made of steel, though Edison regards nickel as a better substitute for paper. Here, indeed, is a case where the small end of a subject is the big end. The imagination is not much taxed by the suggestion of sky-scrapers made without steel; but nickel books, bound

"Why not?" asked Edison. "Nickel will absorb printer's ink. A sheet of



"A machine could be made that would take the raw material at one end and turn out finished suits of clothing at the other"



nickel one twenty-thousandth of an inch thick is cheaper, tougher, and more flexible than an ordinary sheet of book-paper. Anickel book, two inches thick, would contain 40,000 pages. Such a book would weigh only a pound. I can make a pound of nickel sheets for a dollar and a quarter."

Here, at last, is comfort for the librarians who are crying out against the commercialism that produces paper so poor that most of the volumes printed to-day seem likely to crumble to dust within a hundred years. Here, also, is a prospect

"There will
be no poverty
in the world a
hundred years
from now"

There, also, is a prospect
of real culture for the masses.
Forty thousand pages in a
volume! A single volume the
equivalent in printing space of
two hundred paper-leaved
books of two hundred pages

each! What a library might be placed between two steel covers and sold for, perhaps, two dollars! History, science, fiction, poetry—everything. Indestructible except through fire or abuse. Beautiful, because the steel covers could be stained in perfect imitation of the finest leathers. Two hundred books for the price of one book!

I had understood Edison to say that he was already making, for another purpose,

the thin nickel sheets of which he spoke. That seemed to make the nickel book close within the range of present possibilities. Then it occurred to me that perhaps he had mastered only the problem of manufacturing in small lots. So I said:

Suppose you were to receive from a publisher an order for a sheet of nickel seven feet wide and a thousand feet long-could

you fill it?"

"I could fill an order for a sheet of nickel seven feet wide and a mile long," he replied.

Then he told how he makes nickel sheets so thin. It is entirely an electrical process, accurate to a high degree. An electric current in operation for half a minute deposits on a prepared base one twenty-thousandth of an inch of nickel; never more, never less. "An absolute law governs this," said

Edison.

An absolute law appears to be operating to substitute steel for wood in the making of furniture. The law is the increasing cost of wood. Edison says one New York firm is already making steel office-furniture. No tubing is used. The various parts of chairs, tables, and desks are stamped out of sheet steel, and then bent into shape. The legs, arms, and backs of chairs are cut out as rapidly as the big wheels of stampingmachines can revolve.

"All furniture will soon be made of steel," said Edison. "The steel required for a given piece of furniture costs only onefifth as much as the wood would cost for the same piece of furniture. Steel furniture is light, because only a little steel is required. And polished steel takes a beautiful finish. It can be stained in perfect imitation of mahogany, walnut, cherry, maple, oak, or any other wood. The babies of the next generation will sit in steel high-chairs and eat from steel tables. They will not know what wooden furniture is."

Nor will these children, according to Edison, ever see the huge steel bones of a skyscraper swung into place. He says the "age of steel" about which we brag so much is nothing to brag about. We brag about it because we do not know any better. Steel costs too much. It was a mistake to use it. in the first place. The ancient Egyptians are held responsible, in a way, by Edison, for our mistake. Ancient Egyptian builders used sun-dried bricks. The sun was too slow for us, and we built fires to dry our bricks. But we clung to bricks-bricks and stones.

"Men are lunatics," declared Edison. "to keep on building with brick and steel. Reenforced concrete is better and cheaper than either. Builders who stick to brick and steel are behind the times. Men who put up wooden structures are worse lunatics. It is because we use such building materials that the fire losses in this country amount to almost \$500,000,000 a year. Think what a waste of materials and labor this sum represents. It is all unnecessary. Reenforced concrete is not only cheaper than brick and steel, but it is fireproof. A reenforced concrete building will stand practically forever. Within thirty years, all construction will be of reenforced concrete, from the finest mansions to the tallest skyscrapers."

I asked him if he could reproduce the fifty-story Metropolitan Tower in concrete. "Certainly," he replied. "There is a

fourteen-story concrete building in Brooklyn and another in Cincinnati. An earthquake couldn't overturn them. What building material could be stronger than a solid mass of concrete tied together with steel?'

I couldn't tell him. All I could do was to switch the forecasting from the housing of men to the transmission of thought. Edison had a good deal to do with the bringing out of the telephone. Perhaps he could conceive of something better than the telephone; better than the telegraph; better even than the Marconi wireless-something that would utilize a new force of which

mankind is not yet conscious.

He could conceive of such a force. "So far as I know," said he, "there is no quality of the ether that will permit us to send wave-impulses in other than the electrical form, but I have no doubt that waveimpulses can be sent in other and, perhaps, better forms. I do know, however, that the present telephone is very imperfect. If you want to know how imperfect it is, read the drug market to a stenographer at the other end of the wire and see how much of it she will get. The success of the telephone is due to human imagination. A man is rung up on the 'phone. He gets a clue to the identity of the person who is calling him, and, if the subject broached is one with which he is familiar, the rest is easy. But mention a name that the other man did not expect to hear and see how quickly he will break in with 'What's that?' Repeat that name,' and, finally, 'Spell it.'"

Edison told a story to show that even a

good imagination is a poor substitute for a good telephone or a good telegraph wire. The anecdote related to the time when he was a telegraph operator in Louisville. His

business was to receive and copy press despatches. The people roundabout read the despatches in the morning newspapers and believed they were reading reports sent by telegraph. were not. The news comes late, but it comes from Edison. Edison confessed to me that at least

he"made up" seventy per cent. of the

material of each

memory, and, in order to keep in touch with the news matter I was handling, I used to take an armful of exchanges home with me each night, pile them on my bed and read



them, sometimes until two o'clock in the morning. In this way I kept pretty good track of what was going on in the country.

"Down in Virginia the Legislature was trying to elect a United States senator. John M. Botts was the leading

despatch. Only thirty per cent. actually came over the wire. He had to make up the other seventy per cent. The wire always worked badly, and he was on the "blind side" of a repeater where he couldn't ask the sending operator to repeat.

"I never was caught but once," said Edison. "Please notice that I said 'caught.' I made plenty of minor mistakes. But once I was caught. I had been working on the wire three months, I guess, and getting along very well. Then, as now, I had a good



"In considering his life and work, . . . the distinction must be made between the pure scientist with mathematical and philosophical knowledge, and the ingenious inventor who can apply a scientific truth to a practical end. Of this latter class Edison stands at the head."-International Encyclopedia

candidate. But he never received quite enough votes to elect him. Day after day, the sessions dragged along. One day news came that the opposition to Botts was going to pieces and that he would undoubtedly be elected the next day. The next day, just as a despatch from Richmond began to come, the wire 'broke.' The wire broke just as I had received the name, 'John M. Botts.' I took a chance and wrote out a despatch to the effect that Botts had been elected. The Louisville papers printed it. The following day, they printed a correction. Botts hadn't been elected. The Legislature, as usual, had only adjourned for the day.

Edison believes the day will come when the telephone will leave little or nothing to the imagination; when it will shout out proper names, or whisper the quotations from the drug market. He depends upon Mr. Vail, the new head of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company and of the Western Union, to bring this day quickly.

"Mr. Vail is a big man and a very smart business man," said Edison. "Until his day, the telegraph business was in the hands of little men. Vail will encourage inventions. He is something of an inventor him-

self."

If Mr. Vail shall have as hard a time improving the telephone as Edison had improving the phonograph, he will be quite busy for two years after he begins. Edison's first phonograph couldn't say "sugar." The cylinder failed to deliver the "sh" sound. A phonograph that couldn't say sugar being somewhat akin to a hair-lipped man, Edison undertook to remedy the defect. He did everything he could think of, but everything he could think of did no good. After he had toiled at the task eighteen hours a day for two years, he did something that he didn't think of that did good. To this day, he does not know what he did. All he knows is that his phonograph suddenly barked out "sugar" without a letter missing. Unconsciously he had remedied the defect that he could not remedy consciously.

"Do you know," he said, "I believe men do lots of things unconsciously. Sometimes these things help them, as the thing I did to the phonograph helped me; sometimes they bother them, as an ore experiment once bothered me. I was trying to reduce iron ore by a new process. I selected some ore for a test. The test

showed twenty per cent. iron. The regular runs of the mill showed only sixteen per cent. Again and again I selected samples, and the tests continued to show twenty per cent. As persistently, the mill refused to give anybody else more than sixteen per cent. Finally, I shut my eyes when I picked out pieces of ore to test, and then I got sixteen per cent. the same as the others. Unconsciously, you see, I had been picking out better samples than I should have taken. A lot of subconscious business was working in spite of me."

Thus does the machinery of Edison's brain sometimes play him tricks. Edison calls the brain a "meat machine"—a machine made of "meat." He says the next generation will see metal machinery that, in wonderfulness of performance, will

almost rival the brain itself.

Cloth, buttons, thread, tissue paper, and pasteboard will be fed into one end of a machine, and suits of clothing, packed in boxes, will come out the other. Bound books will fall from the press. The machine that takes in lumber will give out finished furniture. In other words, machinery will make the parts of things and put them together, instead of merely making the parts of things for human hands to

put together.

"Invention is in its infancy," said Edison. "Infants have to creep before they can walk. Inventors had to begin by inventing machinery to make only the parts of things. They have made great progress in this line. But the time has now come to take the next step and invent machinery that will not only make the parts, but put the parts together. It is all a matter of brain-power on the part of the inventor, and the world is already developing such brainpower. Look at the Jacquard loom. What a wonderful principle it embodies. Cards with holes punched in them control twenty or thirty shuttles. Adjust those cards in a certain way and the Lord's Prayer will be woven in silk. Adjust them in another way and Roosevelt's portrait will be woven.

"I expect to see the Jacquard card principle applied to many kinds of machinery. So far as I can see, there is almost no limit to the extent to which it may be applied. There is no doubt that a machine could be made on this principle that would take the raw materials at one end and turn out fin-



it is applied to machinery in making the parts of things, or in putting the parts together. Machine labor is cheap because its product is so enormous in quantity. Many years will not pass before machinery will make clothing so cheap that anyone can afford to have four or five suits of clothes a year. Men's shirts will be made at a single operation by machinery,

who will be at once a soil-chemist, a botanist, and an economist; that in place of the present farmer's machinery will come implements in comparison with which the best agricultural implements now known will seem primitive; that storage-batteries will drive plows that will make a dozen furrows each time they cross a field, and harrows that will mellow the earth more



"A sheet of nickel one twenty-thousandth more flexible than an ordinary sheet such sheets for a

of an inch thick is cheaper, tougher, and of book paper. I can make 40,000 dollar and a quarter"

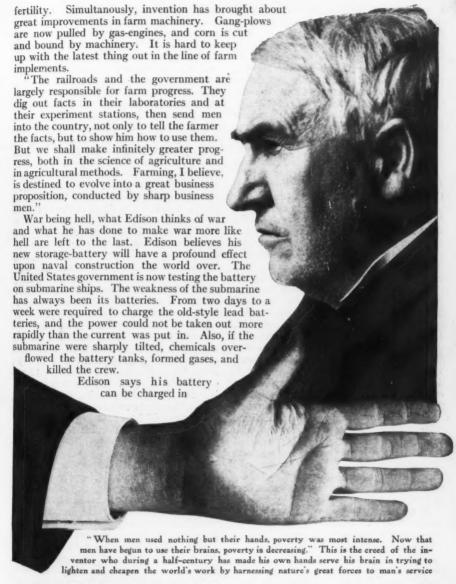
women's coats, shirtwaists, and skirts—oh, everything, I guess, but hats."

Edison is confident that a great shake-up is destined to take place among the farmers. He says the farmers need to be shaken up; that they are "shy of brains"; that most of the brainy farmer boys go to the cities, notwithstanding that nowhere else are brains more needed than on the farm.

Edison believes the present type of farmer and the present methods of farming are destined to disappear; that in place of the present farmer will come a shrewd business man

rapidly than ever horses could mellow it—in fact, that storagebatteries will furnish most of the power needed on a farm.

"I think the coming farmer," said Edison, "will be a man on a seat beside a push-button and some levers. The present trend all points to this conclusion. We are making wonderful headway. Twenty years ago, we knew almost nothing about scientific agriculture. Now we are beginning to get an inkling of the causes that lie back of land deterioration. We are also learning something about the methods of restoring soil



an hour and discharged in another, while a ship could stand on end without asphyxiating the crew. If the tests of the government confirm Edison's tests, the submarine may become so formidable that it will not be worth while to build battleships.

Edison believes that the piling up of

armaments will bring universal revolution or universal peace before there can be more than one more great war. Workingmen, he says, will not much longer stand to be taxed to create great and still greater armies and navies. If governments don't heed, governments will be destroyed by their own peoples. In his opinion, governments will heed by making The Hague Tribunal the

Supreme Court of the world.

Îndustrially and politically, Edison looks for a lively future. He believes serious industrial troubles—clashes of a sort that will threaten dynasties and thrones—are due in Europeatany time, and that similar troubles will be due in this country in ten years.

"I believe," said he, "that all England will some day stop at the sound of one command, and that the command of a

workingman."

Such is the world that Edison sees com-What a flashlight picture of the future! Man, at last, coming into his own. Coming into his own because he knows how to use his own. Knows how to use his own because he knows what is his own. Knows what is his own because his own brain has told him. Because his brain, that has developed so slowly, has told him. Has told him that everything on earth, in the sky and beyond the sky are his own. That the lightning can be bended to his will, the cataract harnessed to his need, and the dead iron in rocks fashioned into tongues that speak and hands that make. Hands such as never were human hands. Hands that can spin a thread of silk or crush a ton of rock. Hands that can make in abundance whatever human beings need.

In such a world, how could there be pov-

erty?

"There will be no poverty in the world a hundred years from now," said Edison. "There is no limit to the cheapness with which things can be made. The world will soon be flooded with the cheap products of machinery—not the poor products; the cheap products."

The world flooded with food, clothing, shelter, and luxuries! No half-starved children, no overworked mothers, no poverty-worried fathers, no disease-breeding, cheerless tenements or houses. The world flooded with food, clothing, shelter, and luxuries!

Impossible? Read on:

"Why should we expect poverty to continue?" asked Edison. "Poverty was for a world that used only its hands. When men used nothing but their hands, poverty was most intense. Now that men have begun to use their brains, poverty is decreasing. Poverty is decreasing though we have been using our brains only a little while. Think how long the world has stood, and then re-

call that practically everything we know to-day that is worth while we have learned within a hundred years. Look about you and see how many things that were worth while were known a hundred years ago. And we have only just begun to use our brains. What we know is but an atom of what there is to know. But we are learning how to control the forces of nature. As we learn, we shall transform the world. The most wonderful changes are coming—changes about which no one can to-day do more than dream."

The world flooded with food, clothing, shelter, and luxuries! What good would it do the people of the world if a few men should own all these things? Edison had thought of that. He realizes the size of the problem. But he says it is a problem in the solving of which neither he nor his kind can help. Inventors can make the world rich-only the people can provide the governmental means for keeping the riches they make. He believes the people are going to provide these means. He believes there are stormy days ahead for the man who would take what another makes. He believes there will be cracks in the walls of governments and rips in constitutions; that the workingman-the man who will, some day, say to England, "Stand still"-will compel government to serve him, and destroy any government that will not serve him. Moreover, he believes things ought to be changed. Civilization, he says, is not on the right basis. A few are getting too much and the rest not enough.

"There will be some big experiments tried in government within the next fifty

years," he said.

This, then, is the day before Sumter. Not the day before civil war, but the day before the age-old ideas of government are to go down, even as the age-old and once honored institution of chattel slavery went down—the day before the burial of the world's poverty in the potter's field, for it is a world's Sumter that Edison beholds.

What a flashlight of the future! What a future in the flashlight! What a privilege to live in such a world! What privilege could be greater? Only one. The privilege of laying the foundations of such a world. Therein is our mighty opportunity. We live in a time when building operations worth while are going on. All of us may not be here to see the specter of poverty laid away, but, according to Edison, a few of the youngest will hear the rattle of musketry over its grave.

# Get-Rich - Quick Wallingford

I. RUFUS NEGOTIATES A DICKER IN GERMS

### By George Randolph Chester

Author of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," "The Cash Intrigue," etc.

Illustrated by Charles E. Chambers

WO long rows of heads floated upon a canal of blue ooze. Between the rows ran a wide plank walk, and nailed to the edge of this, in front of each head, was a waist-high pole bearing a pasteboard tablet, upon which were ruled lines and figures and writing. A weird light slanted down from the blue glass of which the low roof and south wall were composed. A bell rang. Every head turned with a sudden expression of blue-tinted hatred toward a door at the upper end of the plank walk.

The door opened, and through it came a pompous fat German, whose hair, and mustache, and beard, and stomach all projected so violently forward that to support them he was compelled to walk sway

backed and spraddle legged.

The bald head with the funny purple nose upon its face, down near the center of the upper row, turned its watery eyes to the jovial head which was its neighbor. "Zwick!" it said in mournful explanation.

"And so that's the main assassin," returned the jovial one, whose big, pink face was the only smiling one in the assemblage.

"Dr. Zwick," repeated the baldhead, still

mournfully.

"I can't make up my mind whether he's a colored supplement or a comic valentine," chuckled the big one; "but whichever he is, he's the peerless leader in his class, take it from me."

The head straight across, the one with an artificial neuralgia due to tying up its streaming whiskers in a bandage to keep them out of the mud, snorted. "He's tragedy in a comedy make-up," it snapped, though even in the snap there was mournfulness. dark night some zoo-crazed rheumatic will jab a long knife into him.

"Wouldn't he spout!" admired the pink-

faced one. "I'd like to make a bet that he never had that Prince Albert coat buttoned. It wouldn't reach. But why do they hate poor father so?

The bald-headed one turned to him with a ghastly smile, while the head with the tied-

up beard grinned fiendishly.

"Wait till your turn comes," warned the bald one in dismal prediction.

"Watch the others," admonished the neuralgic-looking head.

In the meantime, Dr. Zwick sprawdledthere is no other word-along the walk to the beginning of the rows, followed by a phenomenally tall and gaunt young German with a phenomenally tall forehead, a phenomenally bristling pink military mustache, and a phenomenally bloodless face, the chalkiness of which was accentuated by his white-duck professional suit. Behind him came a stoop-shouldered old German with a face carved out of solid hardwood, who was clad in a spotty-looking, loose-fitting jacket and overalls of a color which conveniently matched the canal, and who carried a heavy tin pail. It was at the sight of this pail that the blue-tinted hatred became malignant rage.

Dr. Zwick gazed down sternly upon his prey, like a Spartan schoolmaster who has made up his mind to thrash the entire class in order to be sure of punishing one culprit. "There has been entir-r-rely too much tak-ing it like a choke, this Zwick Tr-r-reatment of R-r-rheumatism," he rolled in a throaty bass of authority. "It iss no choke! Beghkinning f-r-r-rom to-nighdt, there will be no sitting upon porches, nor-r vissiting in r-r-rrooms, after-r nine o'clock. Her-r-rmann,

the temper-r-ratures!"

The gaunt young German had already taken the clinical thermometers from their sockets upon the first six poles, sterilized

them, and thrust them without ceremony or apology under the tongues of the first six heads. Those first six comprised a banker, a lawyer, a senator, a broker, a railway president, and even a doctor, yet none of these resented the indignity of method except with his glaring eyes. Now Her-r-rmann as unceremoniously removed the thermometer from the banker's mouth and read aloud the temperature, inscribed it upon the tablet, resterilized the thermometer, and replaced it in its socket, and immediately proceeded to take the temperature of the second head.

Dr. Zwick cleared his throat. "Number-r one-o-five-three," he charged sternly, "you were yesterday in the villagche and ate some r-r-rred meadt! Now for one week you haff no meadt at all. Honus, three ounces!"

At this dread sentence, the banker turned pale and his eyes blinked, but he made no moan as knot-fingered Honus dipped a tin cup in his pail, and from it filled a graduated glass to the required height. The face of the banker festooned itself into a dozen hideous grimaces as the deadly dose approached him, and he closed his eyes and squeezed them tightly as he opened his mouth; he shuddered as he gulped, until the thin mud around him quivered and danced; the tears streamed from his eves as he finished the torture, and he spluttered and coughed and wheezed.

"Water!" he gasped in the shrill falsetto

of acute strangulation.

Dr. Zwick, already puffing with indigna-tion over the sins of the next head, turned upon the banker a pitiless eye. "Iss no water!" he thundered and left the banker

A groan of sympathy arose from the rest of the class. The owner of the big pink face, down near the middle of the upper row, actually smiled in his careless ignorance.

"Why does he stand for that?" he asked.
"He has to go if he don't," replied the man with the bandaged whiskers.

"Then why don't he go?" further inquired

the newcomer.

"Because," explained the mournful baldheaded man in a confidential low voice,

sometimes this cures."

"Thank you," returned the pink-faced patient, lifting a big hand out of the mud and grasping the edge of the plank walk. "You've handed me the right tip, and I'll hedge. I thought this was a cinch in place of a gamble. They may keep my entry

stake, and I'll keep my rheumatism." So remarking, he climbed up his mud-concealed stepladder and stood upon the plank walk. a pink-headed statue of Obesity in dripping

Dr. Zwick was down upon him in an in-"Ess ist nicht erlobt!" he exclaimed. pointing a stubby forefinger straight at the

eyes of the blue statue.

"My friend," said the statue, with a suavity which seemed strangely out of place with no suave garments to back it up, me pass you a little secret. Anything that I happen to want is allowed."

Dr. Zwick never even lowered his commanding forefinger. "Not here," he informed

the insurgent. "In this place I say it!"
"Go right ahead with it," invited the statue with an easy wave of the hand. "Just say all you like, but don't mind my absence, because I'm going ay-way from here. You see, Doc, I've been kidding myself about this rheumatism of mine. It's really a pet, and I oughtn't to try to get rid of it. It's only a little, undersized, scrawny runt of a trace of rheumatism anyway, and I'm going to die with it; that is, I'm going to keep it till I die. Now if you'll just stand right there and watch me stroll up that plank walk to the dressing-rooms, you'll notice that I don't even limp.
I'll also be able to run."

When I get outside

"Get back in the bath," directed the doctor entirely unmoved, and suddenly he blew a shrill whistle which he had extracted from his vest pocket by means of a severe abdominal contortion. There came immediately upon the scene two cubical German wres-

tlers in mud blue.

The statue regarded them in thoughtful interest for a moment, then turned to the "Your argument's doctor pleasantly. good," he announced with a smile. "Put away your finger. I love that blue goo, and I'm going back in."

Half-way down the ladder he paused to contemplate the pleased grins of his fellow sufferers, and, considering the situation

carefully, helped them at it.

"No time iss here for foolishness," declared the doctor imperiously. "This iss your first tr-r-reatment, yes?"

"Just in," admitted the conquered one, climbing slowly down to neck depth. "Name's Wallingford — J. Rufus Walling-

"Here iss no Wallingford," stated the



"Here iss no Wallingford," stated the doctor. "Your number iss one-o-six-one

doctor with a pompous wave of the hand. "Your number iss one-o-six-one."

Mr. J. Rufus Wallingford climbed up one rebellious step. "You're mistaken; it's twenty-three," he declared. "I'm the quickest cure you ever made. One treatment, count 'em; one!"

"That iss for me to say," the doctor severely reminded him and sprawdled away.

The bald-headed man turned to Wallingford with pity in his eyes. "He'll give you the limit dose now—four ounces," he observed with mournful compassion.

"I won't take it," avowed Wallingford.
"He'll funnel you," stated the bald-headed one with conviction.

Wallingford contemplated his fate in silence for a moment or two, and then he sighed. "I thought he fired patients who wouldn't mind the rules," he observed.

"Not the first week," snapped the cynic

"Not the first week," snapped the cynic across the walk. "By that time you know that it's doing you some good."

"I guess you're right," agreed Wallingford, thinking it over. "After a man has reached forty-five and gets a scare about his precious health, he'll stand for more fool treatment than a woman."

### II

"I suppose there's about seven billion dollars out there pounding little rubber balls over the billowy green," observed Wallingford musingly, indicating the crowded golf links, where age and decrepitude solemnly and vainly sought to renew youth and vigor. "I wonder if only rich men get rheumatism?"

"I have it," argued the bald-headed and blue-nosed man, who, seen in the afternoon sun on the porch of the sanitarium, proved to be the only seedy-looking individual upon the place. His near-sighted eyes were now protected by thick, steel-rimmed spectacles, and the awkward stoop in his shoulders explained why he had kept his chin in the mud. Altogether, he was so frayed and threadbare a man, both as to personality and clothing, that Wallingford, an opportunist who made his own opportunities, would scarcely

have wasted any time with him except that both were waiting for the rickety stage which was to take them to their train.

"Well, we can't all be handsome," consoled J. Rufus, glancing down at the cracked and dingy little handbag which represented the whole of the bald-headed man's travel-

ing necessities.

"No, nor rich," replied the blue-nosed one mournfully; "nor even lucky like Dr. Zwick. Now here is me, with the greatest medical discovery of the age, compelled to stop my experiments and give my last cent to old Zwick, because I couldn't use my hands."

Wallingford looked at this man anew, and chided himself for almost "overlooking a bet." "Rheumatism dope?" he suggested.

"The germ of senility," stated the other with quiet pride. "I've segregated it, and I've been for thirty years working on the segregation of the microbe which destroys it." He took a little leather pouch from his pocket, extracted a pinch of red powder from it, and sniffed it into his blue nose with evident relish.

"Snuff?" asked Wallingford curiously.

"Paprika," explained the departing guest. "I'm going away now, cured for this year, and Zwick can't stop my pepper. For three weeks he wouldn't let me have it, not even one pinch a day; but I'll get even with him. When I have my institute for the cure of senility, he'll come to me; he'll have to; and I won't let him have his wine soup for breakfast!"

"The germ of senility," repeated Wallingford thoughtfully. "The bug that causes

The bald-headed man suddenly awoke. He removed his old slouch hat, caressed the seven hairs which still ornamented his skull, pulled aside one of the pieces of rich luggage with which Wallingford was surrounded, and hitched his chair closer. "The germ which causes old age," he repeated impressively, touching Wallingford's knee with his knuckles by way of emphasis. "It begins its work in the lower intestine and gradually spreads throughout the entire system, destroying the tissues and sapping virility everywhere.'

Wallingford placed his hand contemplatively upon his rotundity, and listened to the voices from within. "So that's what gets you ready for the glass cab with the plumes, eh?" he wanted to know.

"That is what we call the decay of old

age. I have probably ten million of the germs in glass tubes at home. I could feed a drop of the culture from one of those tubes to a child and make it die of old age within

"Outside of the fact that they ought to lock you up, I guess you're all right," commented Wallingford, eying his companion

with sudden distaste.

"They usually lock up benefactors of humanity," answered the germ-fancier, taking another sad pinch of paprika. "I use these germs for experimenting with the microbes which are to kill them. The microbe is already found. It exists in a certain preparation of buttermilk which the Bulgarian peasants eat and live to be a hundred and fifty years old, some of them; but this process is imperfect. What we need is to separate the microbes themselves, put them up in capsules, and deliver them, alive, at the very headquarters of the trouble."

"Great!" agreed Wallingford with a smile. "If you last long enough to get a patent on your trained microbes, a man with the price will be able to live until he is hanged or shot." He looked thoughtfully out over the golf course, and suddenly his big pink face wreathed itself with the lines of humor. He began to chuckle, and his big shoulders heaved. "Maybe that bunch of seniles out there wouldn't pay a million dollars a gross for those capsules," he laughed. "Professor, if you hurry and start putting up those microbes, you can have all the money

in the world."

"Why, I wouldn't sell it," protested the professor, shocked. "Snailey's Senility Microbe must be a philanthropic gift to the

world."

"I don't know but what it is a better plan," assented Wallingford after due consideration. "I've tried philanthropy a couple of times, and it's a good graft, Look here, Mr. Snailey, what you need is a business manager. Look me over and see if I won't do."

Mr. Snailey did look Wallingford over, but in despair. The very breadth of Wallingford's shoulders and chest inspired awe; his immaculate clothing begot respect; his smiling round face created confidence; but how could a poor man like Snailey interest so gorgeous a being as this!

"I have no money," he said hopelessly; "not even to carry on my experiments."

"Startling as it may seem, I doped that

out right away," Wallingford told him with a cheering smile. "Just you leave that to me, and I'll show you the gaudiest bit of philanthropy that ever appealed to the sporting instincts of a genuine dyed-in-the-wool philanthropy-chaser. Why, old pal, since this glorious little chat with you I'm willing to live!" and he jarred poor inert Snailey with a terrific shoulder-slap of cordiality.

Dr. Zwick sprawdled out upon the porch, his red beard in a highly inflammatory condition, and his every promontory aquiver

with indignation.

"The stagche iss ar-r-riving," he said to Wallingford. "I r-r-request that you pleasse go away; and pleasse never r-r-return!

Both his palms were extended outwardly, in token of forever-and-ever dismissal. Wallingford, chuckling jovially, walked up and shook one of them.

"You just beat me to it, old sport," he cordially admitted. "If I ever come back they'll bring me in a box; but in the meantime, we part friends, even if we are enemies. Come on, Snailey, and let's get busy phil-

anthroping."

He turned as the stage rattled away, and waved his hand gaily to Dr. Zwick, who stood rooted to the spot for full five minutes afterward, bursting with indignation.

"Which is the laboratory, and which is the kitchen sink?" demanded Wallingford, looking around the ill-favored quarters of Professor Snailey with a catlike

shudder of discomfort.

The "quarters" consisted of one broken-plastered room on the top floor of a cheap tenement

building which had no elevator, and Wallingford's breath, in consequence of a five-flight climb, had to be pulled out by the roots when he wanted to talk; so after his first quite natural question, he contented himself with an amused survey, while he caught up with his own respiration. There was a narrow bed in one corner, with linen of a beautifully mottled gray upon it; there was a cracked stove in another corner, and in another one a sink; by the side of this was a tottering old chinacupboard, in which was a strange assortment of broken dishes, chipped testtubes, cracked retorts, and remnants of food in some

quite artistic pastel shades of moldiness. In the middle of the room there was a cheap table, which held the same indescribable mixture of kitchen, dining-room, and laboratory. There were four chairs, all of them broken, and all



Wallingford dragged Blackie away just in time to escape the consequences of an explosion which scattered hole-burning acids upon the floor and wall and table

piled with rusty chemical paraphernalia and dirt-coated glassware of many odd Everywhere were such evidences of Snailey's complex simple life; and every-

where was grime.

"Well, now I do believe you've been at it thirty years," stated Wallingford with conviction. "I think I could take a pocketknife and get back through that thirty years in layers. You'll have to hand me a fresh dose of enthusiasm quick, Snailey, or I'll get cold feet."

There was no answer from Snailey. From the moment of his entrance, he had spent all his time over the rows upon rows of sealed test-tubes which occupied a low bench in front of the one window, and he had examined each one with the aid of a huge hand-Now he gave a sudden exclamation

of delight.

"Look!" he cried to Wallingford, holding up one of the test-tubes. "The finest germs I ever saw! Beautiful! Perfectly beautiful!"

"I believe you're right," agreed Wallingford, surveying it at a respectful distance. "It's a full two shades dirtier than the rest

of them."

"Wait," urged the professor. "I'll show you something that will do your eyes good," and he began, after sniffing an excited pinch of paprika, upon a mad career of cleanliness difficult to believe. Everything that he was to touch in his forthcoming exhibition was washed with soap and water, and then with liquids from half a dozen bottles in succession. Finally he put a tiny drop of liquid from the test-tube upon a thin glass slide, covered it with another, clamped the two together, and set it upon a rack, while he reverently took from its velvet-lined case a speckless, high-power microscope, its brasswork shining like sunlight. Upon the stage of this he placed his prepared slide, and focused for a breathless five minutes.

"Now look!" he cried to Wallingford

triumphantly.

"I expected to see a bug," Wallingford presently announced in disappointment.

"A germ is not a bug," chided Snailey with a sudden return of his mournfulness. "But look again, and remember what you see, for now comes the wonderful part of the exhibit."

He was already preparing another slide, placing between the two glasses a drop taken from a jar containing a thick, bluish-white substance. Wallingford did as he was told,

and observed a number of small oval discs formed of concentric black and white rings. and each bearing a delicate fringe around the edge, like infinitesimal cogs. These discs were slowly revolving about each other where their fringes touched. Now and then one, released from its neighbor, made a sudden dart across the vast space of its sixtyfourth-of-an-inch world, and joined another group, to begin again its slow revolutions. One of these was particularly active, and Wallingford, beginning to be highly interested, named it Joe upon the spot.

"There's nothing to it, Professor," he declared, turning from the microscope with a sigh of relieved tension, "little Joe in here is a bug, and a bad bug at that, no matter what you say. And are these the boys that make us take to hair-tonic and store teeth?"

"Those," declared the professor with dignity, "are the germs of senility; and these, he added, holding up the new slide, "are the microbes which destroy them.'

He inserted the new slip, which revealed a number of milk-white discs that, though remaining stationary, whirled with great violence within their own peripheries. Wallingford looked up from this sight with the enthusiasm of a boy.

"Let's cut out the prelims, and have the main bout," he suggested. "I want to put

a bet down on little Joe."

The bewildered Snailey looked at him solemnly in a vain effort to comprehend this jargon, but since it was in line with his own intentions he placed the top slip of the one slide upon the bottom slip of the other, and put the new compound slide upon the stage where the previous ones had been. Wallingford had his eye to the microscope before Snailey was through with his manipulation, and a grin of delight spread itself upon his face. The little fringed discs flew, as if by magnetic attraction, to the edges of the white ones, and whirled rapidly about them until they were drawn into the vortex, when they suddenly lost their color and motion, and were blotted out entirely in the milky whiteness; not as if they had been swallowed up, but as if they had vanished into thin air. One only of the little blackand-white discs remained, almost faded, but still feebly twirling about the edge of one of the now inert white microbes.

"Well, I win," declared Wallingford triumphantly. "Little Joe is weak and wobbly, but he's still in the ring. But say, Professor, it was a grand little fight, and I'll make it worth more money to each of us than you could stack in a railroad ferry.'

"No, no!" protested Snailey. to be a philanthropy, I tell you." "This is

"Sure it's to be a philanthropy," agreed Wallingford. "Let's you and I go right out and incorporate."

### IV

WALLINGFORD rushed out into the hall of his rented brownstone front to meet his tall, black-mustached caller, and grabbed him by both hands. "Just in time to save my life, Blackie!" he exclaimed. "Come right in and let me introduce you to some sherry they just dug out from under a pyramid."

Mr. Horace G. Daw accepted that invitation with alacrity, and ifollowed his old friend into a splendidly furnished study, which was, in spite of its richness, most gloomy and austere. The heavy woodwork and furniture had never a softening curve in them; the pictures were all dull wood- and steel-engravings of old philosophers with bulging brows and flowing robes, poring over weighty tomes, or puzzling over deep problems of compass and rule, or watching awesome experiments with retort and crucible, or dissecting, with bloodless interest, hopeless cadavers; a human skeleton with a frightfully developed sense of humor dangled in one corner; on the mahogany table were nothing but medical and scientific journals, while upon another table near a window was a bright and shining collection of test-tubes, beakers, retorts, and other glassware peculiar to the alchemist.

"I knew there was a new game, Jimmy, or you never would have wired me that hurry-up call; but I didn't expect it to be a highbrow stunt like this. Who's your pal?" and he nodded in friendly fashion to the

mortal remains.

"Billy the Yegg, I think," replied Wallingford carelessly as he tilted a retort forward in its stand, and poured some sherry into two beakers. "I've gone in for science, Blackie, science and philanthropy; and I think I can give any highbrow I ever saw cards and spades in staging the greatest discovery of the age. I've got a bald-headed old onion up-stairs mixing some dope to keep men young.'

"It's a great scheme," admitted Blackie, shaking hands politely with Billy the Yegg;

"but I wish you'd let me pick out a few lollops who are not to have any of that dope"; and prying apart the jaws of the bone man, which were held shut with a spring, he placed his still-burning cigar in its mouth and stepped back to admire the effect.

"Give 'em the reverse stuff and see if I care," returned Wallingford. "Say, I wish you'd let my pet alone, and sit down here and talk business. I'm in a jam."

'All right," agreed Blackie cheerfully, sitting in front of his beaker of sherry, after turning to give a parting wave of the hand "Now tell me your troubles, Jimmy. In the first place, has the onion got this dope ready to swallow, and is it good? If such is thus, give me some."

"Don't be so impatient," remonstrated Wallingford with a grin. "He's only been working at it thirty years, but I think he'll get to it if he lasts. He's got enough for me, though. If the old garlic could realize an opportunity I could anticipate his milliondollar fortune by about a century."

"Can't you give him enough of this sherry to get him pickled, and then reason with

him?" inquired Blackie hopefully.
"Liquor does him no good," declared Wallingford with a sigh; "it only makes him sadder. However, I haven't let him choke me out of a soft thing. I've gone right ahead with all my arrangements. I've rented and furnished this place, on credit; secured an option, on gall, upon the finest two hundred acres of mountain summerresort property you ever saw, and have a man out now buying up, on pure faith, all the goats he can find."

"Goats!" exclaimed Blackie, setting down

his glass. "Why goats?"

"For the buttermilk," explained Wallingford with a chuckle. "I had a scrap with Snailey over that. He declared up and down that goats' buttermilk wouldn't do; but nobody would believe a cow, so I'm going to have a whole mountainside dotted with goats; and I don't care if they're all billies. Billies are more picturesque anyhow. Old Snailey can get his buttermilk from the city dairies if he wants to."

"You've got me on the ropes," confessed Blackie deeply perplexed. "I don't get you any place along the line. I don't savvy yet whether this is to be a hospital, a cheesefarm, or a circus; but I'm willing to leave all that fancy work to you. Only just tell me where I get in. Am I to be a ringmaster or a clown; do I bally-hoo or take

tickets?" "There's no use your taking your other fifteen guesses," said Wallingford with a chuckle; "because they'll all be wrong. Here's who you are," and from a drawer in the table he produced a very much-soiled oilskin packet, from within which he took a clean, folded parchment, illuminated with an extremely gaudy collection of ribbons and seals. Opening this document, which was printed in Latin and three colors, to say nothing of gold initials, he spread it before the piece of now suspended animation which he had been calling Blackie. "That is a diploma of bacteriology from the Universitie von Schliesholtz-Sturmstadt. I bought it for fifteen dollars from a poor devil who couldn't make a living with it in this country, and is now pressing trousers and dipping clothes in cheap gasoline at a dollar and a half a throw. Your name, as you will see by the lithograph there, is August Schoppenschmittenmeister von Universitie von Schliesholtz-Sturmstadt.'

Blackie was perfectly calm. He finished his sherry and smacked his lips, meanwhile looking slowly about the walls. Presently discovering what he wanted, he walked across the room, pushed a button, came back and sat down, while Wallingford, half smil-

ing, watched him curiously.

"You see, this Snailey is such a dummy," began Wallingford; but Blackie, looking expectantly toward the door, waved him imperiously to silence.

The tall servant in the garnet livery, who had first admitted Blackie, came into the

room

"I forgot to tell you about those whiskers, Jim," said the now Herr Professor, gazing at the servant with strictly impersonal criticism. "They don't fit his face. Kellner, bring me a liter of beer in a stone stein, a pair of wooden spectacles, a black skull-cap, and a china pipe with a forty-two-inch wechselwood stem."

The butler turned a stony stare upon Wallingford. J. Rufus nodded his head.

"See that the gentleman is supplied with anything he wants, Jackson," he directed without a smile.

"Yes, sir," answered Jackson.

"And, Jackson," called Blackie, as the butler turned away, "see that I have blutwurst, brattwurst, and mettwurst every morning for breakfast, and pigs' knuckles and sauerkraut every evening for dinner, whether I eat them or not. Now, Jimmy, shoot!"

"Well," said Wallingford, when Jackson had closed the door after himself, "old Snailey is such a dummy that he never could go through. He's too real. So you have to be the display scientist, demonstrator, and chief of the medical staff at the Snailey Sanitarium for the Promotion of the Cure of Senility."

"I'm relieved to find it's such a cinch," declared Blackie. "I was afraid you might want me to undertake some difficult stunt or other. This diploma thing makes it easy. But who am I to talk with—newspaper men

or scientific sharps?"

"Both," replied Wallingford. "In addition to that we'll have a bunch of millionaires all past fifty, but I'll talk to them."

"Then it's pie," declared Blackie; "for a newspaper man will swallow anything if it's a good story, and a scientist will swallow anything if he can't understand it. I'm on. Now show me the works."

"I can point with pride when it comes to that," asserted Wallingford, rising and leading the way into the hall. "Back there is just an ordinary dining-room and kitchen, fitted with my well-known and justly famous sumptuousness. On the second floor, however—wait! Let this be a surprise to you. The apartment I am now about to show you is where you will do the best little job of grand-standing of your versatile career."

grand-standing of your versatile career."
"Lead me to it," directed Blackie. "I'm deaf, dumb, and blind until I see it"; but halfway up the stairs a sudden thought made him clutch Wallingford by the coattail. "What language do I speak?" he

demanded.

"Schmierkase English," replied Wallingford, "and as little of that as possible. For your native tongue, you may jabber a little Kartoffelkloeseburg."

"Sure," agreed Blackie. "What is it?"
"I don't know myself," confessed Wallingford; "but I do know this much: that in Germany dialects are so thick and so different that a Mecklenburger and a Düsseldorfer have to make signs if they try to talk together, and they do say that Mecklenburgers can't understand each other. So if you take a dialect that nobody ever heard about, you can get away with it."

"Do you suppose hog Latin would do?" inquired Blackie earnestly. "I know three

or four hog Latin dialects we used to use when I was a kid. Doothegoo youthego

knowthego thithegis wothegun?"
"Great Scott," exclaimed Wallingford, startled. "Do you remember that gibberish? By George, it's been a thousand years since I heard it or thought of

it! Here's your laboratory, Blackie. Wouldn't it have been a shame to have wasted it?" and he threw open the door, displaying scientific workshop so clean and so complete that no experimenter could have staved in it for five minutes.

Blackie surveved his new place of business with becoming gravity. "Where's the push-button?" he demanded. "There's one thing I forgota pair of old green carpetslippers embroidered with pink roses.' He approached the elaborate array of scientific apparatus with a careless hand, which Wallingford hastily stayed.

"You're a precocious brat."

he warned, "but there are some things you don't know. You're liable to connect the guzoozicus with the slambang, and knock the devil out of the pizazabo."

"Well, we'll get another one then," consoled Blackie. "But it isn't often I get to enjoy my favorite pastime of monkeying with dinguses and doodads, so unhand me, and he began, with all the happy ignorance of a baby with a razor, to turn thumbscrews and pour liquids into liquids. Wallingford, himself in well-justified awe of these mysteries, dragged him away just in time to escape the consequences of an explosion which shattered a dozen dollars' worth of glassware,

and scattered hole-burning acids upon the floor and wall and table.

> he threatened. "Come out of here

> > before we lose an eye or so." "I told you nothing would happen to me," said Blackie triumphantly. "I'm going to love this place. It's a wonder to me you

haven't spent most of your time here."

"I have family, Wallingford assured him. "Snailey hasn't, and I rigged up the place for him; but he couldn't stand prosperity. So I had to move his old outfit up in the attic, and cart up a load of cobwebs. Now he's happy. Come up and look him over."

In the attic they found Snailey in a brand-new

black frock coat, which already had indescribable spots upon it, seated in rapt attention before a simmering test-tube; by his side was a half-eaten slice of cheese well sprinkled with paprika, and some broken crackers; around his neck was a collar which had once been white; upon his face was the grime of three days' unbroken and unwashed vigil, but his hands were immacu-



"Chendelmenss," said Doctor Schoppenschmittenmeister, "I am bleased by meeting mid you'

lately clean; he had needed those in his business. Seeing their virgin state, Wallingford gravely introduced Blackie.

"Professor Snailey, shake hands with Herr Doktor August Schoppenschmittenmeister of the University of Schliesholtz-Sturmstadt, the eminent bacteriologist of

whom I told you."

Snailey jumped up, sniffed two pinches of paprika, and actually sneezed in his excitement before he grasped Blackie fervently by the hand. "Delighted to meet you, I am sure," said Snailey. "You are just in time, Doctor—Doctor—Doctor—"and he looked helplessly at Wallingford.

"Just Doctor," easily prompted the mas-

ter of ceremonies.

"You are just in time, Doctor, to take part in a microcosmical step which, though apparently trifling, will, I am sure, result in vast ultimate advancement toward securing the hardy germination which is essential to the elimination of certain introgerminal difficulties which you will readily comprehend."

Wallingford shivered, but Blackie never batted an eyelash. "Googen blooly zug,"

he solemnly returned.

"The doctor speaks nothing but the Katzjamschloss dialect," explained Wallingford suavely; "and, while I understand what he says, I am not enough of a scientist, Snailey, to translate to him what you say; so all you can do just now is to instruct the doctor in that wonderful battle of the germs, which you have shown to me. And say, Snailey, I just have a fresh idea; frame it up, won't you, so we can throw the show on a magic-lantern screen?"

An hour later, dripping but triumphant, Blackie rejoined Wallingford in the

library.

"Well, can you do it?" asked Walling-

ford anxiously.

"With my hands tied behind me," responded Blackie confidently. "But say, old man, get me a map of Germany and a mouthful of mush. I want to practise that dialect. My tongue's so dry with it, right now, that you could strike a match on it," and he pressed the button. "J. Rufus, I'm perfectly willing to play in on this game, and I love it; but I wish you'd tell me why this Snailey onion can't be trusted to do his own trick?"

"Because a newspaper reporter would corner him in four minutes," replied Wallingford in deep disgust. "He'd let out that he don't expect to be through experimenting this side of the new Jerusalem; and then the game would be over. So I've made a bargain with him. I'm to furnish him a sanitarium to put his theories into practice, and he's to play deaf and dumb unless I give him permission to speak."

The door opened, and a small boy, mostly brass buttons on a garnet background,

came in.

"Where's Jackson?" demanded Walling-

ford.

"If you please, sir," replied the boy, troubled, "Jackson has been gone since two o'clock, and he telephoned to the kitchen, about half an hour ago, that he didn't know when he'd be back; but that the new doctor was to have his sauerkraut and pigs' knuckles, by all means, and we're having it, sir."

At two hours after midnight, while Blackie was disrobing in his own room, Jackson appeared at the door with a huge stone stein of beer, a black silk skull-cap, a porcelain pipe, and a pair of wooden-rimmed

spectacles.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he explained wearily, "it was the spectacles that did it. I had to buy a pair of glasses, sir, and hunt up a wood-carver to make the frames, and I had to stay by him, sir, until they were completed, as I couldn't just feel that I could trust the man. Is there anything else, sir?"

"Nothing but a pair of carpet-slippers, Jackson," said Blackie; "but you may let those go until morning. By the way, though, you may take the skull-cap and the spectacles and put them on my friend Billy the Yegg, down in the corner of Mr. Wallingford's study."

"You don't mean the skeleton, sir!" pro-

tested Jackson.

"Heartless name you have for him, but

yes," replied Blackie.

Jackson set down his tray with a sigh. "I should dislike to leave my position, sir, but I couldn't do what you ask. I have never even touched him, sir, not even to dust him."

"Very well, Jackson, then I'll do it myself," stated Blackie cheerfully; and in his pajamas he went down into the dark study

and did it.

THE NEWSPAPERS "ate it up," to use Blackie Daw's expressive way of putting the matter. At Wallingford's call they flocked to his place of business, where Jackson's whiskers and absolutely humorless face inspired confidence to begin with. They were ushered in upon Wallingford and Billy the Yegg, where the genial J. Rufus, while compelling respect by his breadth of waistcoat and richness of cravat, at the same time removed any possible chill by his own irresistible smile and handshake of good-fellowship; moreover, he kept, well stocked, a sideboard which was bound to appeal to the entire inwardness of any newspaper man, except a sporting editor, who is always abstemious, and a funny-paragraph-puncher, who is always a dyspeptic. Neither of these classes came, however, but the ones who did drank Wallingford's wines and liquors with avidity and smoked his fine cigars and imported cigarettes with eagerness. When he had them well soothed, he led them upstairs in droves; and in the very first crowd were such stars as Jimson of the Orb and Hazard of the Sphere. Jimson, a graymustached fellow with a clean face and keen eyes, dropped behind with Hazard, a dapper young fellow with a clean face and keen eyes, and compared notes.

"Do you smell anything?" he asked.
"Fake, I guess," pronounced Hazard carelessly. "Too much scenery to be anything else. What do you think of it?"

"Fake, I guess," agreed Jimson, smoothing his neat mustache both ways, and inhaling a whiff of Wallingford's exclusive cigarettes. "If the big fellow isn't a con man, somebody ought to put him wise to the big field he's overlooking. I like the cuss, though."

"Don't you!" agreed the younger man enthusiastically. "Going to use the story?" "Am I going to call for my envelope on Saturday?" demanded Jimson indignantly. "I should say I will use the story; and they'll use it at the office, not less than three columns of it; and if the Orb don't top it with a double-page Sunday feature, I'll quit the sheet. I won't work on a dead one."

They suddenly stopped talking as they reached the head of the stairs, for Wallingford had paused before the door of the front apartment, and held up a plump warning hand.

"Gentlemen," said he, "I am about to show you the secret of life. The germ which causes old age has been captured and propagated and experimented upon, until we have at last found the enemy which destroys it, and now we are ready to give our secret to the world! Before admitting you to this room, however, I must warn you that this laboratory is full of dangerous chemicals and still more dangerous germs, and I must ask you to kindly refrain from handling any of the articles in the laboratory; this, as a matter of safety to yourselves and to myself and Doctor Schoppenschmittenmeister."

If they had felt no awe before, they felt it now upon hearing that awful name. Only the hardened Jimson and the precociously blasé Hazard held their heads against diz-

"What did I tell you?" asked Jimson. "Didn't I say the same thing!" de-manded Hazard indignantly. "That name settles it. There never was a name like that in the world."

"Gentlemen, Doctor Schoppenschmittenmeister," introduced Wallingford with a flourish, and then he suddenly stopped as he caught sight of Blackie, and choked and turned red in the face, and longed for a handkerchief to stuff in his mouth; for Blackie. whom he had not seen in costume, had somewhere secured inch-and-a-half lifters to put in his shoes, making himself an inch and a half taller and making his trousers an inch and a half too short; he had doffed his customary Prince Albert coat, which had made of his slender figure rather a thing of grace, and in its stead, wore a long, skintight gray sweater which came down to his hips; over this he had a short monkeyjacket, which hit him at about the waist, and left not less than six inches of wrist revealed; upon his head he wore the black silk skull-cap, upon his eyes the big wooden-rimmed spectacles, and slowly uncoiling his tremendous gaunt length from his low chair at the laboratory bench, he removed his four-foot porcelain pipe from his mouth with a wave, and, his feet close together, bowed extravagantly low.
"Chendelmenss," he said, "I am bleased

by meeting mid you."

One of the younger reporters giggled; some others smiled, but all of them took the Herr Doktor most seriously. Jimson and Hazard, suddenly growing distrustful of each other, dropped apart. Somehow or other, the very extravagance of Blackie's make-up

was convincing.

"Chendelmenss, be bleased to be seaded yed," he invited with another wave of his pipe; and this was the height of his audacity; for while there were nearly a score of visitors in the room there were only two chairs besides his own; yet Wallingford, earnestly desiring to shake Blackie until his teeth chattered, was the only one who observed

the discrepancy.

Had any of the others noticed the circumstance it would have been forgotten immediately, for in the next instant there was a terrific explosion upon a chemical work-table in one corner of the room, followed by a shower of thin glassware and a wreath of beautiful green smoke which puffed to the ceiling and gently unrolled. Blackie merely turned quietly in that direc-

"Aaw-w-w-," he observed in a diminishing tone of mild regret, "id iss alwayss

habbening."

Reporters let go of each other and drew breaths of relief when Wallingford, broad, comfortable, and reassuringly substantial, took the floor and explained the great germbattle which was about to take place. Blackie, now for a moment or so serious and working with a deftness of which Snailey was already envious, showed them the wonderful bout of Germ versus Microbe in the microscope, and then, leading the way into the adjoining dark-room, he displayed the same absorbing contest upon a magic-lan-

Following this, Wallingford led them up another flight of stairs. Hazard and Jimson found themselves once more thrown together as they followed to the attic.

"Very interesting story," observed Jim-

son, eying Hazard askance.

"Uh-hunh," grudgingly admitted Haz-"I think I'll turn in a stickful or so ard. of it. Little chemical experiment is about all." At that very moment he was planning a sensational introduction, and figuring upon how to convince his managing editor that the story was worth at least three columns.

"This, gentlemen," said Wallingford in a hushed tone at the door of the attic, "is the laboratory of Professor Julius Alexander Snailey, the discoverer of the wonderful cure for old age. For thirty years he has worked for the benefit of humanity, with no thought

of reward; and all that he asks of the world in return for the greatest boon that it has ever received is to be allowed to work on in peace. He does not wish to talk with anyone, and the only condition upon which I can allow you to enter his room is that of absolute silence. Professor Snailey is, no doubt, at this moment engaged in some delicate experiment upon which the future of the civilized world may hinge.'

He threw open the door, then quickly closed it again. A less adroit student of human nature than Wallingford might, at that juncture, have explained that the professor was engaged in an operation too important to allow of interruption; instead, J. Rufus turned to them with a grin positively irradiating his big pink face; then he closed his eyes and chuckled, his big shoulders shaking and his broad chest heaving. The entire throng of professional cynics smiled with him out of sheer sympathy; some of them chuckled with him; all of them liked him.

"I told you," said he, "that the professor was doubtless engaged in some delicate experiment. Look for yourselves, but be quiet

Once more he threw open the door. Those nearest it started in, stopped, and tiptoed back out, snickering. The professor, clad only in his underclothing and shoes, and with a half-eaten bread-and-cheese sandwich clutched in his hand, was lying upon his cot, snoring most melodiously. It was a stroke of genius to show them that sight; they all had a good look, and at the same time their practised eyes took in, and catalogued, and inventoried all the strange assortment of articles in Snailey's laboratory, which Wallingford, in his wisdom, had reproduced as faithfully as possible, even to the rickety old china cupboard. It was very real, that room, and the most convincing thing they had seen, and they came away from it in much respect and in high good humor.

Wallingford led them down-stairs into the dining-room, where, once more showing his knowledge of newspaper men, he had ordered the table to be crowded with all sorts of handy lunch, and with both hollow- and plain-stemmed wine-glasses and small glasses with no stems at all; moreover, there were steins for those who preferred them. When the air of the room was blue enough with smoke, he made them a little speech.

The great Snailey cure for old age, he ad-



"There is no use in discussing the matter, Mr. Crimper," said Wallingford sternly. "Mr. Rockewall must die at the hour his Maker intended"

vised them, standing, big and smiling, at the head of his generous table, was never to be exploited for profit. It was the insouciant Hazard who, emboldened by the comfortable good-fellowship of the occasion, interrupted the speech at that point.

"I'll have to rewrite my introduction, Mr. Wallingford," he chimed out. "You looked like a specialist in profits to me."

Wallingford joined the laugh himself, and the laugh was a relief to all of them, for Hazard had voiced the heretofore politely sup-

pressed opinion of the multitude.

"You had my number," Wallingford admitted, immediately rewriting his speech. "I am a highly specialized expert in personal profits, and I expect to be paid for my work here. Don't get me wrong. I'm neither a scientist nor a philanthropist; I'm a plain promoter. Snailey, between you and me, is a funny old onion who has boned into this subject of senile decay until he has the answer. Now he don't know what to do with it. The thing's worth millions of dollars; but he don't want a cent. He wants to give his discovery to the world. know what would happen if he did. Some big concern of manufacturing chemists would cop out his formula, frame up a monopoly, spring the Snailey Specific for Old Age on the market, and make so much money the government would have to establish another mint to turn it out. A hundred and twenty years after he had died in the free ward of a public hospital, some village that needed an ornament in the public square would erect a two-hundred-dollar monument to Snailey, and that's all he'd get. I have that kind of philanthropy beaten twelve spots on the layout. I don't know whether you boys appreciate or not what a big thing our snoring friend up in the attic has dug out. You ought to, being in your profession. He's still working. His ideal is to fix it so that men can live so long they'll have to commit suicide to get rid of it. He thinks he hasn't accomplished anything yet, although what he has probably done has been to make it possible to prolong normal human life twenty or thirty years, and to increase the period of activity by about the same length of time. Snailey, mooning along after his great achievement, would probably never have thought of doing anything with his present accomplishment if I hadn't picked him up. I'll be honest with you, boys. At first I tried to get him to let me

make a million-dollar run for this thing, and if he had a grain of sense he'd let me do it; but he won't, and that settles it. So he's going to have his philanthropy; he's left it to me, and it's going to be a corker. The hiring of Professor Schoppensoforth is only one step in it. Snailey's formula is to be kept a secret until after his death, and the entire output of the dope is to be controlled by a million-dollar corporation, already under formation, which is sworn, in its charter and its constitution, never to make a penny of profit. A rich man, found worthy of being given the treatment, will be soaked until it sprains a tendon in his bank-account; a poor man won't pay a cent. A carefully chosen board of governors will decide upon who is to have his life stretched. A man at forty or forty-five, when the deadly little germ begins to get in its work, will have to show good cause why he should be allowed to use up more than his normal supply of atmosphere. Gentlemen, believe me, that's some philanthropy. In the meantime, I'm going to have Snailey endowed with cheese and crackers and a good cobwebby attic for the balance of his life. I'm going to take out my little bit and a treatment of the dope and disappear into some other field of excitement. Now, boys, I've handed you the whole game. You know I don't want it dished up the way I've told you about it; you know what to say and what not to say, and it's up to you."

The whole "bunch" shook hands with him, including Jimson and Hazard.

They had scarcely gone when Blackie Daw strolled into Wallingford's study, slammed his skull-cap on the head of Billy the Yegg, the spectacles around its eyes, and his porcelain pipe between its teeth, and dropped wearily into a big leather chair. Wallingford turned to him with almost a frown

"Blackie, you're the biggest fool outside of a padded cell," he remonstrated. "Did you want to queer the whole game that you started such outrageous kidding with a lot of Wisenheimers like this newspaper

bunch?"

"You weary me, Jimmy," returned Blackie calmly. "I'm the only thing around the plant that they thought was on the level. Go get me some champagne, and then I'll tell you about some new explosions I'm studying out. I've got this one timed to the second, and now I'm hunting after a

purple effect. But say, you, I got to have those green carpet-slippers with the pink roses before I go on for another single show!"

GOOD MEN were to live forever now, if the papers were to be believed, and what the papers had to say had only begun. A tremendous story, such as Wallingford had given them, was good for two or three weeks' ensation at least; and there were reporters at the brownstone-front home of the Snailey Cure for Old Age at all hours of the day and night. All through the remainder of the week the wonderful boon to humanity was on the front pages in type of all sizes and degrees of blackness, and on Sunday they fairly dripped with the new food for public imagination. Of course, they all had pictures of Wallingford, Daw, and Snailey, and of the germ of senility, and of the microbe which destroyed it, together with fanciful drawings of the terrible battle, in which the germ was represented with a hundred deadly stingers and ferocious eves, and the microbe with fierce claws and a cavernous mouth bristling with saw-edged fangs. The twohundred-acre sanitarium was naturally exploited, and leading princes of finance were shown as they would look a hundred years hence, in the midst of undying families stretching over the plains. One enterprising paper devoted a page to the recently deceased celebrities who would still be among us and doing good in the world if Snailey's great anti-senility formula had been known in time; another one devoted equal space to the pictures of one hundred prominent men, asking solemnly, at the top of the page, if these should be allowed to live longer, and still another one seized upon the opportunity to offer its readers a splendid prize contest for the best list of names of the first fifty men in America who should be given the

With the second day came the scientists sent by the papers, and Wallingford, with no fear whatever, passed these right over Blackie's head and his own, loosing them directly upon Snailey, knowing quite well that they hated each other so much that whatever one said the others would dispute. Luck favored him there, for the first man to come was Professor Begol of the Pimpunk University, who poohpoohed the entire idea in a two-column interview; and as Professor

Begol had recently achieved an international reputation by promulgating a self-evident fact in a novel manner, naturally every other scientist with a vestige of self-respect tore Professor Begol's opinion to splinters. Thus did science support Professor Snailey's discovery and the practical application which Wallingford alleged for it.

Newspaper men were permitted to be present at all these interviews. Wallingford withheld nothing from them, and when any of them were present he refused to see

anyone privately

Jimson of the Orb, Hazard of the Sphere, Crabb of the Star, and Ochiltree of the Trumpet were with him in his study when he had his first big nibble. They were enjoying a quiet drink and smoke with Wallingford, whom they had come to like immensely, when Jeremiah D. Crimper was announced.

Mr. Crimper was a short gentleman, whose mutton-chop whiskers were a mere extension of the mustache which concealed his chin when he closed his toothless mouth at the end of each sentence. With a glance at the eager gentlemen of the press he rather importantly requested the favor of an interview. Wallingford drew himself together

in pleasant anticipation.
"Very glad to talk with you, Mr. Crimper. I'm sure you will excuse the presence of my friends here. I have no secrets from them whatsoever, and you may talk right

Mr. Crimper hinged his chin up under his mustache and held it there for a full minute while he considered. "I took the liberty of calling to inquire about the practical arrangements which I understand are now being made to put your senility cure upon the market."

"It is never to be put upon the market," declared Wallingford, expanding his chest.

Mr. Crimper took two chews at his flaccid "So I understand," he corrected him-"I'll remodel my question. What practical arrangements are you making to put it into use?"

"That's different," replied Wallingford, "The plan is very simple, Mr. smiling. Crimper. The Society for the Promotion of the Snailey Cure for Senility, a corporation not for profit, has been organized with a million dollars capital stock, and its books are now open for subscriptions. Twenty subscriptions at twenty-five thousand dol-

lars each will be taken, subject to my approval, and these first twenty subscribers, or sponsors, having taken up the first halfmillion dollars' worth of stock, will form a board of governors who shall elect the next hundred subscribers at five thousand each. All the money received from this and from the charges made for treatment at the Snailey Sanitarium for the Promotion of the Snailey Cure for Senility shall be used, first, to defray the expenses of organizing, promoting, and running the society and its sanitarium; second, for providing free treatments to men over forty whom the board of governors shall adjudge worthy of prolonged life; and third, for further experiments in senile decay and its cure, under the direction of Professor Snailey.'

Mr. Crimper's chin, after one or two spasmodic twitches, disappeared so completely that one might almost expect his throat to follow it. "I suppose that the original incorporators and sponsors have the privilege of taking the treatment if they

desire," he finally suggested.

The eyes of Wallingford twinkled. "Nat-

urally," he admitted.

"They might even have the privilege of nominating another candidate for the treatment," further supposed Mr. Crimper.

"To see first if it will kill or cure?" returned Wallingford, still smiling. "Yes, that could probably be arranged for the first twenty sponsors, since they would be on the board of governors."

"Then," said Mr. Crimper, suddenly releasing his chin from its hiding-place, "I think I may offer you a subscription."

Mr. Wallingford was instant gravity; almost instant sternness. "I thank you for the offer, Mr. Crimper," he said politely enough, but still firmly; "but before accepting it I shall be compelled, on behalf of Mr. Snailey's great philanthropy, to inquire into Mr. Crimper himself and his claims for an elongated existence."

Mr. Crimper now showed signs of hesitation, and glanced once more, in question of their presence, toward the four highly interested auditors; as they showed no signs of going, nor Wallingford of dismissing them, he made the best of the situation. "Well," he stated, "I am here as the representative of

another."

Wallingford's face instantly hardened. "I'm afraid your principal will have to present his own case," he declared. "The

selection of candidates and sponsors is a very grave matter, Mr. Crimper."

Exactly, agreed that gentleman with a loose and leathery facial contortion which might be considered to be a smile. "To my principal there can be no possible objections upon any grounds. I handle his philanthropies, and I think I may say without exaggeration that his benefactions are the

largest in the world."

"You don't mean Cornelius Rockewall?" "The same," Mr. Crimper proudly as-"Mr. Rockewall has had the sured him. professor of bacteriology of Rockewall College examine into the claims of Mr. Snailey, and Professor Bloebagg pronounces Mr. Snailey's deductions as being exactly in line with recent bacteriological decisions; furthermore, Professor Bloebagg, though without knowing Mr. Snailey's exact formula or method of treatment, believes that out of the principle vast ultimate good must come; therefore Mr. Rockewall has decided to add your proposed society to his list of benefactions. In fact, I believe that if you would talk with him yourself, he could be induced to shoulder the responsibility of the entire project."

Mr. Wallingford arose; he smoothed down his waistcoat; he expanded his chest to its fullest possible breadth; his brows thickened, and he glared loftily down at the wondering Crimper. "That is very kind of Mr. Rockewall, I am sure," he majestically pronounced, "but you may tell Mr. Rockewall, for me, that neither this society nor its purposes is for sale. You may further tell Mr. Rockewall, for me, that I not only decline his offer, but that under no circumstances will he be permitted to become a sponsor or allowed to take the Snailey antisenility treatment. This is a real philanthropy, Mr. Crimper, as will soon be discovered; and it proposes to offer elongation of life only to those who have proved by their past that their future is likely to be of real service to the world. Mr. Rockewall is not such a man, even though he is rich enough to spend millions of dollars in annual charities.

"But, Mr. Wallingford—" protested Mr.

Crimper in astonishment.

Nothing could exceed the righteous severity of Wallingford, as he waved away any argument Mr. Crimper might make. "There is no use in discussing the matter, Mr. Crimper," he said sternly, "Mr. Rockewall



Wallingford did as he was told, and observed a number of small oval discs formed of concentric black and white rings—the germs of senility—Page 12

must die at the hour his Maker intended. He did not get his great wealth honestly!"

Mr. Crimper made three more vain attempts to present argument in favor of Cornelius Rockewall; then, with one mighty gulp, he swallowed his chin and went home, while the gentlemen of the press trod upon one another's heels in their frantic haste to get to their respective papers with the tremendous sensation.

Wallingford, left alone, followed Blackie Daw's whim enough to turn at his table and drink a jovial toast to Billy the Yegg; then he hurried up to the apartments of Professor Schopenschmittenmeister and disturbed that eminent German authority in his favorite occupation of mixing unknown chemicals to see whether or not they were dangerous.

"Oh, hello, Jimmy," he said cheerfully as Wallingford entered. "This chemical thing is a big disappointment to me. Not one-tenth of the blooming stuff does anything at all when I mix it. When it does do anything, the best I usually get is a froth or a hiss. I've only found three decent ways to make an explosion since I've been here."

"You have me lashed to the mizzen-top,"

"You have me lashed to the mizzen-top," confessed Wallingford. "I've made only one explosion, but it's a peach. By tomorrow morning it will be heard over the United States. I just turned down old Cor-

nelius Rockewall."

"No!" exclaimed Blackie. "Does that old muss want to live longer? He ought to be ashamed of himself. What a naughty, naughty Cornelius!" and he slapped an

imaginary wrist.

"Naughty, naughty," repeated Wallingford with equal glee. "Blackie, it's all over but the shouting. I have four of the best witnesses in the world that old Cornelius is so crazy to live longer that he could have been coaxed to put a million dollars behind Snailey's worthless little old dope; and a fine fat chance I'd have to get my individual fingers on any of that million, wouldn't I? The papers will be full of it for a month that I turned him down because he wasn't fit tolive. I guess that'll convince some of these other malefactors of great wealth that this thing's on the level, eh? Now watch 'em come!"

### VII

THEY came. They arrived in shoals, and very shortly. When the first twenty philanthropists had paid in their twenty-five

thousand dollars each, had met, organized, and elected officers, and had been bored to tears by the reading of a constitution and by-laws, and the signing of the same, Blackie Daw wandered into Wallingford's study in such troubled thought that he even forgot to salute his friend Billy.

"Maybe I'm a rank simp, Jim," he declared, "but you've got me going. I didn't believe that you was on the level with this philanthropy business until just now."

Wallingford looked up at him in surprise. "You didn't!" he exclaimed. "Why, Blackie, I'm the grandest little philanthropist that ever robbed the public of ten dollars to give it back fifty cents in charity. What's the matter with you? Won't the

explosions work?"

"I've just added a pink one," replied Blackie, "but I've no joy in it. I'm worried about where we're to get the money for baby's shoes. I never knew you to tie yourself up so tight, Jim. You always leave yourself a chance at the honey some place, but here it's a nixie any way you look at it. You've got a board of governors that you have no say in; you've put us two on the board of directors, and elected yourself vicepresident and me secretary with about as much power as first and second office-boy, and you've put all that fine, juicy half a million dollars of solid cash into the hands of a marble-hearted treasurer that's worth ten millions himself, and made every dollar of it by doing all his sleeping with his glass eye. Why, J. Rufus, you couldn't get a cent of that money with a jimmy. It's locked up in the safe of the Provident Trust Bank, and the Provident Trust has an electrically protected revolving vault. I'm ashamed of you. I thought you thought more of your family than that. There's your wife and boy away off in Paris with my wife, and we're not even making steamer-fare out of this.'

"Oh, have a drink, Blackie," invited Wallingford. "Have two drinks, and then go and send out a call for a board of direc-

tors' meeting on the fifteenth."

"On the fifteenth?" repeated Blackie in surprise. "Why, I just mailed that call to the members of the board. Special meeting out at the sanitarium for the consideration of special business routine; only I set it for the ninth, as you told me."

"Exactly," said Wallingford. "Mail this call for the fifteenth; another special

meeting for the consideration of business routine. And while you're at it, Blackie, you might make a note that next week you're to send out a call for another special meeting for the consideration of business routine

on the twenty-fourth."

"But look here, Jim," protested Blackie, "far be it from a mere secretary, and the bearer of a diploma in bacteriology from the Universitie von Schliesholtz-Sturmstadt, to make any suggestions, but—the next regular meeting is on the twenty-eighth, and I see that the board of governors decided to hold their first regular meeting on the twenty-ninth. Why can't you bunch a few of these functions, Jim, and have a good party while

you're at it?"

"The good party, Blackie, will be that first regular board of governors' meeting," declared Wallingford, rubbing his hands together and smiling thoughtfully. "That will be a grand little party, and every one of our twenty cheerful subscribers will be there with his razor whetted; for, Blackie, on that day the board of governors is to vote on a list of fifty hopeful candidates who want to join the live-forever class, and every man on that list has at least two enemies on the board. They'll all be there, even if they have to miss a few of the other meetings."

As events turned out, it really did seem bad management on Wallingford's part to have President Snailey sign the calls for so many meetings to consider such trivial matters of business routine, and the immortal twenty, being very busy men, were a trifle annoyed by it. About fourteen of the twenty made it a point to attend the meeting on the eighth because they wanted to see the big sanitarium, formerly a failure as a summer hotel. The special routine business on that day consisted of a batch of small appropriation bills for the alterations. Eight people came out on the fifteenth, looked over the place, and, in a tremendous state of boredom, voted the appropriations for the big new experimental laboratory. On the twenty-fourth seven were there. On the twenty-eighth, which was the day of the regular meeting, Wallingford awoke and hurried to his window, as he had for the past three days. Thank Heaven, it was raining!

It was still raining when at sharp three thirty he walked, huge, impressive, smiling, and urbane, into the handsomely appointed new board room of the Snailey Sanitarium. Around the long mahogany board table were twenty leather-seated chairs in perfectly even array. At each place lay a neat and undisturbed block of writing-paper, all at the same identical angles; before each block of paper was an ink-well; beside it lay a pen, a pencil, and an eraser; down the center were three bowls of flaming nasturtiums; at the very foot of the table sat one lone and lonesome director, a gentleman who wore a black frock coat, a cotton-wrapped hand, a bandaged eye, and a cheerful grin.

"Gentlemen," said Wallingford gravely, tapping upon the table with his neat little mahogany gavel, "the meeting will now

come to order."

For the first time a great white light burst upon Blackie Daw. Then panic seized him. "But, J. Rufus, we can't do anything!" he protested. "We've no quorum."

"The gentleman is out of order," declared the acting president, without the twitch of a muscle. "There is no question before the house. The secretary will please call the roll."

The secretary, having been properly quashed, proceeded very gravely to call the roll, answering "present" for himself in a good round tone, and answering "absent" for every other member but Wallingford, in as near an imitation of that particular gentleman's voice as he could remember. As punctiliously as if there had been a full meeting, Wallingford waded through the regular order of procedure, and disposed of it, and ordered it entered upon the minutes, until he came to the heading of bills and appropriations. There he paused to smile in huge content and light a large black cigar.

"I have here," he said to the assembled board, "a list of some sixty-odd small bills for labor, electric wiring, provisions, supplies, and the like, aggregating an approximate seven thousand dollars, which I will read item by item, if the board so requests."

"Good Lord!" groaned the board. "That means I have to toil and labor over making out another near hundred checks."

"The bills having been properly audited and there being no objections, we will pass upon them en masse."

"Move they be ordered paid," said Blackie Daw.

"The secretary will please take the chair," directed Wallingford. Blackie looked around hastily for a gavel, and finding none, he pounded upon the table

with the bottom of an ink-well.

"I second the gentleman's motion," said member Wallingford; then immediately tapped with his gavel in token of his resumption of the acting presidency. "It has been moved and seconded," he stated calmly, "that these bills under consideration be ordered paid. All in favor will please signify by saying 'Aye."

The motion was carried unanimously, and Blackie, looking respectfully about the board to see if there might be any belated objec-

tions, so recorded it.

"Mr. Daw will please take the chair,"

again requested Wallingford.

Mr. Daw lit a cigarette very deftly, considering that he had only one hand to do it with, and utterly refused the office. "Not any more," said he. "I've suffered the indignity once, and I won't play president again unless I have a for-surely gavel to do it with."

"You chimpanzee!" laughed Wallingford, and threw him the gavel, which Blackie used with a flourish and with profound satisfac-

tion.

"It's the first time I ever had a wooden hammer in my hand," he said plaintively. "I recognize the fleshy gentleman who has just caught the eye of the speaker."

"Thank you," said Wallingford courteously. "Mr. Chairman, I move you that, in view of his services in organizing and promoting this unparalleled philanthropy, a sum amounting to twenty-five per cent. of all moneys received for the sale of stock by this organization up to this present date be paid immediately, in the form of a check drawn in his favor, to J. Rufus Wallingford."

"Look here, Jim," protested the startled Blackie, "you can't get away with this thing. Don't you know that there is such a thing as a quorum? Did you never see a quorum? Did nobody ever tell you what a quorum looks like?"

"In resuming the chair," observed Wallingford, now grinning in cheerful enjoyment, "I desire to state that the gentleman is out of order. Do I hear a second to this

motion?"

"I second it, and third it, and fourth it, and fifth it, if that'll do you any good; but, Jim, you're in Dutch. This quorum thing—"

"It has been moved and seconded that

the appropriation under consideration be made, and a check for a hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars in cold and clammy cash be ordered drawn in favor of J. Rufus Wallingford. Are there any remarks?"

"Quorum," protested Blackie.

"There being no discussion, all those in favor of the motion will signify by saying

'Aye.'

"Aye," voted Blackie. "Aye, aye, aye. But, Jimmy, if you have anything up your sleeve about this quorum, tip it to me before I go dippy and bite myself in the neck. I can't stand suspense, and you know it."

"Is there any other business before the house?" inquired Wallingford with polite

formality.

"Quorum," answered Blackie into his

sieeve.

"There being no further business," resumed Wallingford, "the board will stand adjourned until the next regular meeting. Now, you pinhead, what constitutes a quorum is a matter of provision in the constitution, and I wrote this constitution myself. There isn't a word in it about a quorum. All questions in any regular board of directors' meeting are settled merely by 'a majority of those present.'"

#### VIII

MR. MARTIN LUTHER WARDETT, whose wrinkled old face was a perfect inverted triangle, broke up that angular countenance into reverse triangles with the apexes upward, at the mere mention of Wallingford's name. First he said, "The devil," and then he said, "Let him in."

"Mr. Wallingford," said he severely, as that suave citizen came in upon him, "I don't wish to be rude, but really, I think you might remember that I told you twelve

o'clock was my busiest hour."

Mr. Wallingford, whose smiling cordiality was altogether unshaken by this reception, did not tell Mr. Wardett that this was precisely the reason he had called. Instead, he held up his broad right palm and grinned down with aggravating amiability at the treasurer of the Snailey Society for the Promotion of the Cure of Senility.

"I swear by the sacred bull never to bother you again at this hour," he vowed with entire truth. "But I really couldn't help it this time, Mr. Wardett, for some of these must be mailed this afternoon," and



Mr. Wardett pushed each check back, after it had been signed, just far enough to reveal the signature line upon the one beneath it, while Wallingford politely blotted them and at the same time covered up any possible chance of reading them after they had been signed

he laid down a sheaf of checks a half-inch thick.

This time the triangle which ran down Mr. Wardett's nose cut entirely into the triangle of his jaw-bone, making a perfect square of the lower part of his face. "This is too strong, Wallingford," he declared. "I want to get down to that board of governors' meeting this afternoon, and I haven't time to clean up my own business, let alone this. I'll never take office again in any corporation or society, unless it's my own, as long as I live. Why, every time you've had a meeting out there, you've brought me in from fifty to seventy-five checks to sign. The first time I went over all to see if they were correct, and it's my duty to do so now, I suppose. Are they all right?"

"They were all passed upon by the board," said Wallingford carelessly, picking up a blotter.

A clerk with prematurely gray hair, and a brow full of creases obtained through a lifetime of shouldering another man's worries, came up to the desk anxiously. Wardett vented on him the rage he had been too courteous to expend upon Wallingford, and sent him away about his business; then he

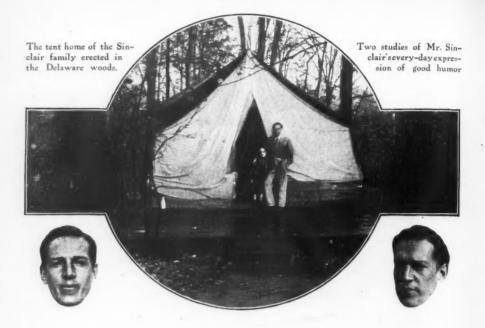
grabbed the sheaf of checks and a pen, and began signing his name at a furiously rapid rate, pushing each check back from the pile, after it had been signed, just far enough to reveal the signature line upon the one beneath it, while Wallingford politely blotted them and at the same time covered up any possible chance of reading them after they were signed. At the finish of Wardett's angry task Mr. Wallingford walked away with all the dignity of a United States senator. Upon the sunlit street he looked about him with complacency. The world was fair to see; there were poor people out there in the street, people who had never known luxury, and he felt just a shade of pity for them, as he stepped into the taxi where Blackie Daw was waiting for him with an absurd pretense of biting his finger-nails in anxiety.

"Did he sign it, Jimmy?" he asked, still unbelieving.

"Signed it like a little man," returned Wallingford, exhibiting the check.

Then, "Pardon me a moment," said Blackie, and opening the window of the taxi door, he took his wooden-rimmed spectacles from his pocket and threw them out.

The next story of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford" will appear in the March issue.



# Fasting-the Foe of Sickness

A NEW CHAPTER IN THE COSMOPOLITAN'S WONDERFUL FACT-STORY OF HEALTH RESTORATION THROUGH SCIENTIFIC STARVATION

#### By Upton Sinclair

Author of "Starving for Health's Sake"

The photographs illustrating this article were specially taken for the Cosmopolitan

EDITOR'S NOTE.—In addition to scattering good cheer and information and uplift, all of which engage the attention of the human race, it occasionally falls to the lot of a magazine to do a signal service to its readers. The articles upon fasting for the cure of disease form the basis of the Cosmopolitan's claim to this distinction; for much good has come of them and, so far as we know, no harm, and anything that will alleviate the ills that stand between so many men and women and the enjoyment of life is surely a service in behalf of the common good. After the publication of the first article a stream of inquiry letters poured into this office until we turned most of them aside by publishing Mr. Sinclair's address. Still they come, however, asking for the issue that contained the article, redolent of hope that it may point the way to health. It is with the expectation of offering encouragement to those who were convinced by the former articles that the following one is printed.

T the time of writing this, it has been just six months since I published in the COSMOPOLITAN an article entitled "Starving for Health's Sake"; and I am still getting letters about it at the rate of half a dozen a day. The tent which I inhabit is rapidly becoming uninhabitable because of pasteboard boxes full of "fasting letters"; and the store-keeper

who is so good as to receive my telegrams over the 'phone is growing quite expert at taking down the symptoms of adventurers who get started and want to know how to stop. I could make quite a postage-stamp collection from these letters—I had one from Spain and one from India and one from Argentina all in the same day. I am sure I might have kept a sanitarium for

those people who have begged me to let them come and live near me while they were taking a fast. One woman writes to ask me to name my own price to take charge of a case of elephantiasis which has been given up by all the experts in Europe.

Also, I could fill an article with the "humors" of these letters. One woman writes a long and anxious inquiry as to whether it is permissible to drink any water while fasting; and then follows this up with a special-delivery letter to say that she hopes I will not think she is crazy—she had read the article again and noted the injunction to drink as much water as possible! And then comes a letter from a man who wants to know if I really mean it all;

pect him to eat

do I truly ex-

Mr. Sinclair in his gym-

nasium, which is near

his tent in the woods.

It is a curious commentary upon the alertness and open-mindedness of the medical fraternity that not one in two hundred of my letters comes from a doctor. Ouite recently I was talking with a physician-a successful and well-known physician-who refused pointblank to believe that a human being could subsist five days without any sort of nutriment. There was no use talking about it-it was a physiological impossibility; and even when I offered him the names and addresses of a hundred people who had done it, he went off unconvinced. And yet that same physician professes a religion which through nearly two thousand years has recommended "fasting and pray-. method of the soul's er" as the ment; and he will go to church and listen reverachieve-

He believes in exercise for

health's sake as thorough-

ly as he does in fasting

nothing whatever—or would I call it fasting if he ate just nuts and fruit now and then?

Church and listen reverently to accounts of a forty-day fast in the wilderness!

In truth, the "fasting cure" is

no new discovery. The Yogis have been teaching it for centuries, and the late Dr. Dewey was making a practice of it before I was born. There are sanitariums in this country where you may find hundreds of people fasting, and where twenty- or thirtyday fasts occasion no more remark than a good golf-score at a summer hotel. And if you have any doubt that such fasts are taken, you can very quickly convince yourself. Less than a year ago I saw a man completing a fifty-day fast; I talked with him day by day, and I know that it was all in good faith. The symptoms of fasting are as distinct and unmistakable as are, for instance, those of smallpox; you could no more persuade an experienced person that you were fasting when you were not fasting than you could persuade a bacteriologist that you had sleeping-sickness when you were merely lazy.

When I was a very small boy, I recall that a Dr. Tanner took a forty-day fast in a museum in New York; and I recollect well the conversation in our family—how obvious it was that the thing must be a fake, and how foolish people were to be taken in by so absurd a fake. "He gets something to eat when nobody's looking," we would say. But what about his weight? Here is a man, going along day by day, year in and year out, weighing in the neighborhood of a hundred and fifty pounds; and now, all of a sudden, he begins to lose a pound a day, as regularly as the sun rises. How does he

do it?

"Well," we would say, "he must work hard and get rid of it."

But how could a man do that, when he has no longer enough muscular tissue left to support his weight? And when his pulse is only thirty-five beats to the minute?

Then, says the reader, perhaps he goes to a Turkish bath, and sweats it off.

But ask any jockey how he'd like to take a Turkish bath every day for fifty days! And how he would stand it when his arms and thighs were so reduced that you could meet your thumb and forefinger around them, and could plainly trace the bones and the blood-vessels! And then again, there is the tongue. If you take a fast and really need the fast, you will find your tongue so coated that you can scrape it with a knifeblade. And if you break your fast, your tongue will clear in twenty-four hours; nothing in the world will coat it again but

several days more of fasting. How would you propose to get around that difficulty?

Such ideas have to do with fasting as seen by the outsider. I recollect reading a diverting account of the fasting cure, in which the victim was portraved as haunted by the ghosts of beefsteaks and turkeys. But the person who is taking the fast knows nothing of these troubles, nor would there be much profit in fasting if he did. The fast is not an ordeal, it is a rest; and I have known people to lose interest in food as completely as if they had never tasted any in their lives. I know one lady who, to the consternation of her friends and relatives, began a fast three days before Christmas and continued it until three days after New Year's; and on both the holidays she cooked a turkey and served it for her children. On another occasion, during a week's fast, she "put up" several gallons of preserves; the only inconvenience being that she had to call in a neighbor to taste them and see if they were done. I myself took a twelve-day fast while living alone with my little boy, and three times every day I went into the pantry and set out a meal for him. I was not troubled at all by the sight of the food.

The longest fast of which I had heard when my article was written was seventyeight days; but that record has since been broken by a man named Richard Fausel. Mr. Fausel, who keeps a hotel somewhere in North Dakota, had presumably partaken too generously of the good cheer intended for his guests, for he found himself at the inconvenient weight of three hundred and eighty-five pounds. He went to a sanitarium, and there fasted for forty days (if my recollection serves me), and by dint of vigorous exercise meanwhile he got rid of one hundred and thirty pounds. I think I never saw a funnier sight than Mr. Fausel at the conclusion of this fast, wearing the same pair of trousers that he had worn at the beginning of it. But the temptations of hotel-keeping are severe, and when he went back home he found himself going up in weight again. This time he concluded to do the job thoroughly, and went to another sanitarium in Chicago, and set out upon a fast of ninety days. That is a new record—though I sometimes wonder if it is quite fair to call it "fasting" when a man is simply living upon an internal larder of fat.

It must be a curious experience to go for three months without tasting food. It is no wonder that the stomach and all the organs of assimilation forget how to do their work. The one danger in the fasting treatment in that when you break the fast, hunger is apt to come back with a rush, while, on the other hand, the stomach is weak, and the utmost caution is needed. If you yield to your cravings, you may fill your whole system with toxins, and undo all the good of the treatment; but if you go

slowly, and restrict yourself to very small quantities of the most easily assimilated foods, then in an incredibly short ashamed of your doubts; and others who are behind you, and to whom you have to appear as an old campaigner. So you develop an *esprit de corps*, as it were—though that sounds as if I were trying to make a pun.

All this may not seem very alluring; but it is far better than a lifetime of illness, such as many of these people have known before. I never knew that there was such terrible suffering in the world until I heard some of

their stories; they would indeed be depressing company were it not for the fact that now they are



Mr. Richard Fausel, who keeps a hotel somewhere in North Dakota, had presumably partaken too generously of the good cheer intended for his guests, for he found himself at the inconvenient weight of three hundred and eighty-five pounds. He went to a sanitarium, and there fasted for forty days (if my recollection serves me), and by dint of vigorous exercise meanwhile he got rid of one hundred and thirty pounds. I think I never saw a funnier sight than Mr. Fausel at the conclusion of this fast, wearing the same pair of trousers that he had worn at the beginning of it.

time the body will have regained its strength.

My experience has taught me that it is well not to be too proud at such a time, but to get some one to help you. And it ought to be some one

who has fasted, for a person at the end of a fast is an agitating sight to his neighbors, and their one impulse is to get a "square meal" into him as quickly as possible.

I was interested enough in the question of fasting to spend some time at a sanitarium where they make a specialty of it. One can see a sicker-looking collection of humans in such a place than anywhere else in the world, I fancy. In the first place, people do not take the fasting cure until they are looking desperate; and when they have got into the fast they look more desperate. At the later stages they sometimes take to wheel-chairs; and at all times they move with deliberation, and their faces wear serious expressions. They gather in little groups and discuss their symptoms; there is nothing so interesting in the world when you are fasting as to talk symptoms with a lot of people who are doing the same thing. There are some who are several days ahead of you, and who make you

getting well. The reader may answer sarcastically that they think they are. But every Christian Scientist knows that this comes to the same thing; and I have talked with not less than a hun-

dred people who have fasted for three days or more, and out of these there were but two or three who did not report themselves as greatly benefited. So I am accustomed to say that I would rather spend my time in a fasting-sanitarium than in an ordinary "swell" hotel. The people in the former are making themselves well and know it; while the people in the latter are making themselves ill, and don't know it.

In the October Cosmopolitan I published a request that those who had tried the fast as a result of my article would let me know the outcome. At the time of writing I have received 109 replies to this invitation, and this gives another censulupon fasting.

The total number of fasts taken was 277, and the average number of days was six. There were ninety of five days or over, fifty-one of ten days or over, and six of thirty days or over. Out of the 100 persons who wrote to me, ninety-two reported benefit,

and seventeen no benefit. Of these seventeen about half give wrong breaking of the fast as the reason for the failure. In cases where the cure had not proved permanent, about half mentioned that the recurrence of the trouble was caused by wrong eating, and about half of the rest made this quite evident by what they said. Also it is to be noted that in the cases of the seventeen who got no benefit, nearly all were fasts of only

three or four days.

Following is the complete list of diseases benefited, forty-five of the cases having been diagnosed by physicians: indigestion (usually associated with nervousness) 27; rheumatism, 5; colds, 8; tuberculosis, 4; constipation, 14; poor circulation, 3; headaches, 5; anemia, 3; scrofula, 1; bronchial trouble, 6; syphilis, 1; liver trouble, 5; general debility, 5; chills and fever, 1; blood poisoning, 1; neurasthenia, 6; locomoter ataxia, 1; sciatica, 1; asthma, 2; excess of uric acid, 1; epilepsy, 1; pleurisy, 1; impaction of bowels, 1; eczema, 2; catarrh, 6; appendicitis, 3; valvular disease of heart, 1; insomnia, 1; gas poisoning, 1; grippe, 1; cancer, 1; ulcerated leg, 1.

I will give a brief summary of several of

the most interesting cases:

Mrs. Lulu Wallace Smith, 324 W. White Oak Ave., Monrovia, California. Age 28. Fasted thirty days for appendicitis and peritonitis, diagnosed by four physicians. "Yes, indeed, I have definitely been benefited by fasting. My stomach is not distressed after meals, I have regular evacuations of the intestines, which I had not had since I was seventeen. I feel perfectly healthy and look the same."

D. J. Indigestion, extreme nervousness, neuralgia in its worst form. Fasted thirty days; did most of the cooking for a family of five, was at no time tempted to eat. "I am no longer troubled with the old diseases, and weigh more than ever before. After my fast I felt as happy and care free as a little child."

T. S. Jacks, Muskegon, Michigan. Fasted twenty days, followed by shorter fasts, for stomach trouble, diagnosed as cancer. "My doctor advised me to be operated on. Since my fast, three years ago, I have had no trouble with my stomach. I am entirely cured, and am enjoying fine health."

Mrs. Charles H. Vosseller, Newark, New Jersey. "I don't agree with you or Bernarr Macfadden in not recommending fasting for tuberculosis. I fasted nineteen days and

was completely cured; I received no harm, and have been examined since by a physician. I weigh 114 pounds now, and before my fast weighed about a hundred pounds. I never felt better in my life than I do at present; do not know that I have a pair of lungs."

There was much newspaper discussion of "Starving for Health's Sake," most of it being sarcastic. The most biting comment that I recall came from somewhere out West. and ran about as follows: "A Seattle man fasted forty days for stomach trouble. His stomach is troubling him no longer. He is dead." I know no more about the case than this tells me; I presume some one really did die. I also saw a report from the London Daily Telegraph to the effect that a man had died in South Africa as a result of trying my How many thousands of people tried it and lived, I do not know; but horrified relatives and enterprising newspaper writers would see that the public was informed about any that died.

As to the possibility or probability of death during a fast, I have one or two points

to note:

First, a good many sick people are dying all the time. It would be an argument for fasting if it saved any of them. It is no argument against fasting that it fails to save them all. No one would think of bringing it up against his surgeon or family physician that he occasionally lost a patient.

Second, people might die very frequently, without that being an argument against the cure. It might simply be a consequence of the desperately ill class of people who were trying it. A doctor who had a new method of healing, and was permitted to use it only upon those whom all other doctors had given up, would be considered successful if he effected even an occasional cure. I would wager that of the people who read my article and set out to fast, practically all had been suffering for many years, and had given the regular physicians unlimited opportunity to work on them.

Third, it may be set down as absolutely certain that no one ever died of starvation while fasting. The essential feature of the fast is that after the first two or three days all hunger ceases; and that anyone could die of lack of food without feeling a desire for food is absurd upon the face of it. Nature simply does not work that way. It reminds me of a young lady who once

told me that she would not go to sleep with a mouse in the room, because she imagined the mouse might nibble off her ear without

waking her!

As to the possibility that you might starve, during those first days while you are hungry, the answer is simply that you don't. It is perfectly true that men have died of starvation in three or four days; but the starvation existed in their minds—it was fright that killed them. That they did not truly starve is proved by my letters from people who have fasted over that time, and who are alive to tell of it.

There are conditions in the human body which lead to death inevitably; and some of these conditions are beyond the power of the fast to remedy. When a person so afflicted sets out to fast, and dies in spite of the fast, the papers of course declare that he died because of the fast. Dr. L. B. Hazzard, of Seattle, has published a very useful little book, "Fasting for the Cure of Disease," in which she tells of two cases of "death from fasting," where the autopsy revealed conditions with which the

fast had no connection, and which made death certain. Chances of that sort one has to take in life; you may have a blood-vessel in such a state that when you run after a street-car the increased pressure will cause it to burst; but you do not on that account declare that no man ought to

exert himself violently.

As an example of the part that mental disturbances may play in the fast, I will cite the case of a woman friend who started out to fast for a complication of chronic ailments. She was rather stout, and did not mind it at all—was going cheerfully about her daily tasks; but her husband heard about it, and came home to tell her what a fool she was making of herself; and in a few hours she was in a state of complete col-



Mr. Sinclair and his young son, who shares his father's outdoor life—Getting up an appetite

ous ex-

wise break-

the last batch

lapse. No doubt if there had been a physician in the neighborhood, there would have been another tale of a "victim of a shallow and unscrupulous sensationalist" (I quote the gracious language of a metropolitan newspaper). Fortunately, however, business called the husband away again, and the next day the woman was all right, and completed an eight-day fast with the best results. Bear this in mind, so that if you wake up some morning and find your temperature sub-normal and your pulse at forty, and your arms too weak to lift you, and if your friends get around you and tell you that you look like a mummy out of a sarcophagus of the seventeenth dynasty, and that I am a Socialist and an undesirable citizen, you may

> be able to smile at them good-naturedly, and tell them that you will never again eat until you are hungry. Ihavethought over the cases of failure of the fast, where I have been able to inquire into all the circumstances, and I think I can make the statement that I do not know a case which might not be attributed either to the influence of nervcitement or to uning of the fast. In of letters was one

with a printed account of the disastrous results of a three weeks' fast taken by a woman. It is an example of about all the blunders that I can think of. She describes herself as occupying "a responsible office-position," which taxed her strength to the utmost; and she tried to do this work

all the time she was fasting. She would get up and go to work when she was "scarcely able to drag one foot after another." On about the nineteenth day her mother arrived, and I quote: "She almost dropped at the sight of me, for I had not given a hint as to my condition; but despite my protests, she sent for the doctor at once. My! Didn't he scold, and tell me what was what! Mother's heart was so torn with sorrow and pity that she hadn't the heart to reproach me for my three weeks' orgy of fasting. She thought I had paid dearly for my folly." I don't think it necessary to say anything more, except that I feel sorry for the victim, and that I am glad to know this happened two years ago, so that I am not to blame for the results.

By way of contrast with this case I will quote the following letter, which will show the reader the kind of experience that

makes fasting enthusiasts:

"My wife and I have each nearly reached our seventy-second year. I was born a physical wreck. A dozen years ago we began taking short fasts, from three to eleven days duration, for all our ills of ing, which seemed growing no better. And finally two years ago last July my wife said she was going to take a 'conquest fast' if it killed her, for she was tired of living with her present ills. I thought it a good time to try a little conquest fasting on my own hook. I had no fear of the result. I knew that nature would tell me when I had fasted long enough. So we began an absolute fast from all food except distilled water and fresh air. We lived in fresh air night and day.

"After fasting twenty-eight days I began to be hungry, and broke my fast with a little grape-juice, followed the next day with tomatoes, and later with vegetable soup. My wife began to be hungry after fasting thirty-one days, and broke her fast

in a similar manner to myself.

"It is now two years since we took the conquest fast, and my wife has had no return of her former troubles. And I am enjoying all the mental and physical pleasures which come from clean bowels. We think we have learned how to live so that we will never need another fast. Soon after the fast I was examined by the leading surgeon of Los Angeles and southern

California, who pronounced me as being the most wonderful person he ever met regarding softness of arteries, and suppleness of body, for

my age."

The reader will observe that I discuss this fasting question from a materialistic viewpoint. I am telling what it does to the body; but besides this, of course, fasting is a religious exercise. I heard the other day from a man who was taking a forty-day fast as a means of increasing his "spiritual power." I am not saying that for you to smile at; he has excellent authority for the pro-cedure. The point with me is that I find life so full of interest just now that I



or a cold bath, or a game of tennis, that I fear it is interfering with my spiritual development. I have, however, a very dear friend who goes in for the things of the soul, and she tells me that when you are fasting, the higher faculties are in a sensitive condition, and that you can do many interesting things with your subliminal self. For instance, she had always considered herself a glutton; and so, during an eight-day fast, just before going to sleep and just after awakening, she would lie in a sort of trance and impress upon her mind the idea of restraint in eating. The result, she declares, has been that she has never since then had an impulse to overeat.



This young lady three years ago was an anemic school-teacher, threatened with consumption, and a victim of continual colds and headaches. She fasted for eight days, and achieved a perfect cure."-Mr. Sinclair exercising "mildly"

There are many such curious things, about which you may read in the books of the Yogis and the theosophists—who were fasting in previous incarnations when you and I were swinging about in the treetops by our tails. But I ought to report upon one fasting experiment which resulted disastrously for me. In "Starving for Health's Sake" I told how I had been able to write the greater part of a play while fasting. Shortly afterward I plunged into the writing of a new novel, and, as usual, I got so much interested in it that I wasn't hungry. I said that I would fast, and save the eating time, and the digesting time as well. So I would sit and work for sixteen hours or more a day, sometimes for six hours at a stretch without moving. After two or three days of this I would be hungry, and would eat something; but being too much excited to digest it, I would say, "Hang eating, anyhow!" and go on for another period of work. I kept that up for

some six weeks, and I turned out an appalling lot of manuscript; but I found that I had taken off twenty-five pounds of flesh, and had got to such a point that I could not digest a little warm milk. I cite this in order that the reader may understand just why I take a gross and material view of fasting. My advice is to lie around in the sun and read story-books and take care of your body, and leave the soul exercises and the nervous efforts until the fast is over. But all the same, I know that there will be great poetry written some day, when our poets have got on to the fasting trick-and care enough about their work to be willing to feed it with their own flesh.

The great thing about the fast is that it sets you a new standard of health. You have been accustomed to worrying along somehow; but now you discover your own possibilities, and thereafter you are not content until you have found some way to keep that virginal state of stomach which

one possesses for a month or two after a successful fast. It must mean, of course, many changes in your life, if you really wish to keep it. It means the giving up of to-bacco and alcohol, and a too-sedentary life, and steam-heated rooms; above all else, it means that you must give up self-indulgent

eating.

Many people write me, begging me to outline for them the ideal diet. I used to do that sort of thing, but I have stopped, having come to realize that we are still at the beginning of our diet-experiments. I have done a good deal of experimenting myself, and have made some interesting discoveries. I have lived for a week on fruit only, and again on wheat only; I have lived for three weeks on nothing but milk, and again on nothing but beefsteak. I have lived for a year on raw food, and for over three years I professed the religion of vegeterianism. For the last two months I have lived on beefsteak, shredded wheat, raisins, and fresh fruit; but by the time this article appears I may be trying sour milk and dates-somebody told me about that the other day, and it sounds good to me. Some of my correspondents object to my willingness to try new diets; they write me that they find it bewildering, and think it indicative of an unstable mind. They do not realize that I am exacting in my demands-I want a diet which will permit me to overwork with impunity. I haven't found it yet, but I am on the way; and meantime I make my experiments with a light heart, for I always know that if anything goes wrong, I can take a fast and start afresh.

There are some rules, however, that I think I can lay down. You must give up all fried and greasy foods; and you must give up white flour, and also sugar, in all its thousands of alluring forms. And for the rest, avoid all complications and concoctions, and learn to enjoy simple things. I have found it a good rule that when I am not hungry enough to eat and relish a dry shredded-wheat biscuit, I am not hungry enough to eat anything. Select those kinds of food that you find agree with you best; chew them slowly, and never eat to repletion, and so I think you may find the solution of your problem. By way of setting an ideal before you, I will give you the example of a young lady who for four or five months has been living in our home, and

giving us a chance to observe her dietetic habits. This young lady three years ago was an anemic school-teacher, threatened with consumption, and a victim of continual colds and headaches; miserable and beaten, with an exopthalmic goiter which was slowly choking her to death. She fasted eight days, and achieved a perfect cure. She is to-day bright, alert, and athletic; and she lives on about twelve hundred calories of food a day-one half of what I eat, and less than a third of the oldschool dietetic standards. Occasionally she will eat nut butter, or a sweet potato, or some whole-wheat crackers, or ice-cream; but at least ninety per cent. of her food has consisted of fresh fruit. Meal after meal, day after day, I have seen her eat one or two bananas and two or three peaches, or, say, a slice of watermelon or cantaloup; at some meals she will eat only the peaches, and then again she will eat nothing. A dollar a week would pay for all her food; and on this diet she laughs and talks, reads and thinks, walks and swims with my wife and myself-a kind of external dietetic conscience which we would find it hard to get along without. And tell me, you medical scoffers at the "food-faddists," don't you think that a case like this gives us some right to ask for patient investigation of our claims? Or will you stand by your pillboxes and your carving-knives and the rest of your paraphernalia, and compel us to cure all your patients in spite of you?

While reading the proofs of this article, I found myself suffering from the effects of too much hospitality from my friends. I felt a "cold" coming on day by day. The circumstances being unfavorable, I put off fasting, until finally I was in a very uncomfortable state. I decided to go to New York city and fast-where I could have some diversion. At the time this article goes to press I am on my seventh day, and it has been my most remarkable experience with fasting. Except that I take no violent exercise, I have made no change whatever in my life. I have been about and busy every minute of the day, and until late at night. I have walked miles every day and have felt no weakness to speak of. Every trace of the "cold" was gone on the fourth day; but I shall continue the fast until I feel hungry, or until I find myself becoming inconvenienced by it.

### Real Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes

#### By H. Addington Bruce

Author of "The Riddle of Personality." "Historic Ghosts and Ghost Hunters," etc.

EDITOR'S NOTE.—For perfectly obvious reasons, this fact-story, from the pen of a man who has made a profound study of the "seamy side" of psychology, has not been illustrated with the portraits of the strange folk whose cases are here detailed. Most of these people with their extraordinary dual personalities still live and walk abroad unsuspected of an unbalanced brain. To give illustrative force and novelty to this article we have, therefore, induced a well-known actor to interpret before the camera the metamorphosed ego of Robert Louis Stevenson's Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, illustrating passages from the great novelist's popular work.

AN there be two selves in a single body? Can one person be both himself and somebody else? Is there anything in real life parallel to the weird imaginings of that most fantastic of tales, Robert Louis Stevenson's "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"? Most people would reply, "Absolutely, no." Yet in reality it is so far from being impossible that within recent years it has been proved beyond the slightest doubt, as the result of careful investigation by eminent scientists, that the strange case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde frequently finds a counterpart in the lives of real men and women. To-day, appalled by the discoveries that have been made, psychological science, medical science, and legal science are desperately striving to ascertain just what ought to be done with the Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes of actual existence—are trying to learn why it is that they become two persons instead of one, how they should be treated to prevent the appearance of the baser self, and how far they should be held accountable for their actions.

This last problem is of the utmost urgency because the Dr. Jekylls of real life have no knowledge whatever of what they say and do while they are Mr. Hyde. And, on the other hand, though this is not always the case, when they are Mr. Hyde they know nothing of themselves as Dr. Jekyll. There is a complete cleavage, a blotting out of all memory, between the two selves.

A few years ago there lived in a Western city a gentleman who had had a successful business career, and was at that time the president of a local bank, being regarded as one of the most responsible and trust-

worthy members of the community. Married at an early age, he was still as devotedly attached to his wife as in the days when he went courting her. He had one child, of whom he was also passionately fond. Successful, wealthy, happy in his domestic relations, he was in every way a man to be envied.

One morning he left home intending, before going to his bank, to ride out into the country and collect some rent that was due him. On the way he suddenly felt strangely dizzy, and remembered nothing more until, a couple of hours later, he walked into the bank; questioned by his partners, he could give no account of his movements. What had he done with his horse? He did not know. Had he collected the rent? He did not know. All he could remember was feeling dizzy, dismounting, and standing in a doorway; but when he looked into his pocketbook he found that it contained the exact amount of the rent he had set out to collect. A messenger was hurriedly sent to make inquiries.

"Why," he was told by the woman of the house, "of course Mr. Brown was here this morning. I paid him myself, and here is his receipt to show for it. But I must say that I hardly knew him when he came in. He looked awful. He looked as though he would like to kill me. I was terribly frightened, and was mighty glad when he took the money, signed the receipt, and went away."

Though greatly disturbed by the messenger's report, Mr. Brown decided to say nothing to his wife about this singular adventure. It would, he thought, only alarm her needlessly, for surely nothing like it would occur to him again.

Exactly a year later, while in his office,

the same feeling of dizziness came upon him. He did not fall, and it lasted only a moment, but it had the amazing effect of temporarily depriving him of all knowledge of his business and family relationships, and even of his own identity. Addressed by name, he made no response. When his partners anxiously asked him if he did not know them, he calmly replied that he most decidedly did not. At the end of two hours he seemed to be completely himself once more; but he insisted that he knew nothing of what had happened in the interval.

Another year passed, and again the dizzy sensation overpowered Mr. Brown, this time with disastrous consequences. It was his custom every morning to kiss his wife and child good-by, when starting downtown. He had done this as usual one day—waving, indeed, a farewell to them until he was out of sight, and seeming to be in the

best of health and spirits.

Ten minutes after his departure Mrs. Brown was astonished to hear the front door opened violently by somebody who ran hurriedly from room to room through the lower part of the house. While she listened with increasing amazement and alarm, hasty steps sounded on the stairs, the door of her bedroom was flung open, and her husband rushed in. She scarcely recognized '... The eyes that had been gazing lavingfy into hers so short a time before were wild and staring. The lips that had kissed hers were set in a thin, hard, cruel line. His whole face was distorted in a frenzy of ungovernable rage and hatred.

"John! John!" she gasped. "What is

the matter?"

"Oh, you are here, eh?" he cried. "Curse you! I have been looking everywhere for

VOII."

Without another word he leaped forward, seized her by the throat, and began to choke her. Back and forth across the room they struggled—she fighting desperately for her life, he intent on killing her. Suddenly, when she was almost exhausted, he uttered a horrible shriek and threw her from him, himself falling on the bed, where he immediately lapsed into unconsciousness. Too weak even to call for assistance, Mrs. Brown lay on the floor, half leaning against a chair, until, an hour later, she was roused by her husband's voice, anxiously calling:

"Why are you lying there, Mary? What has happened? I have had such a fearful

dream. Or was it a dream? Have I harmed you? 'Have I harmed you?"

Rising feebly, she showed him the fingermarks on her throat. With tears streaming down his face, he assured her that he had not the least knowledge of the murderous assault. Everything was a blank to him. The last thing he remembered was a sudden feeling of dizziness while walking to the office.

A month afterward he again attacked his wife, while she was attending to their child, who had been stricken with what proved to be a fatal illness. Dragging the child out of her arms, he flung it roughly aside, and seized her by the throat as before. But this time she was able to summon aid.

The doctors who were called in talked sagely of "overwork" and "nerve strain," and advised the unhappy man to leave home and take a complete rest. While away he wrote almost daily to his wife, his letters breathing the profoundest devotion and love. But she noticed that there were periods, of a week or two at a time, when he seemed to be quite unaware of existing conditions. During these periods his letters never made any reference to their dead child, but were almost duplicates of the letters he used to write to her before their marriage, so much so that it well-nigh seemed that time had turned backward for him, and that he was living again in the days of his youth.

He returned home a week before Christmas. All went well until Christmas Eve, when, having gone down-town to make some purchases, he came back carrying a few cheap presents in one hand and a rifle in the other. Leveling the rifle at his terrified wife, he compelled her to promise him that within a week she would leave the house, never to return to it. And so, fearing for her life, she next day left him forever.

All this time he had managed to conduct his business affairs as shrewdly as ever; and with the departure of his wife all murderous impulse seemed to leave him. But the periods of his weird forgetfulness now became more frequent and prolonged. He became, as it were, two men, leading separate lives, and with separate chains of memory for the events of each existence, neither of his two "selves" having any knowledge of what the other did. Finally his wife, abandoning all hope that it would ever be safe to return to him, sued



"Although I had now two characters as well as two appearances, one was wholly evil"

for and obtained a divorce; the publicity attending the court proceedings impelled him to sell out his business and remove to another state; and when last heard from he was still oscillating between the two personalities, manfully bearing the burden of his sorrow, impatiently awaiting the moment when death would bring him relief.

Sometimes, difficult of belief though this is, the Hyde personality strives its utmost to vent its hatred and animosity, not on other people but on its Jekyll self—the self that is kind and virtuous. It is as though

it would completely blot out that other self in order to have a clear field for its evil tendencies.

A striking case of the sort occurred in New England, and was studied and treated by an eminent Boston neurologist, Dr. Morton Prince. The victim was a talented young woman, of good family and excellent education, Miss Christine L. Beauchamp, who, as the result of overstudy and a succession of emotional shocks, became extremely neurasthenic, suffering constantly from fatigue, insomnia, and headache. One



"Can it be the old story of Dr. Fell? or is it the mere radiance of a foul soul that thus transpires through, and disfigures, its clay continent?"

day she came to Dr. Prince in a highly agitated state of mind, declaring that she had lost twenty-four hours out of her life, and that her friends had told her that her conduct during that time had been such that one could well believe she had been "possessed" by an evil spirit. A little later the same thing occurred again, and Dr. Prince, questioning her while in the abnormal condition, saw immediately that a second selfa self with characteristics very different from her true traits—had developed in her, and had temporarily ousted her real self.

This secondary personality called itself "Sally," and denied all identity with Miss Beauchamp, of whose thoughts and memories, however, it claimed to have perfect knowledge. It was a self, Dr. Prince says, "full of saucy deviltry." Miss Beauchamp, in her true self, was reserved, dignified, studious. "Sally" was impudent, mischievous, flirtatious, malicious. She said she hated Miss Beauchamp, and intended driving her to desperation, and she undoubtedly succeeded in doing so. She tormented Miss Beauchamp in every way possible. Thus Miss Beauchamp had a nervous dread of insects; "Sally" would go out into

the woods, collect spiders and snakes, and send them in little pasteboard boxes to her other self, enjoying vastly the horror and fright that they caused her. Again, "Sally," who detested study, would tear up Miss Beauchamp's books and exercise papers, causing her to repeat laboriously tasks she had already done in connection with her college work. She would waste money that Miss Beauchamp had been carefully hoarding for an emergency; sew up her clothes at night so that she had great trouble in dressing in the morning, and would perpetrate many other annoying "jokes" on her much-suffering Jekyll self.

Far more serious was "Sally's" interference in an affair of the heart. Before her illness, Miss Beauchamp had been engaged to a young man named Jones, but for various reasons had decided to break the engagement. "Sally," however, was madly in love with Jones, and whenever she was dominant was in his company at every opportunity. Once, indeed, as "Sally," she planned to elope with him to Europe, but luckily came to her true self the day before the steamer sailed, and so the elopeFinally, unable to bear the situation longer, Miss Beauchamp decided to commit suicide. She went to a lodging-house in an obscure part of Boston, rented a room, closed the windows, stuffed up the chinks of the door, and turned on the gas. Now, however, "Sally" interfered, for she realized that if Miss Beauchamp died she would be dead, too. So, no sooner had Miss Beauchamp thrown herself on the bed than "Sally" became the controlling self, rose, turned off the gas, and opened the windows.

For several years the struggle between the two selves continued, until at last Dr. Prince, largely by the use of hypnotism, succeeded in putting "Sally" out of existence, and restoring Miss Beauchamp to a single, normal, healthy selfhood, from which she has not since relapsed.

Fortunately for themselves and for those around them, the people with two selves by no means always display such radical alterations of character and conduct. What often happens is that when they develop the



"When I shall again and forever reindue that hated personality, I know how I shall sit shuddering and weeping in my chair, or continue, . . . to pace up and down this room, and give ear to every sound of menace."

second self they merely lose all memory for the events of their previous existence. Sometimes their memory loss is so complete that they may literally be said to be born into the world a second time. They have forgotten all the acquisitions of education and experience, and, like any child, have to be taught to read and write, and occasionally have even to learn how to talk and walk. An interesting case of this kind is reported by Dr. Charles L. Dana, the celebrated

nerve specialist.

His patient was a young man of twentyfour who, up to the time of his peculiar "accident," had never betrayed any sign of abnormality. He was but recently out of college, was employed in a large business house, and was engaged to be married to a beautiful girl whom he had known almost since his boyhood. Shortly before the day set for their wedding, he met with a financial reverse that worried him greatly. He lost his appetite, could not sleep, and in many other ways showed that he was laboring under an intense mental strain. One night, soon after going to bed, he was seized with a nervous chill which lasted some hours and was followed by a deep, stuporous sleep. When he awoke, late the next day, he acted so strangely that his relatives feared he had gone insane.

They found him staring out the window of his room with an expression of the most childlike delight, and gazing at the people and vehicles passing through the street below as though he had never seen anything like them before. When spoken to, he answered in a strange, hesitating, almost unintelligible way, and showed clearly that he did not know who he was, or in what relation he stood to his father and mother, his brother and sister. His fiancée was hastily sent for, but he greeted her with a vacant stare in which there was no recognition. A letter was handed to him. He could not read it.

It quickly developed that, although essentially a child, he could learn things far more readily than any child. In a few weeks he could read and write almost as well as ever, thanks chiefly to the efforts of his grief-stricken sweetheart, who devoted hours every day to his instruction. He also acquired a remarkable shrewdness that enabled him to conceal from outsiders his anomalous condition. But he maintained his attitude of child-like wonderment at everything around him.

Three months after the onset of his trouble, the real personality returned as un-

expectedly and mysteriously as it had disappeared. His brother had taken him to spend the evening with his fiancée, and he seemed to her on that occasion more unlike himself than ever. After his departure she had cried bitterly, feeling that there was no hope that he would ever get well. On the way home, he complained to his brother that his head felt prickly and numb, and he had no sooner got into the house than he fell asleep and was carried up-stairs and put to bed. An hour later he awoke with his memory for the past completely restoredthe past, that is to say, up to the moment of his nervous chill. Of the happenings of the three months that had since elapsed he knew nothing, absolutely nothing; and to this day he remembers nothing of them.

Usually, however, the development of a second self does not involve such far-reaching loss of knowledge, such a startling reversion to the state of infancy. As a general thing the sufferer simply loses all sense of his identity, kindred, and true position in the world. He retains his intellectual faculties unimpaired, gives himself a name, and takes a fresh start in life, troubled only by the fact that he can remember nothing

of his early history.

A case in point is that of a Rhode Island clergyman, who disappeared from the city of Providence under circumstances that led his family to fear he had met with foul play. What had really occurred was that, while riding in a street-car between Providence and Pawtucket, a profound psychical change took place in him, completely erasing from his memory all knowledge of his previous life. He found in his pocket a large sum of money which he had happened to draw from the bank that morning, but nothing to indicate his identity or place of residence. However, this seems not to have troubled him in the least. He took a train for New York, registered at a hotel under the first name that came into his head, and, after spending some days in New York and Philadelphia, finally wound up at a little town in Pennsylvania, where he set up for himself as a storekeeper. Several weeks later his true self returned to him, and, as may be imagined, he was greatly surprised and frightened to find himself in a strange town, masquerading under a name not his own, and working behind a counter instead of in the pulpit. A couple of telegrams straightened matters out, and he soon was once



"He put the glass to his lips, and drank at one gulp. A cry followed; he reeled, staggered, clutched at the table, and held on, staring with injected eyes, gasping with open mouth; and, as I looked, there came, I thought, a change"



"I have been made to learn that the doom and burden of our life is bound forever on man's shoulders, and when the attempt is made to east it off, it but returns upon us with more unfamiliar and more awful pressure"

more with his relatives, who had been mourning him as dead.

There was brought to a Portland, Oregon, hospital a young man who had been badly hurt by falling from a barge and striking his head against a log. He was delirious for several days, and his life was despired of, but suddenly his mind cleared up, and he seemed to be in as perfect health as before the accident. The hospital physicians were surprised to find, however, that he had no recollection of having been injured, and, in fact, had forgotten all about the occurrences of his life for the previous four years. He spoke of having had a quarrel with his father "yesterday," and when asked what he meant by "yesterday" gave a date in the year 1898. It was then 1902. He ex-

pressed great amazement when told he was in Portland, asked whether it was Portland, Oregon, or Portland, Maine, and said he knew nothing of how he got there, but had supposed that he was still in his home town of Glenrock, Wyoming. From a friend with whom he had been living in Portland, it was learned that he had never said anything about his past, and often acted "queer."

There happened to be in the hospital a physician, Dr. J. Allen Gilbert, who knew that when a person was hypnotized he could often recall memories which had faded from his consciousness, and it was decided to try the effect of hypnotism on this puzzling patient. Put into the hypnotic state by Dr. Gilbert, he was able to give a full account of the lost four years. The quarrel

with his father had ended in the latter's hitting him over the head with a shovel, and he had run away from home, enlisted for the Spanish war, deserted, tramped his way West, and settled in Portland in

Unfortunately, the moment he was dehypnotized all this knowledge slipped from his memory. He could remember nothing from the moment of the quarrel in 1898, but by the aid of hypnotism Dr. Gilbert was able to bring about a return of memory for the facts of his entire life, and fuse the two selves into one. Dr. Gilbert assures me that in the eight years that have elapsed there has been no return of his singular malady, so that the cure may safely be considered permanent. Had it not been for the fall from the barge it seems altogether likely, however, that this young man would have remained to the day of his death in ignorance of his real identity and early history.

Nowadays, indeed, hypnotism is frequently used by specialists in the treatment of nervous and mental diseases, as a means of curing this strange and dreadful malady of "the double self." It is not always successful, because, as investigation has made certain, the appearance of the second

self is sometimes due to deep-seated, irremediable changes in the physical organism which no known remedy can reach. But when the cause is purely psychical hypnotism can always be utilized by the competent practitioner with hopes of good results; and it frequently is effective, as the case of Dr. Gilbert's patient shows, when the cause is not primarily psychical but physical, such as a blow on the head.

Moreover, the investigation of cases like those I have described has led within the past few years to the discovery that quite often people suffer, not from a total but from a partial disintegration of personality, taking the form of certain hitherto very baffling diseases-hysteria, neurasthenia, psychasthenia. When this is the case hypnotic suggestion, and even suggestion in the waking state, can also be employed to work a cure. We are living in a wonderful age—an age of great discoveries, of marvelous promise for the future, when science, by methods which it is gradually evolving by laborious experiment, shall develop our inner resources to an extent formerly undreamed of, shall give greater potency and stability to our personality, and shall make real Dr. Jekylls and Mr. Hydes a thing unknown.



"I once more prepared and drank the cup, once more suffered the pangs of dissolution, and came to myself once more with the character, the stature, and the face of Henry Jekyll"



"Confound you, Kennedy, do you want to ruin these films!" I cried

### The Bacteriological Detective

CRAIG KENNEDY, THE PROFESSOR OF CRIMINAL SCIENCE, TRACES DOWN A MAN WHO KILLS WITH DISEASE GERMS. THIRD OF THE SERIES OF UNIQUE MYSTERY STORIES

#### By Arthur B. Reeve

Author of "The Case of Helen Bond." "The Silent Bullet," etc.

Illustrated by Will Foster

ENNEDY was deeply immersed in writing a lecture on the chemical composition of various bacterial toxins and antitoxins, a thing which was as unfamiliar to me as Kamchatka, but as familiar to Kennedy as Broadway and Forty-second Street.

as Broadway and Forty-second Street.

"Really," he remarked, laying down his fountain-pen and lighting his cigar for the hundredth time, "the more one thinks of how the modern criminal misses his opportunities the more astonishing it seems. Why do they stick to pistols, chloroform, and prussic acid when there is such a splendid assortment of refined methods they might employ?"

"Give it up, old man," I replied helplessly, "unless it is because they haven't any imagination. I hope they don't use them. What would become of my business if they did? How would you ever get a really dramatic news feature for the Star out of such a thing? 'Dotted line marks route taken by fatal germ; cross indicates spot where antitoxin attacked it'—ha! ha! not much for the yellow journals in that, Craig."

"To my mind, Walter, it would be the height of the dramatic—far more dramatic than sending a bullet into a man. Any fool can shoot a pistol or cut a throat, but it takes brains to be up-to-date."

"It may be so," I admitted, and went on reading, while Kennedy scratched away diligently on his lecture. I mention this conversation both because it bears on my story, by a rather peculiar coincidence, and because it showed me a new side of Kennedy's amazing researches. He was as much interested in bacteria as in chemistry, and the story is one of bacteria.

It was perhaps a quarter of an hour later when the buzzer on our hall door sounded. Imagine my surprise on opening the door to discover the slight figure of what appeared to be a most fascinating young lady who was heavily veiled. She was in a state almost bordering on hysteria, as even I, in spite of my usual obtuseness, noticed.

"Is Professor Kennedy in?" she inquired.

"Is Professor Kennedy in?" she inquired.
"Yes, ma'am," I replied, opening the door into our study.

She advanced toward him, repeating her inquiry.

"I am Professor Kennedy. Pray be seated," he said.

The presence of a lady in our apartment was such a novelty that really I forgot to disappear, but busied myself straightening the furniture and opening a window to allow the odor of stale tobacco to escape.

"My name is Eveline Bisbee," she began.
"I have heard, Professor Kennedy, that you are an adept at getting at the bottom of difficult mysteries."

"You flatter me," he said in acknowledgment. "Who was so foolish as to tell you that?"

"A friend who has heard of the Kerr Parker case," she replied.

"I beg your pardon," I interrupted, "I didn't mean to intrude. I think I'll go out. I'll be back in an hour or two."

"Please, Mr. Jameson—it is Mr. Jameson, is it not?"

I bowed in surprise.

"If it is possible I wish you would stay and hear my story. I am told that you and Professor Kennedy always work together."

It was my turn to be embarrassed by the compliment.

"Mrs. Fletcher, of Great Neck," she explained, "has told me. I believe Professor Kennedy performed a great service for the Fletchers, though I do not know what it was. At any rate, I have come to you with my case, in which I have small

hope of obtaining assistance unless you can help me. If Professor Kennedy cannot solve it—well, I'm afraid nobody can." She paused a moment, then added, "No doubt you have read of the death of my

guardian the other day.'

Of course we had. Who did not know that "Iim" Bisbee, the southern California oil-magnate, had died suddenly of typhoid fever at the private hospital of Dr. Bell, where he had been taken from his magnificent apartment on Riverside Drive? nedy and I had discussed it at the time. We had commented on the artificiality of the twentieth century. No longer did people have homes; they had apartments, I had said. They didn't fall ill in the good old-fashioned way any more, either-in fact, they even hired special rooms to die in. They hired halls for funeral services. It was a wonder they didn't hire graves. It was all part of our twentieth century break-up of tradition. Indeed we did know about the death of Jim Bisbee. But there was nothing mysterious about it. It was just typical in all its surroundings of the first decade of the twentieth century in a great, artificial city-a lonely death of a great man surrounded by all that money could buy.

We had read of his ward, too, the beautiful Miss Eveline Bisbee, a distant relation. As under the heat of the room and her excitement, she raised her veil, we were very much interested in her. At least, I am sure that even Kennedy had by this time completely forgotten the lecture on toxins.

"There is something about my guardian's death," she began in a low and tremulous voice, "that I am sure will bear investigating. It may be only a woman's foolish fears, but-but-I haven't told this to a soul till now, except Mrs. Fletcher. My guardian had, as you perhaps know, spent his summer at his country place at Bisbee Hall, New Jersey, from which he returned rather suddenly about a week ago. Our friends thought it merely a strange whim that he should return to the city before the summer was fairly over, but it was not. The day before he returned, his gardener fell sick of typhoid. That decided Mr. Bisbee to return to the city on the following day. Imagine his consternation to find his valet stricken the very next morning. Of course he motored to New York immediately, then he wired to me at Newport,

and together we opened his apartment at the Louis Quinze.

But that was not to be the end of it. One after another, the servants at Bisbee Hall were taken with the disease until five of them were down. Then came the last blow-Mr. Bisbee fell a victim in New York. So far I have been spared. But who knows how much longer it will last? I have been so frightened that I haven't eaten a meal in the apartment since I came back. When I am hungry I simply steal out to a hotela different one every time. I never drink any water except that which I have surreptitiously boiled in my own room over a gasstove. Disinfectants and germicides have been used by the gallon, and still I don't feel safe. Even the health authorities don't remove my fears. With my guardian's death I had begun to feel that possibly it was over. But no. This morning another servant who came up from the hall last week was taken sick, and the doctor pronounces that typhoid, too. Will I be the next? Is it just a foolish fear? Why does it pursue us to New York? Why didn't it stop at Bisbee Hall?"

I don't think I ever saw a living creature more overcome by horror, by an invisible, deadly fear. That was why it was doubly horrible in a girl so attractive as Eveline Bisbee. As I listened I felt how terrible it must be to be pursued by such a fear. What must it be to be dogged by a disease as relentlessly as the typhoid had dogged her? If it had been some great, but visible, tangible peril how gladly I could have faced it merely for the smile of a woman like this. But it was a peril that only knowledge and patience could meet. Instinctively I turned toward Kennedy, my own mind being an

absolute blank.

"Is there anyone you suspect of being the cause of such an epidemic?" he asked. "I may as well tell you right now that I have already formed two theories—one perfectly natural, the other diabolical. Tell me

everything.'

"Well, I had expected to receive a fortune of one million dollars, free and clear, by his will, and this morning I am informed by his lawyer, James Denny, that a new will had been made. It is still one million. But the remainder, instead of going to a number of charities in which he was known to be interested, goes to form a trust fund for the Bisbee School of Mechanical Arts,

of which Mr. Denny is the sole trustee. Of course, I do not know much about my guardian's interests while he was alive, but it strikes me as strange that he should have changed so radically, and, besides, the new will is so worded that if I die without children my million also goes to this schoollocation unnamed. I can't help wondering about it all."

"Why should you wonder—at least what other reasons have you for wondering?

"Oh, I can't express them. Maybe after all it's only a woman's silly intuition. But often I have thought in the past few days about this illness of my guardian. It was so queer. He was always so careful. And you know the rich don't often have typhoid."

"You have no reason to suppose that it was not typhoid fever of which he died?"

She hesitated. "No," she replied, "but if you had known Mr. Bisbee you would think it strange, too. He had a horror of infectious and contagious diseases. His apartment and his country home were models. No sanitarium could have been more punctilious. He lived what one of his friends called an antiseptic life. Maybe I am foolish, but it keeps getting closer and closer to me now, and-well, I wish you'd look into the case. Please set my mind at rest and assure me that nothing is wrong, that it is all natural."

"I will help you, Miss Bisbee. To-morrow night I want to take a trip quietly to Bisbee Hall. You will see that it is all right, that I have the proper letters so I can investigate thoroughly?

I shall never forget the mute and eloquent thanks with which she said good night after

Kennedy's promise. Kennedy sat with his eyes shaded under his hand for fully an hour after she had left. Then he suddenly jumped up. "Walter," he said, "let us go over to Dr. Bell's. I know the head nurse there. We may possibly learn something."

As we sat in the waiting-room with its thick Oriental rugs and handsome mahogany furniture, I found myself going back to our conversation of the early evening. Jove, Kennedy, you were right," I exclaimed. "If there is anything in this germ-plot idea of hers it is indeed the height of the dramatic-it is diabolical. No ordinary mortal would ever be capable of it."

Just then the head nurse came in, a large woman breathing of germlessness and cheer-

fulness in her spotless uniform. We were shown every courtesy. There was, in fact, nothing to conceal. The visit set at rest my last suspicion that perhaps Jim Bisbee had been poisoned by a drug. The charts of his temperature and the sincerity of the nurse were absolutely convincing. It had really been typhoid, and there was nothing to be gained by pursuing that inquiry further.

Back at the apartment, Craig began packing his suit-case with the few things he would need for a journey. "I'm going out to Bisbee Hall to-morrow for a few days, Walter, and if you could find it convenient to come along I should like to have your

assistance."

"To tell you the truth, Craig, I am afraid

to go," I said.

"You needn't be. I'm going down to the army post on Governor's Island first to be vaccinated against typhoid. Then I am going to wait a few hours till it takes effect before going. It's the only place in the city where one can be inoculated against it, so far as I know. While three inoculations are really best, I understand that one is sufficient for ordinary protection, and that is all we shall need, if any."

"You're sure of it?" "Almost positive."

"Very well, Craig. I'll go."

Down at the army post the next morning we had no difficulty in being inoculated against the disease. The work of immunizing our army was going on at that time, and several thousands of soldiers in various parts of the country had already been vaccinated, with the best of results.

"Do many civilians come over to be vaccinated?" asked Craig of Major Carrol,

the surgeon in charge.

"Not many, for very few have heard of

it," he replied.
"I suppose you keep a record of them." "Only their names—we can't follow them up outside the army, to see how it works. Still, when they come to us as you and Mr. Jameson have done we are perfectly willing to vaccinate them. The Army Medical Corps takes the position that if it is good for the army it is good for civil life, and as long as only a few civilians apply we are perfectly willing to do it for a fee covering the cost."

"And would you let me see the list?" "Certainly. You may look it over in a moment."

Kennedy glanced hurriedly through the short list of names, pulled out his notebook, made an entry, and handed the list back.

"Thank you, Major."

Bisbee Hall was a splendid place set in the heart of a great park whose area was measured by square miles rather than by acres. But Craig did not propose to stay there, for he arranged for accommodations in a near-by town, where we were to take our meals also. It was late when we arrived, and we spent a restless night, for the inoculation "took." It wasn't any worse than a light attack of the grippe, and in the morning we were both all right again, after the passing of what is called the "negative phase." I, for one, felt much safer.

The town was very much excited over the epidemic at the hall, and if I had been wondering why Craig wanted me along my wonder was soon set at rest. He had me scouring the town and country looking up every case or rumor of typhoid for miles around. I made the local weekly paper my headquarters, and the editor was very obliging. He let me read all his news letters from his local correspondent at every cross-roads. I waded through accounts of new calves and colts, new fences and barns, who "Sundayed" with his brother, etc., and soon had a list of all the cases in that part of the country. It was not a long one, but it was scattered. After I had traced them out, following Kennedy's instructions, they showed nothing, except that they were unrelated to the epidemic at the hall.

Meanwhile, Kennedy was very busy there. He had a miscroscope and slides and test-tubes and chemicals for testing things, and I don't know what all, for there was not time to initiate me into all the mysteries. He tested the water from the various driven wells and in the water-tank, and the milk from the cows; he tried to find out what food had come in from outside, though there was practically none, for the hall was self-supporting. There was no stone he left unturned.

When I rejoined him that night he was clearly perplexed. I don't think my report

decreased his perplexity, either.

"There is only one thing left as far as I have been able to discover after one day's work," he said, after we had gone over our activities for the day. "Jim Bisbee never

drank the water from his own wells. He always drank a bottled water shipped down from a camp of his in New York State, where he had a remarkable mountain spring. I tested a number of the full bottles at the hall, but they were perfectly pure. There wasn't a trace of colon bacillus in any of them. Then it occurred to me that, after all, that was not the thing to do. I should test the empty ones. But there weren't any empty ones. They told me they had all been taken down to the freight station yesterday to be shipped back to the camp. I hope they haven't gone yet. Let's drive around and see if they are there."

The freight-master was just leaving, but when he learned we were from the hall he consented to let us examine the bottles. They were corked and in wooden cases, which protected them perfectly. By the light of the station lamps and the aid of a pocket-lens, Kennedy examined them on the outside and satisfied himself that after being replaced in the wooden cases the bottles themselves had not been handled.

"Will you let me borrow some of these bottles to-night?" he asked the agent. "I'll give you my word that they will be returned safely to-morrow. If necessary,

I'll get an order for them."

The station-agent reluctantly yielded, especially as a small green banknote figured in the transaction. Craig and I tenderly lifted the big bottles in their cases into our trap and drove back to our rooms in the hotel. It quite excited the hangers-on to see us drive up with a lot of empty fivegallon bottles and carry them up-stairs, but I had long ago given up having any fear of public opinion in carrying out anything Craig wanted.

In our room we worked far into the night. Craig carefully swabbed out the bottom and sides of each bottle by inserting a little piece of cotton on the end of a long wire. Then he squeezed the water out of the cotton swab onto small glass slides coated with agar-agar, or Japanese seaweed, a medium in which germ-cultures multiply rapidly. He put the slides away in a little oven with an alcohol-lamp which he had brought along, leaving them to remain overnight at blood heat.

I had noticed all this time that he was very particular not to touch any of the bottles on the outside. As for me, I wouldn't have touched them for the world. In fact,



"If it is possible I wish you would stay and hear my story," said Miss Bisbee. "I am told that you and Professor Kennedy always work together"

I was getting so I hesitated to touch anything. I was almost afraid to breathe, though I knew there was no harm in that. However, it was not danger of infection in touching the bottles that made Craig so careful. He had noted, in the dim light of the station lamps, what seemed to be finger-marks on the bottles, and they had interested him, in fact, had decided him on a further investigation of the bottles.

"I am now going to bring out these very faint finger-prints on the bottles," remarked Craig, proceeding with his examination in the better light of our room. "Here is some powder known to chemists as 'gray powder'-mercury and chalk. I sprinkle it over the faint markings, so, and then I brush it off with a camel's-hair brush lightly. That brings out the imprint much more clearly, as you can see. For instance, if you place your dry thumb on a piece of white paper you leave no visible impression. If gray powder is sprinkled over the spot and then brushed off a distinct impression is seen. If the impression of the fingers is left on something soft, like wax, it is often

best to use printers' ink to bring out the ridges and patterns of the finger-marks. And so on for various materials. Quite a science has been built up around finger-prints.

"I wish I had that enlarging camera which I have in my laboratory. However, my ordinary camera will do, for all I want is to preserve a record of these marks, and I can enlarge the photographs later. In the morning I will photograph these marks and you can do the developing of the films. To-night we'll improvize the bath-room as a dark-room and get everything ready so that we can start in bright and early."

We were, indeed, up early. One never has difficulty in getting up early in the country: it is so noisy, at least to a city-bred man. City noise at five A. M. is sepulchral silence compared with bucolic activity at that hour.

There were a dozen negatives which I set about developing after Craig had used up all our films. Meanwhile, he busied himself adjusting his miscroscope and testubes and getting the agar slides ready for examination.

Shirt-sleeves rolled up, I was deeply immersed in my work when I heard a shout in the next room, and the bath-room door flew open.

"Confound you, Kennedy, do you want to ruin these films!" I cried.

He shut the door with a bang. "Hurrah, Walter!" he exclaimed. "I think I have it, at last. I have just found some most promising colonies of the bacillus coli on one of my slides."

I almost dropped the pan of acid I was holding, in my excitement. "Well," I said, concealing my own surprise, "I've found out something, too. Every one of these finger-prints so far is from the same

pair of hands."

We scarcely ate any breakfast, and were soon on our way up to the hall. Craig had provided himself at the local stationer's with an inking-pad, such as is used for rubber stamps. At the hall he proceeded to get the impressions of the fingers and thumbs of all the servants, including, after much persuasion, the trained nurses who were in charge of the typhoid patients among the servants.

It was quite a long and difficult piece of work to compare the finger-prints we had taken with those photographed, in spite of the fact that writers descant on the ease with which criminals are traced by this system devised by the famous Galton. However, we at last finished the job between us; or rather Craig finished it, with

an occasional remark from me.

For a moment we sat regarding each other hopelessly. None of the fingerprints taken at the hall tallied with the photographed prints. Then Craig rang for the housekeeper, a faithful old soul whom even the typhoid scare could not budge from her post.

"Are you sure I have seen all the servants who were at the hall while Mr. Bisbee was

here?" asked Craig.

"Why, no, sir-you didn't ask that. You asked to see all who are here now. There is only one who has left, the cook, Bridget Fallon. She left a couple of days ago-said she was going back to New York to get another job. Glad enough I was to get rid of her, too, for she was drunk most of the time after the typhoid appeared."

"Well, Walter, I guess we shall have to go back to New York again, then," exclaimed Kennedy. "Oh, I beg pardon, Mrs. Rawson, for interrupting. Thank you ever so much. Where did Bridget come

"She came well recommended, sir. Here is the letter in my writing-desk. She had been employed by the Caswell-Joneses at Shelter Island before she came here."

"I may keep this letter?" asked Craig,

scanning it quickly.

"Yes.

"By the way, where were the bottles of spring water kept?"

"In the kitchen."

"Did Bridget take charge of them?"

"Yes."

"Did Mr. Bisbee have any guests during the last week that he was here?

"Only Mr. Denny one night."

"H'm!" exclaimed Craig. "Well, it will not be so hard for us to unravel this matter, after all, when we get back to the city. We must make that noon train, Walter."

Emerging from the "Tubes" at Ninth Street, Craig hustled me into a taxicab, and in almost no time we were at police head-

Fortunately, Inspector Barney O'Connor was in and in an amiable mood, too, for Kennedy had been careful that the Central Office received a large share of credit for the Kerr Parker case. Craig sketched hastily the details of this new case. O'Connor's face was a study. His honest blue Irish eyes fairly bulged in wonder, and when Craig concluded with a request for help I think O'Connor would have given him anything in the office, just to figure in the case.

"First, I want one of your men to go to the surrogate's office and get the original of the will. I shall return it within a couple of hours—all I want to do is to make a photographic copy. Then another man must find this lawyer, James Denny, and in some way get his finger-prints-you must arrange that yourself. And send another fellow up to the employment offices on Fourth Avenue and have him locate this cook, Bridget Fallon. I want her fingerprints, too. Perhaps she had better be detained, for I don't want her to get away. Oh, and say, O'Connor, do you want to finish this case up like the crack of a whip to-night?"

"I'm game, sir. What of it?"

"Let me see. It is now four o'clock. If you can get hold of all these people in time

I think I shall be ready for the final scene to-night—say, at nine. You know how to arrange it. Have them all present at my laboratory at nine, and I promise we shall have a story that will get into the morning papers with leaded type on the front page."

"Now, Walter," he added, as we hurried down to the taxicab again, "I want you to drop off at the Department of Health with this card to the commissioner. I believe you know Dr. Leslie. Well, ask him if he knows anything about this Bridget Fallon. I will go on up-town to the laboratory and get my apparatus ready. You needn't come up till nine, old fellow, for I shall be busy till then, but be sure when you come that you bring the record of this Fallon woman if you have to beg, borrow, or steal it."

I didn't understand it, but I took the card and obeyed implicitly. It is needless to say that I was keyed up to the greatest pitch of excitement during my interview with the health commissioner, when I finally got in to see him. I hadn't talked to him long before a great light struck me, and I began to see what Craig was driving at. The commissioner saw it first.

"If you don't mind, Mr. Jameson," he said, after I had told him as much of my story as I could, "will you call up Professor Kennedy and tell him I'd like very much to be present to-night myself?"

"Certainly I will," I replied, glad to get my errand done in first-class fashion in that

Things must have been running smoothly, for while I was sitting in our apartment after dinner, impatiently waiting for halfpast eight, when the commissioner had promised to call for me and go up to the laboratory, the telephone rang. It was Craig.

"Walter, might I ask a favor of you?" he said. "When the commissioner comes ask him to stop at the Louis Quinze and bring Miss Bisbee up, too. Tell her it is important. No more now. Things are going ahead fine."

Promptly at nine we were assembled, a curious crowd. The health commissioner and the inspector, being members of the same political party, greeted each other by their first names. Miss Bisbee was nervous, Bridget was abusive, Denny was sullen. As for Kennedy, he was, as usual, as cool as a lump of ice. And I—well, I just sat on my feelings to keep myself quiet.

At one end of the room Craig had placed a large white sheet such as he used in his stereopticon lectures, while at the top of the tier of seats that made a sort of little amphitheater out of his lecture-room his stereopticon sputtered.

"Moving pictures to-night, eh?" said Inspector O'Connor.

"Not exactly," said Craig, "though—yes, they will be moving in another sense. Now, if we are all ready, I'll switch off the electric lights."

The calcium sputtered some more, and a square of light was thrown on the sheet.

Kennedy snapped a little announcer such as lecturers use. "Let me invite your attention to these enlargements of fingerprints," he began, as a huge thumb appeared on the screen. "Here we have a series of finger-prints which I will show one after another slowly. They are all of the fingers of the same person, and they were found on some empty bottles of spring water used at Bisbee Hall during the two weeks previous to the departure of Mr. Bisbee for New York.

"Here are, in succession, the fingerprints of the various servants employed about the house—and of a guest," added Craig, with a slight change of tone. "They differ markedly from the finger-prints on the glass," he continued, as one after another appeared, "all except this last one. That is identical. It is, Inspector, what we call a composite type of finger-print—in this case a combination of what is called the 'loop' and 'whorl' types."

No sound broke the stillness save the sputtering of the oxygen on the calcium of the stereopticon.

"The owner of the fingers from which these prints were made is in this room. It was from typhoid germs on these fingers that the fever was introduced into the drinking water at Bisbee Hall."

Kennedy paused to emphasize the statement, then continued,

"I am now going to ask Dr. Leslie to give us a little talk on a recent discovery in the field of typhoid fever—you understand, Commissioner, what I mean, I believe?"

"Perfectly. Shall I mention names?"

"No, not yet."

"Well," began Dr. Leslie, clearing his throat, "within the past year or two we have made a most weird and startling dis-

covery in typhoid fever. We have found what we now call 'typhoid carriers'-persons who do not have the disease themselves, perhaps never have had it, but who are literally living test-tubes of the colon bacillus. It is positively uncanny. Everywhere they go they scatter the disease. Down at the department we have the records of a number of such instances, and our men in the research laboratories have come to the conclusion that, far from being of rare occurrence, these cases are comparatively common. I have in mind one particular case of a servant girl, who, during the past five of six years, has been employed in several families. In every family typhoid fever has broken out. Experts have traced out at least thirty cases and several deaths due to this one person. In another case we found an epidemic up in Harlem to be due to a typhoid carrier on a remote farm in Connecticut. This carrier, innocently enough, it is true, contaminated the milk-supply coming from that farm. The result was over fifty cases of typhoid here in this city.

"However, to return to the case of the servant I have mentioned. Last spring we had her under surveillance, but as there was no law by which we could restrain her permanently she is still at large. I think one of the Sunday papers at the time had an account of her—they called her 'Typhoid Bridget,' and in red ink she was drawn across the page in gruesome fashion, frying the skulls of her victims in a frying-pan over a roaring fire. That particular ty-

phoid carrier, I understand-

"Excuse me, Commissioner, if I interrupt, but I think we have carried this part of the program far enough to be absolutely convincing," said Craig. "Thank you very much for the clear way in which you have put it."

Craig snapped the announcer, and a letter appeared on the screen. He said nothing,

but let us read it through:

To whom it may concern:

This is to certify that Bridget Fallon has been employed in my family at Shelter Island for the past season and that I have found her a reliable servant and an excellent cook.

A. St. John Caswell-Jones.

"Before God, Mr. Kennedy, I'm innocent," screeched Bridget. "Don't have me arrested. I'm innocent. I'm innocent."

Craig gently, but firmly, forced her back into her chair.

Again the announcer snapped. This time the last page of Mr. Bisbee's will appeared on the sheet, ending with his signature and the witnesses.

"I'm now going to show these two specimens of handwriting very greatly enlarged," he said, as the stereopticon plates were

shifted again.

"An author of many scientific works, Dr. Lindsay Johnson, of London, has recently elaborated a new theory with regard to individuality in handwriting. He maintains that in certain diseases a person's pulse beats are individual, and that no one suffering from any such disease can control. even for a brief space of time, the frequency or peculiar irregularities of his heart's action. as shown by a chart recording his pulsation. Such a chart is obtained for medical purposes by means of a sphygmograph, an instrument fitted to the patient's forearm and supplied with a needle, which can be so arranged as to record automatically on a prepared sheet of paper the peculiar force and frequency of the pulsation. Or the pulsation may be simply observed in the rise and fall of a liquid in a tube. Dr. Johnson holds the opinion that a pen in the hand of a writer serves, in a modified degree, the same end as the needle in the first-named form of the sphygmograph and that in such a person's handwriting one can see by projecting the letters, greatly magnified, on a screen, the scarcely perceptible turns and quivers made in the lines by the spontaneous action of that person's peculiar pulsation.

"To prove this the doctor carried out an experiment at Charing Cross Hospital. At his request a number of patients suffering from heart and kidney diseases wrote the Lord's Prayer in their ordinary handwriting. The different manuscripts were then taken and examined microscopically. By throwing them, highly magnified, on a screen, the jerks or involuntary motions due to the patient's peculiar pulsations were distinctly The handwriting of persons in normal health, says Dr. Johnson, does not always show their pulse beats. What one can say, however, is that when a document, purporting to be written by a certain person, contains traces of pulse beats and the normal handwriting of that person does not show them, then clearly that document

is a forgery.

"Now, in these two specimens of hand-



DRAWN BY WILL POSTER

"A higher court than those of New York has passed judgment on this astounding criminal," said Dr. Leslie

writing which we have enlarged it is plain that the writers of both of them suffered from a certain peculiar disease of the heart. Moreover, I am prepared to show that the pulse beats exhibited in the case of certain pen-strokes in one of these documents are exhibited in similar strokes in the other. Furthermore, I have ascertained from his family physician, whose affidavit I have here, that Mr. Bisbee did not suffer from this or any other form of heart disease. Mr. Caswell-Jones, in addition to wiring me that he refused to write Bridget Fallon a recommendation after the typhoid broke out in his country house, also says he does not suffer from heart disease in any form. From the tremulous character of the letters and figures in both these documents, which when magnified is the more easily detected, I therefore conclude that both are forgeries, and I am ready to go farther and say that they are forgeries from the same hand.

"It usually takes a couple of weeks after infection for typhoid to develop, a time sufficient in itself to remove suspicion from acts which might otherwise be scrutinized very carefully if happening immediately before the disease developed. I may add, also, that it is well known that stout people do very poorly when they contract typhoid, especially if they are old. Mr. Bisbee was both stout and old. To contract typhoid was for him a virtual death-warrant. Knowing all these facts, a certain person purposely sought out a crafty means of introducing typhoid fever into Mr. Bisbee's family. That person, furthermore, was inoculated against typhoid three times during the month before the disease was devilishly and surreptitiously introduced into Bisbee Hall, in order to protect himself or herself should it become necessary for that person to visit Bisbee Hall. That person, I believe, is the one who suffered from an aneurism of the heart, the writer, or rather the forger, of the two documents I have shown, by one of which he or she was to profit greatly by the death of Mr. Bisbee and the founding of an alleged school in a distant part of the country-a subterfuge, if you recall, used in at least one famous

case for which the convicted perpetrator is now under a life sentence in Sing Sing.

"I will ask Dr. Leslie to take this stethoscope and examine the hearts of everyone in the room and tell me whether there is anyone here suffering from an aneurism."

The calcium light ceased to sputter. One person after another was examined by the health commissioner. Was it merely my imagination, or did I really hear a heart beating with wild leaps as if it would burst the bonds of its prison and make its escape if possible? Perhaps it was only the engine of the commissioner's machine out on the campus driveway. I don't know. At any rate, he went silently from one to the other, betraying not even by his actions what he discovered with the stethoscope. The suspense was terrible. I felt Miss Bisbee's hand involuntarily grasp my arm con-vulsively. Without disturbing the silence, I reached a glass of water standing near me on Craig's lecture-table and handed it

The commissioner was bending over the lawyer, trying to adjust the stethoscope better to his ears. The lawyer's head was resting heavily on his hand, and he was heaped up in an awkward position in the cramped lecture-room seat. It seemed an age as Dr. Leslie tried to adjust the stethoscope. Even Craig felt the excitement. While the commissioner hesitated, Kennedy reached over and impatiently switched on the electric light in full force.

As the light flooded the room, blinding us for the instant, the large form of Dr. Leslie stood between us and the lawyer.

"What does the stethoscope tell you, Doctor?" asked Craig, leaning forward expectantly. He was as unprepared for the answer as any of us.

"It tells me that a higher court than those of New York has passed judgment on this astounding criminal. The aneurism

has burst."

I felt a soft weight fall on my shoulder. The morning *Star* did not have the story, after all. I missed the greatest "scoop" of my life seeing Eveline Bisbee safely to her home after she had recovered from the shock of Denny's exposure and punishment.

· The next mystery story, " The Deadly Tube," will appear in the March issue.





Sophie







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## A Humorist's Daughter

THE INHERITANCE THAT SUSTAINED A DAUGHTER OF ISRAEL WHEN HER HOUSE OF LOVE WAS RUINED

### By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by William Oberhardt

Laugh, and the world laughs with you, Weep, and you weep alone. For the sad old earth must borrow its mirth, It has trouble enough of its own.

AVE you ever, in philosophic mood, speculated upon the sad fact that all the really beautiful things of life have become

commonplace? A flower, a song, a picture, a thoughtbe it great and beautiful enough to win the admiration of the mass of mankind-how quickly our jaded taste turns up its nose in contempt! Imagine, in ordinary conversation, a person dwelling upon the glory of sunshine, the perfume of the rose, or even the sentiment expressed in the lines above, and how quickly you would be bored. For the beautiful things of life are as old as the hills, and-perhaps you are right they are commonplace. So let us turn from them-it was merely a recollection that suggested this train of thought, a recollection that arose through reading of a strike of garment-workers on the East Side.

There was such a strike many years ago—as there probably will be many years from now—and it started in Nathan Levy's sweatshop. It was here that Sophie Ramunsky worked,—sharp-eyed, weazened little Sophie Ramunsky, whom all the older generation of the Ghetto still remember. They remember her, not because of what I am

about to relate or, in fact, for anything that she ever did herself; but her father, in his day, was known to all of them as Aleph, one of the great humorous writers of Yiddish literature. Under his nom-de-plume of Aleph he wrote for nearly all the weekly and monthly periodicals that were published in Russia and Poland in the Yiddish jargon. He stopped writing, suddenly, and came to this country, where he never wrote, and in the course of time it became bruited about that he was paralyzed and that his daughter had to work in a sweat-shop to keep him alive. So, you see, they knew Sophie Ramunsky, even though they had never seen her, for there was enough glamour to the



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name of Ramunsky to cast a tiny ray of

light upon his daughter.

In the little garment-factory in which she worked it needed no knowledge of Sophie's ancestry to establish the fact that one of the rarest gifts of the gods-the blessed sense of humor-had been bestowed upon her. From early morning until late at night, when the mood was upon her, she could keep the whole roomful of men and women laughing while they worked. Slaves of the whirring machines, stitching, cutting, ironing, carrying loads and sorting them out from the break of day until long after the sun had

set, the god of mirth himself must have inspired her to make that roomful laugh. She would tell stories and anecdotes, recite humorous poems that her father had written or that she had read somewhere, and make quaint remarks about the thousand and one incidents that made up the day's work. And they would laugh and give answer, and the ball of merriment would be thrown about all the livelong day. Levy, the sweater, encouraged her; for, in addition to the enjoyment he derived from her incessant badinage, he would laughingly assert that she was worth twice her wages because the others worked so much harder and more cheerfully on account of her presence.

One day a new man came into the room

and took his place at a machine. Gordin was his name. Morris Gordin, a big, broadshouldered, blue-eyed son of Israel, exceedingly quiet in manner, but seemingly full of reserve force. Upon that day Sophie was in her best mood, and twitted him upon accepting an oar in the same galley with the rest of them-she was quite a learned little thing-insisting that if she were a man as big as he she would surely be a master instead of a slave. He took it good-naturedly and, when the day's work was done, even

thanked her for having made his task easier. Sophie looked at him with those sharp little eves of hers, and a wonderful expression came into them. You know the expression, do you not, when a mother gazes upon her child?

From that day Sophie changed. The change was a gradual one. Her cheerful spirits never for one moment seemed abated, but it began to happen quite frequently that she would sit quietly, never uttering a word, although the gaiety that she had inspired continued to cheer the others. One day when they all were jest-

ing over what they would each do if they had a million dollars-it was Sophie, as usual, who had started the discussionone of the workmen said to Gordin:

'Your little sweetheart there would spend it all on books. She's always reading.'

Sophie became quite pale. "I'm not his sweetheart," she exclaimed impulsively and, the next moment, laughed aloud to conceal her embarrassment.

When the day's work was done Gordin asked her, with a twinkle in his eyes, "Why were you so annoyed when Markowitz called you my sweetheart?"

"Am I your sweetheart?" she asked calmly, though with reddened cheeks.

"Why, no. Not seriously," replied Gor-

din slowly. "He was only jesting." "Then please don't-oh, pshaw! I must be in a bad temper to-day to get so peevish over nothing. Don't mind anything I said. Take Rose Levine-she'd make an ideal sweetheart for you if you must have one."

"Who is Rose Levine?" asked Gordin. Sophie laughed. "Who is Rose Levine? And you, working in the same shop with her for over a week, never even noticed here She's the pretty girl with brown eyes and



"I'm sure this is a good time to organize a union," said Sophie as they were walking homeward

soft, wavy hair who sits near the window at the double machine."

"I never even noticed her," said Gordin.
"If she were dressed in pretty clothes you'd notice her quickly enough," said Sophie, and there was a slight trace of bitterness in her voice. Had you dressed Sophie Ramunsky in the most beautiful clothes in the world they would hardly have made her plain features pretty. The next day Gordin took notice of Rose Levine. Sophie's eyes were upon his face while he was studying the delicately molded features of the pale girl who seemed so tiny sitting there at that enormous machine.

Sophie questioned him with her eyes, and Gordin, hesitating but a moment, smiled and nodded. At the first lull in the work

she spoke to him.

"I knew you would think she is pretty. She is. Very pretty. You must speak to her. She's very nice."

Gordin found an opportunity before the day was done to speak with Rose, and when, later, Sophie asked him what he thought of

> her, he made a slight grimace. "She'll never set

the world afire. One night Gordin asked Sophie to go to the theater with him. The evening passed in that delightful camaraderie that can exist only between a clever woman and a man who is interesting to her. All the following day Sophie was happy, wonderfully happy, and, as usual, all her fellow workers caught the infection of her spirits. It was just as they were preparing to leave the shop for the day that she heard



It was with such callers that Sophie Ramunsky labored

Gordin ask Rose Levine to go to the theater with him the following week. The light died in her eyes, and she seemed to wilt.

There was discontent among the workmen. It had been fermenting for some time, though vaguely and without expression, and, strangely enough, it was Sophie Ramunsky who first saw and analyzed and gave it 3 concrete form. Strangely enough—and vet, most naturally. It is a curious fact that a sense of humor should be the invariable complement, not only of intelligence but of a keen perception and an insight into the heart of affairs. I know of no more fitting handmaiden to Wisdom than Humor. Give me a true humorist and I will show you a real philosopher. No wonder, then, that it was

der, then, that it was a humorist's daughter who first saw clearly the conditions that existed in Levy's shop, and saw, likewise, the remedy; though it is doubtful if she foresaw the terrible consequences that an attempt to apply the

remedy would entail.

"Please walk home with me," Sophie said to Gordin as they were all preparing to leave the shop. "I want to talk with you."

"Listen to me," she said, as they were walking homeward. "I'm sure this is a good time to organize a union of all the people in our line of work. There are only twelve shops, and it takes so long to learn the work that they couldn't get people to take our places. If you go and talk to two or three men in every shop you'll find them all willing to join a union. It costs so much to live, rent is so high, and we get so little that I'm sure it will be very easy for us all to get bigger wages and less hours if we have a union behind us."

Gordin looked at her with sparkling eyes. "I think you're wonderful!" he exclaimed. "You're perfectly right. Why didn't I think of that myself? Only to-day I was thinking how easy it would be for the boss to give us all a little more money and let us



The time finally came when Gordin read to the sweater the ultimatum of the workers

work an hour a day less. God knows he makes enough out of us. But it never occurred to me to get up a union. Thank

you, Sophie. You'll never be sorry you gave me that idea."

The union was organized. It would hardly be interesting to recount the slow process by which it came into full being. The secret encounters in outof-the-way places, after a long day's work had been done, the whispered conferences, the pleasant arguments that had to be cautiously advanced to enlist the reluctant, the col-



Frequently Sophie would speak, and always in humorous vein

lection of money from scanty hoards to defray the expenses of a headquarters—they were rather more pathetic than interesting. But the time finally came when Gordin, from a written document in his hand, read to the sweater the ultimatum of the workers—a demand for twenty cents a day more wages and a reduction of an hour in the day's work. At the same time this proclamation was read by a workman in each of the other shops. It was Sophie who had written the proclamation and given it to Gordin.

The sweaters were prompt to refuse the concessions demanded, and every single workman left the shops. Strikes have become so common that it would be wearisome to go into the details of this one. There is but this difference between a strike of garment-workers on the East Side and a strike of the average American laborer: among the former the conditions that exist when work is aplenty are so deplorable that the slightest change for the worse instantly makes them distressing.

The strikers organized headquarters where Gordin presided as leader of the strike, and Sophie, as secretary, was ever at his side with suggestions and help. There are two sides to a strike. One you see at the public meetings that strikers always hold, where speakers thunder at capital,

dwell upon the outrages they have suffered. and cheer their hearers with glowing accounts of the progress of the strike, the panic of the employers, and the imminence of victory. The other side you rarely see. It is found only at the headquarters of the strikers, where pale-faced workingmen come to inquire how much longer they are expected to suffer, and where women come, often with babies in their arms, to ask if there would be any harm in their man going to work, if only for one day, because there is no money in the house and hungry mouths are clamoring for food. It was with such callers that Sophie Ramunsky labored. She would listen patiently and sympathetically, and then would answer and argue and plead. And through all that she said there would flash, ever and anon, just that ray of humor that would make life, for the moment, brighter for each complainant and lighten the burden.

It was Gordin who always presided at the meetings and made the principal speech, but none of his hearers knew that it was Sophie who, under pretense of discussing his speech with him beforehand, had suggested most



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When Sophie espied Gordin he was in the act of raising Rose's hand to his lips with that indescribably tender gesture that can be inspired by only one emotion

of the ideas that gave it force. And then, frequently, Sophie herself would speak, and always in humorous vein. Grim humor, it is true, but at least a variation of the deadly monotony of thought that was oppressing them all.

"Fellow corpses," she would say, "for that is what we are, let us all imagine ourselves dead and buried and then think how much more pleasant it is to be here and only hungry. I saw my old boss to-day. He was pale and looked sick. The money that he has lost is making him so miserable that I'm going to bed hungry to-night with a smile on my lips."

There was actually no withstanding her. Unhappy as they all were they had to smile with her. The newspapers—the big dailies of the city that belonged to the outside world—began to give space to the strike. Gordin was hailed as the "King of the Garment

Workers." His portrait was published, and an interview with him was printed, nearly every day. Sophie ceased to speak in public from the moment the meetings were chronicled in the newspapers, but redoubled her endeavors among the wavering individuals. Gradually public opinion was aroused—public opinion before whom the gods of right and wrong must humbly bow—and the sweaters surrendered. They held a meeting and sent a messenger to the headquarters of the strikers to ask Gordin to come before them. There was no one at headquarters but Sophie, and when the significance of the message dawned upon her she almost swooned with joy.

swooned with joy.

"Tell them," she said, "that Mr. Gordin will be there very shortly. I will find him and send him as quickly as possible."

It took longer than she had thought to find him. He was not at his home nor at any of the customary gathering-places of the strikers. By mere chance she met one of the women who worked in her shop and who, in reply to her question, told her that she had seen Gordin enter one of the coffee-houses on East Broadway. And there

Sophie found him.

As she entered it seemed to her, at first, that the place was deserted. An instant later she saw Gordin. He was sitting at a table in the corner of the room farthest from the door with Rose Levine at his side, and at that very moment when Sophie espied him was in the act of raising Rose's hand to his lips with that indescribably tender gesture and that look in his eyes that can be inspired by only one emotion. For an instant it seemed to Sophie that her heart had stopped beating and all the blood in her body had rushed to her head. Then, when she saw that they were aware of her presence, her heart began to beat again, very quickly and with a sharp pain, and she stood perfectly still, because she felt weak and was afraid that her legs would fail her. But she smiled at their confusion.

"You poor little turtle doves!" she exclaimed, in a faltering voice. "It really is a crime to disturb you. But we've won the

strike, and the poor bosses are waiting for you, Mr. Gordin. You'd better go right away and—and"—even a twinkle came into her eyes—"I'd go with him if I were you, Rose. He'll be a husband all his life, but he'll be a hero for only about five minutes to-day."

You see, she was a humorist's daughter.

The strike was won, and the very next day Levy's shop looked exactly as it had always looked before. The workers earned a few pennies more and toiled an hour a day less, but this grew so quickly into the accustomed order of things that they ceased to derive any happiness from it whatever. In the course of time Gordin and Rose were married, and Gordin became a foreman in the shop. The machines became no more tuneful-they clanked and whirred as they had always done, and the atmosphere of the place was depressing. Sophie Ramunsky, whose father had been a great humorist in his day, frequently lightened the workers' lot by her cheering pleasantries and her droll philosophy. But often, unobserved, she would gaze out the window at the blue sky that God has given to master and slave alike, and the tears would come into her eyes.

#### Love Withheld

By Mary Germaine

God gave me beauty; tints of flesh to melt Hard eyes of stone. I almost felt That I was made for love without alloy, To drain the honied lily-bell of some great joy, To bathe in mysteries of life as blest As fires of poppy-red in the dull west, When sinks the sun and leaves the wind to croon O'er the tipped cradle of the pale young moon. With bubbling hopes, chased with their rainbow hues, With hands outstretched, I caught the heavenly dews Of fancies steeped from the sweet mists of old-Oh, honey-bell of joy! Oh, love like gold! I waited years; my pulse ran slow; In midnight gloom the dying moon dropped low; Gray truths crept forth and crushed me to the sod; I wept, and in my pain I whispered, "God, Why hast thou made me thus for joy and love, Then kept this gift of earth with thee, above?"



## Mary Baker Eddy

HER PURPOSE AND ACCOMPLISHMENT

#### By Frederick Dixon

T is impossible to contemplate the works of Mrs. Eddy without being almost startled by the vastness of the achievement. Forty-four years ago no one had heard of Christian Science. To-day it is a vast organization, literally enfolding the world. Then there was one still small voice proclaiming the gospel which was new, yet old. Now a vast chorus of voices is proclaiming that gospel from the snows of

Alaska to the Australian scrub, and from the pagodas of China to the South African veldt. Wendell Phillips once declared that "one on God's side is a majority." Mrs. Eddy has quoted this saying, and proved the truth of it. Humanly speaking, she has had everything against her. The world, when it has any personal end to gain, can be revolutionary in its methods, but in ordinary circumstances it is conservative in its preju-

dices. Its leaders, especially its religious leaders, had always been men, and it rebelled at the idea of "a Daniel come to judgment," when that Daniel was a woman. For untold centuries its wise men had thought along scientific lines, which had certainly been modified from time to time, but always on a material basis, and it grew almost passionate against the woman who came questioning its very premises and wrecking its first principles. It must be admitted that Christian Science was heterodox, according to the popular way of looking at matters; and yet, in bringing a professedly Christian people back to the theology and healing of primitive Christianity, it was the

only orthodoxy.

It was in Massachusetts, in February, 1866, Mrs. Eddy has told us, in the little autobiography known as "Retrospection and Introspection," that she discovered the science of divine metaphysical healing which she afterward named Christian Science. To the world, Christianity and science had become antithetical terms. That they are so no longer is one of the results of Mrs. Eddy's work. Yet there was never anything antecedently improper, from an orthodox point of view, in the combination of the two terms. There is a phrase used in the epistles which is translated "knowledge of God," but which should, of course, be translated full or exact, and so should be "scientific knowledge of God"; that is, of truth. The expression is used by Peter and Paul, and in a way corresponds to the use of the term "the truth" as opposed to that of mere "truth," in the fourth Gospel, to distinguish the absolute from the relative. The significance of this was not lost on the medieval schoolmen, who, with all their faults, at least strove to introduce some measure of science into their study of the Bible. The greatest of all these was Thomas Aquinas, the man who has been described by Huxley as possibly the most subtle of the world's thinkers. In the "Summa," Aquinas defines theology, which in its pure meaning is simply the word of God, as the only absolute science known, and dismisses every phase of natural science as purely relative. A little later Wyclif, the last of the great Oxford schoolmen, as he was the first Protestant, translating the well-known passage in Luke which in the King James version runs, "to give knowledge of salvation unto his people by the remission of their sins,"

rendered it "to give science and health to his people unto the remission of their sins."

Six centuries passed by-centuries of turmoil from one end of Christendom to the other. The old bands of orthodoxy, loosened by the coming of Lollardy, gave way at the Reformation. The revival of learning brought with it not merely the recovery of the Greek tongue, and the institution of what may be termed textual criticism, it brought with it a wealth of daring speculation which developed, in time, into historic criticism. The old superstitious regard for sacred things began to be appraised by the standard of rationalism, and then came a century, after the carnival of the "goddess of Reason," when the efforts of scientific research seemed to be largely directed to the attempted destruction of revelation. It was at this moment, when the high priests of natural science were building their altars to their unknown gods, that Mrs. Eddy's book "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" was given to the world. "During twenty years prior to my discovery, she writes, on page 24 of "Retrospection and Introspection," "I had been trying to trace all physical effects to a mental cause; in the latter part of 1866 I gained the scientific certainty that all causation was Mind, and every effect a mental phenome-My immediate recovery from the effects of an injury caused by an accident, an injury that neither medicine nor surgery could reach, was the falling apple that led me to the discovery how to be well myself, and how to make others so."

The year 1866 was the eighth centenary of the Norman Conquest, but in it there occurred an event of infinitely greater importance to humanity than the landing of William of Normandy at Pevensey. That event was, as has been said, the launching of the Christian Science movement which was to restore the healing of primitive Christianity to Christendom. In that year Mrs. Eddy stood alone in the world with her discovery. She was devoid of all the means which are regarded as essential to the undertaking of a successful crusade, but she had found an understanding of divine science which no one could take from her, and she realized the full import of her own words on page oo of "Miscellaneous Writings": "In no one thing seemed Jesus of Nazareth more divine than in his faith in the immortality of his words. He said,

'Heaven and earth shall pass away, but my words shall not pass away'; and they have not." Christendom had read these words for well-nigh twenty centuries, and had referred them to some future life, some kingdom beyond the clouds. Mrs. Eddy remembered that not only had Jesus come that men might have life abundantly, but that he had declared that the kingdom of heaven was in their midst or within them. She gave herself to the world to show that now meant now, and not tomorrow, and that practical Christianity meant a present salvation from the ills

which men are heirs to. People frequently talk of Christian Science as if it was nothing more than a mammoth dispensary; as a matter of fact, that is an almost ludicrous misconception of what its healing means. It means the eradication from the human consciousness of all those mental causes which produce sin, disease, and death. It means that in order to be healthier every patient must become a better man. It aims not merely at the destruction of sickness and pain, but of sorrow and want, of misery and vice. It is true that it lays stress on physical healing, but it does this because it is the teaching of Christ Jesus. If the records of physical healing were deleted from the Bible, an enormous portion of the Gospels would be shorn away. Jesus used his power to heal, not only to lift the burdens of suffering humanity, but also as an object-lesson to prove the science of his teaching. When the disciples of John came to demand whether he was the Christ, it was his works and not his words to which he pointed, and when he sent out his own disciples to give the gospel of good news to the people, he bade them not alone to preach the gospel, but to heal the sick. In this way he, and no other than he, made the ability to, in some measure, perform his works the test of the genuineness of his professed followers' claims to the title of Christian, and it is a startling commentary on almost two thousand years of religious education that the one church which has accepted his test "in spirit and in truth" should be the one assailed by orthodoxy for its heretical teachings.

The day when the cry of "Heretic!" was potent to stir up the passionate superstitions of unthinking crowds has passed away. The world is recognizing that the heresy of yesterday is always the orthodoxy of to-

morrow. The same spirit accused Jesus of blasphemy, dismissed Paul as a pestilent fellow, decried Wyclif as a forger of lies, and claimed Luther was a drunken friar. The criticisms of Christian Science, based on no more reasonableness than this, are rapidly finding their way into the repositories in which are preserved the curiosities of theological vituperation, and the world is beginning to see, in the life work of Mrs. Eddy. the fulfilment of the wonderful prophecy of Emerson, "When a faithful thinker, resolute to detach every object from personal relations, and see it in the light of thought, shall at the same time kindle science with the fire of the holiest affection, then will God go forth anew into creation."

It has been truly said that if Christianity is not scientific, or if science is not Christian, one or the other is unnecessary. Mrs. Eddy perceived this when she wrote, on page 313 of "Science and Health," "Jesus of Nazareth was the most scientific man that ever trod the globe." From whatever point of view you approach his life you will be driven to admit this, unless you are prepared to consign the Gospels to the scrap-heap of mythology. He wandered along the Syrian lakesides, over the Galilean hills, and through the villages of Judea, preaching the most absolute truth the world had ever heard, the gospel of Christ, and when the Pharisees and the Scribes, the fishermen and herdsmen recoiled alike at the truth so fearlessly proclaimed to them, he fell back on the miracle, telling them that if they could not believe for the word's sake, they must believe for the very work's sake, and so he made these miracles the scientific and practical demonstration of the truth of his theory or theology. To Jesus the miracle was nothing more or less than the inevitable action of spiritual law, and so, with marvelous spiritual perception, Mrs. Eddy explains that the miracle is not a supernatural occurrence, but a divinely natural one.

If anyone questions this for a moment, it is only necessary to turn to the test of the New Testament. The words there translated "miracle" have not and never had any supernatural meaning until that meaning was grafted on to them in the centuries immediately succeeding Constantine. Even the Latin word *miraculum*, which Jerome substituted for them, in his later writings, was a simple scientific term in use among the pagan philosophers. The simple fact is

that the primitive Church never questioned Jesus' command to heal the sick. It was too near the days when he had said, "He that believeth on me the works that I do shall he do also," to make it possible, and the Epistle of James makes this indisputably clear in that terrific warning, "Faith with-

out works is dead."

In spite of this Christendom continued to attempt to part the seamless garment. It more and more set apart a priesthood to preach the gospel, while handing over the healing of the sick to the medical profession, which might be purely infidel. It was called upon necessarily to defend its deviation from the clear message of the gospel, and it has done so in the extraordinary contention that the growth of Christianity is to be traced in the growth of hospitals. No statement could possibly have been farther from the truth. It is the temporary failure of the Christian church which the growth of hospitals has stamped on the face of Christen-The hospital was originally a temple in which pagan worship was at last combined with the ministrations to the sick. That those ministrations took the form of the grossest superstitition we know, nor when men took to less occult and more purely material remedies was the change very much for the better.

The Christian era saw the hospitals in the temples of Asklepios transferred to the monasteries, and then finally severed from religious institutions, but it witnessed, if anything, a deepening of material views of medicine. Gradually, however, there grew up an orthodox medical profession as there had grown up an orthodox church. So that already in medieval times we find a court physician treating a royal prince for smallpox by draping him in red cloth, and an unfortunate irregular practitioner being set in the pillory for hanging a piece of cardboard round a woman's neck. The appalling prescriptions mentioned by Pliny had scarcely been improved upon at the Renaissance, and the prescriptions of the Renaissance were not more objectionable than those of the beginning of the last century, a fact which should not be lost on the critics who demand why the world should have had to wait all these centuries for the discovery of Christian Science. "God's in his heaven," says a great poet, "all's right with the world," but God was in his heaven when the pagan priests were exhibiting their serpents in the

temples of Cos just as much as when Christ Jesus was healing the sick in the streets of Capernaum, and just as much when the Elizabethan physicians were scraping powder off mummies or the Georgian ones trying to expel smallpox by inoculation. Jesus, speaking of his spiritual selfhood, the Christ. declared "before Abraham was I am," while, later again, at the moment of the ascension, he declared, still speaking of the Christ, "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." Though God was in his heaven, though Christ is eternal, the world had to wait many centuries to learn from Iesus what God, and heaven, and Christ really were, and when in the long night which followed the time of Constantine it forgot its lesson, it had to wait for Mrs. Eddy to rediscover and again make practical the teaching of "the most scientific man who ever trod the globe."

This does not mean that in all those centuries of darkness the fact that God was in his heaven was entirely hidden from the Again and again, both before and after the Christian era, men had arisen who, in moments of intense spiritual perception, had grasped the omnipotence of spiritual truth sufficiently to be able to heal the sick, and stay the hand of death. The voices of such men were, however, voices crying in the wilderness of doubt and animality, and their lives were like solitary stars making almost clearer the darkness of the night, whereas the coming of Christ Jesus was the rising of the sun of righteousness with healing in its wings. Such pioneers, in the centuries of the Christian era, were Stephen Harding and Sebald, Luther, Fox, and These men, however, achieved Wesley. all they did by reliance on divine love, in spite of the fact that they believed human suffering to be the dispensation of Providence, and plagues and wars the visitations of God. The first person to see the impossibility of this, the first person to recognize the infinite goodness of God, not as an occasional experience, but as an immutable law, was Mrs. Eddy, and grasping this, she grasped the science of being. "I knew," she writes, on page 109 of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," "the Principle of all harmonious Mind-action to be God, and that cures were produced in primitive Christian healing by holy, uplifting faith; but I must know the Science of this healing, and I won my way to absolute



A character delineation of the Christian Science leader who has joined the company of the Immortals.

The wonderful spirituality depicted here is said by those who were close to Mrs. Eddy during her last years to have illumined her face almost constantly

conclusions through divine revelation, rea-

son, and demonstration."

In the face of all these circumstances Mrs. Eddy was compelled to begin her work by teaching, but her teaching was essentially scientific, and so could in no way be divorced from demonstration. She explains, herself, on page 9 of the preface of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," that her "first pamphlet on Christian Science was copyrighted in 1870; but it did not appear in print until 1876, as she had learned that the Science must be demonstrated by healing, before a work on the subject could be profitably studied." The works, therefore, of physical healing went steadily on, but they did not in any way detract from the teaching. From first to last the command to preach the gospel and heal the sick was

steadily adhered to. From the first moment Mrs. Eddy perceived that the movement she had founded could only be built up by the elimination of personality. She had taken deeply to heart that pregnant saying of Christ Jesus, "The Son can do nothing of himself, but what he seeth the Father do: for what things soever he doeth, these also doeth the Son like-wise." "There was never," she wrote in her article on "Personal Contagion," "a religion or philosophy lost to the centuries except by sinking its divine Principle in personality." In fixing the final form of service for the Christian Science churches her wisdom was manifested not alone in choosing a form which gave no scope for human ambitions, but in selecting one of extraordinary simplicity which could be read simultaneously throughout the entire field.

The fact is that, like everything else in Christian Science, the services are designed to have a healing and not an artistic or emotional effect. The reading of the Bible and "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures" heals the mind and so the body, for did not Jesus declare, "Whether is easier, to say, Thy sins be forgiven thee; or to say, Arise, and walk?" The therapeutics of Jesus were spiritual. He never, in the whole course of his ministry, made use of a material remedy, and he declared that he was "the Way." The occasion of his anointing the eyes of the blind man with clay has been used as an argument in support of material remedies, but this only proves how desperate is the case of those who, in the words of Mrs. Eddy, on page 78 of "Science and

Health with Key to the Scriptures," would "hold spirit in the grasp of matter." That the man who stilled the tempest, walked on the water, and raised the dead by the simple realization that God heard him always, and that the spiritual law was always available by those who knew how to apply it, could not heal a case of blindness without resort to the medical methods of the men who attempted to destroy blindness with charred viper's flesh or the blood of red he-goats is in itself a sufficiently amazing argument.

It is this note of healing which rings incessantly throughout the entire movement. in its church service, in its literature, and on its lecture platforms, just as much as by the bedside of the sick. In the first half-century of the movement the incessant efforts of the great leader have been devoted without stint to fulfilling the vision she describes on page 226 of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," "The lame, the deaf, the dumb, the blind, the sick, the sensual, the sinner, I wished to save from the slavery of their own beliefs, and from the educational systems of the Pharaohs, who to-day, as of yore, hold the children of Israel in bondage.' In order to do this it was necessary, too, for Mrs. Eddy to educate her followers in Christian Science. In about the year 1867 she opened the first school of Christian Science Mind-Healing, with a solitary student, in Lynn, Massachusetts. Fourteen years later she obtained the charter for the Massachusetts Metaphysical Colege, in which, during the following seven years, she taught upward of four thousand students. In this way "the Grand Army" of Christian Science was first enlisted, and enlisted, in her own words, on page 450 of "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures," "to lessen evil, disease, and death." Wherever this army marches it carries with it its banners on which are inscribed the words "Slavery is Abolished," not the mere slavery of men's bodies alone, but the more remorseless slavery of men's minds to the laws of custom, belief, and disease. Among Mrs. Eddy's provisions for the rescue of humanity was the Christian Science Board of Lectureship, an organization which in its inception carries one back to the days of primitive Christianity. In this conception what Monsieur Jusserand has so beautifully termed "La Vie Errant" has found its resurrection. The Christian Science lecturer can scarcely be said to have a home. He may,

at any moment, be called upon to take up his abode in some city far from his native land. At the request of those who need his help he sails for China or Australia, just as the early workers loosed from Troas, or sailed unto Cyprus. All countries are alike to them. They mingle with men of every nationality and every temperament, but wherever they go they preach, saying, the kingdom of heaven, the reign of harmony on earth, is at hand, and so bind up the brokenhearted, and bring peace to the weary and The platform of the Christian heavy laden. Science lecturer is not designed to rival the Roman rostrum, but to imitate, however feebly, the boat anchored by the shore of Galilee.

As it is with the lectures, so it is also with the literature. In April, 1883, in order to meet the ever-broadening requirements of the movement, Mrs. Eddy started the monthly Journal of Christian Science, of which she was at first not only editor, but publisher, and some years later the weekly paper, known as The Christian Science Sentinel. The object of these periodicals was not only to provide a wider exercise for the energies of Christian Scientists, it was to carry Christian Science healing to a greater public; and not a single issue of these now well-known periodicals has ever gone out from the publishing house which has not carried to its readers some story of healing through Christian Science.

Meantime, in spite of all these Herculean labors, Mrs. Eddy was steadily adding to the list of her own writings. The greatest, the most famous of all these is, of course, the text-book of Christian Science, "Science and Health with Key to the Scriptures"; "the precious volume," as she has herself termed it, the book which has attained the greatest circulation of any book ever known during the lifetime of its author. This was, however, only the most vital of her writings. In her ninetieth year she published her last volume, the beautiful little edition of her collected poems, one stanza of which illustrates so perfectly her attitude to the world:

is the foundation of The Christian Science Monitor. In publishing this paper she fulfilled, at eighty-seven, a plan she had never lost sight of for twenty-seven years. The conception of it, the name, the motto. all were her own; and at her bidding her devoted followers performed what to the world was a miracle, when within three months of her request they cleared the ground, built the offices, equipped, and brought into existence a daily paper, which in two years has acquired a unique circulation which extends entirely round the globe. Its mission is to bring healing to mankind, not by reporting what is worst of men and nations, but what is best; not by relying on sensationalism, but on a sober regard and examination of facts; not by standing for a party, but always for the state. In this way it is fulfilling the destiny marked out for it in the motto selected by its founder, "First the blade, then the ear, then the full grain in the ear."

The unerring wisdom of Mrs. Eddy in nursing and directing the energies of the movement she has founded has been briefly summarized, but her efforts did not cease In the Committees on Publication, which have their offices in every corner of the globe, she has built up a great bulwark of defense, the strength of which it would be difficult to exaggerate. The motto of these committees might be said to be "defense, not defiance." Their duty is not to attack the opinions of other people, it is to defend their own cause, and to do this by firmly yet temperately working to see that the truth and nothing but the truth shall be circulated on any particular point. It is here that the wisdom of Mrs. Eddy has been peculiarly apparent, and with this wisdom necessarily her love for humanity. While nearly all other movements are dissipating much of their strength in attacking the opinions of their neighbors, Christian Scientists are giving every moment of their time to patiently demonstrating the truth of their own. There is an old saying that a grain of proof is worth a pound of argument, and the proof of Christian Science is a living proof, walking about the lanes and cities of the whole world in the shape of men and women rescued from pain and sorrow, from disease and from the grave. The opponents of Christian Science may shake their heads, may explain with unwearying perseverance that the patients were not so bad as they thought

Beneath the shadow of His mighty wing; In that sweet secret of the narrow way, Seeking and finding, with the angels sing: "Lo, I am with you always:—watch and pray."

Of all Mrs. Eddy's literary labors, however, the one which will probably continue to strike the public with most astonishment

themselves, or, as a last resort, that the medical diagnosis was wrong, and that the sufferers would have got well anyhow. They may convince those who were convinced before, but on the patients themselves, on their families, to whom they have been given back, or on their relatives and friends who have witnessed what has been accomplished, these arguments amount to vox et præterea nihil. Who can undertake to say how bad a man may have thought he was, and if the diagnoses of the medical profession are wrong in all these cases, then there is more need for Christian Science than Emerson's "man in the street" has ever dreamed of. History repeats itself: these were the very arguments used by the Jewish doctors to the man who was born blind. First they attempted to suggest through his parents that the history of the disease had not been fully established; then, failing in this, they attempted to destroy the credit of the "healer of Gennesaret," with the sole result that there has come ringing down the centuries the half-contemptuous and wholly triumphant answer of the sick man, "One thing I know, that, whereas I was blind, now I see."

It was for the purpose of giving the public the opportunity of hearing these testimonies of healing first hand, that the Wednesday evening testimony meetings were established by Mrs. Eddy. These meetings constitute one of the most marvelous factors in the chain of evidence which is binding Christian Science round the hemispheres. Every Wednesday evening, at about eight o'clock, these meetings begin, and as the sun travels west, or seems to travel west, across the sky, they follow it, through every country and amidst every people, until the story of Christian Science healing has been told round the entire earth. In those twentyfour hours a minimum probably of five thousand testimonies of the healing power of the Christ have been given; and, in another week, the thread will be again picked up, and once again the chain of Christian Science healing will be stretched right around the earth. It is thirty-one years since the Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, was established in Boston, when, on the 19th of April, 1879, Mrs. Eddy and a handful of her students met, in the words of "Retrospection and Introspection," on page 44, "to organize a church to commemorate the words and works of our

Master, a mind-healing church, without a creed, to be called the Church of Christ. Scientist." In those thirty-one years hundreds upon hundreds of branch churches and societies have grown from the parent stem, and weekly in the meetings of these churches and societies, by the wise provision of the leader of the movement, the story of Christian healing is told by men and women whose gratitude impels them to give words of help and encouragement to those who

attend the services.

There is an expression to which everyone is accustomed that when there is fighting to be done it is the man behind the gun who The Christian Science movement is a militant movement, though it wrestles "not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." Mrs. Eddy's care and wisdom would have been wasted if she could not have found the man behind the gun, the genuine Christian Scientist. Of course she had to train the army of Christian Science, to try to instil into its soldiers something of the selfless love for humanity she herself felt. She had to teach them to strive to deny themselves, and to begin to live for the world; she had, in a word, to teach them Christian Science. In this as in everything else she has been so successful that she has trained a great body of workers, which is carrying the mindhealing which the original Christian Science Church was organized to demonstrate, into every land. This is why the future of Christian Science is assured, because Mrs. Eddy has pointed her followers steadfastly to principle and not to person. "What went you out for to see?" she asks in "Personal Contagion," "a person or a Principle? Whichever it be determines the right or the wrong of this following." No Christian Scientists, toiling along the road from sense to soul, could ever stray from the path if they would only remember the concluding words of her article "Pond and Purpose," on page 207 of "Miscellaneous Writings": "As you journey, and betimes sigh for rest 'beside still waters,' ponder this lesson of love. Learn its purpose; and in hope and faith, where heart meets heart reciprocally blest, drink with me the living waters of the spirit of my life-purpose—to impress humanity with the genuine recognition of practical, operative Christian Science."



"Turkey Track, seein' he's afoot an' thirty miles from his home ranch, pulls his gun an' sticks up the Mockin' Bird's buckboard"

## How the Mocking Bird Was Won

A HIGH-HANDED LOVER PRECIPITATES A WEDDING IN WOLFVILLE

#### By Alfred Henry Lewis

Illustrated by W. Herbert Dunton

YST'RIES?" remarked the Old Cattleman, a fine expression of thoughtfulness crossing his wrinkled face-"we lives surrounded by 'em. Which they're with us when we rolls into our blankets, with us when we rolls out. I peers up into the sky, an' the crushin' impression of space, fenceless, onbounded, sweeps over me like a landslide. Oncap'ble of conceivin' the endless, I no less ree'lizes that space is without end. The same holds good of time all sim'lar-time which, with no beginnin', is bound to have no close. I feels these trooths, sees 'em, appreciates without power to onderstand 'em. Which merely to think of 'em sort o' seizes my intellectchooals by the bridle-bits, an' throws 'em back on their shiverin' ha'nches.

"It's so wharever you turns. Look where you will nacher allers has a ace buried. Even in the things of every day you're up ag'inst it. Take a dog now. Why is it when one of 'em—daylight or dark—cuts the trail of a anamile he never makes the fool mistake of backtrackin' it, but is shore to run his game the way it's goin'? There must be some kind of head-an'-tail effect to the scent that a-way, to give the dog the proper hunch. Myst'ry—all myst'ry! The more a gent goes messin' round for s'lootions, the more he's taught hoomility, the more he savvys he ain't kneehigh to horned toads.

"An' yet, when it comes to things myst'rious, sech affairs as space an' time must go to the diskyard compared to a lady's heart. You onderstands, of course, I speaks in a sperit of philos'phy, an' not as one who's suffered. As I yeretofore explains, I never myse'f am able pers'nal to approach closter to a lady's heart than, say across the street. Now an' then, however, the heart-tangles of other folks gets forced onto my notice, an' it's studyin' them

that a-way that's bred in me the said concloosion. Also, I'm yere to confess that simply as a conundrum a lady's heart has got me backed plumb off the board. I wouldn't resk a white chip, either way, as to what a lady's heart will do. It's like bettin' what a flash of lightnin' will do. An' ontil I accumyoolates a more intimate hook-up with the powers invis'ble, I'll shore engage in no sech spec-

voolations.

"Doc Peets-an' I pauses yere to urge that the Doc's ondoubted the finest eddicated drug-sharp in the territory-once says that all trails leads to Rome. If sech be troo-an' since it's the Doc who promulgates that bluff you can gamble everythin' in your war-bags on it-still a lady's heart in that partic'lar has got Rome beat five ways from the jack. Not only does every trail lead to that interestin' organ, but thar's sech a thing as goin' cross-lots. Shore; thar's as many methods of reachin' a lady's heart as cookin' eggs, an' as to the latter, I sees in the paper where some gifted hash-compounder puts the same at seven hunderd. Take this thing of gettin' in love. While you'll see gents who goes pirootin' along into that dulcet condition as straight as a arrer, thar's others who sidles in, an' others still who backs in.

"That time, now, when Turkey Track Tom younites himse'f in matrimony with the Mockin' Bird, it looks like, to put it fairly, he shoots his way in. That Mockin' Bird maiden has wooers by onbounded scores, but holds herse'f as shy an' as much aloof as if she's a mountain-sheep. Not one could get near enough to her to give her a ripe peach. Of a sudden, the eboolient Turkey Track bulges headlong into her dest'nies, takes to menacin' at her with a gun an' final to bombardin' her outright, an'-love an' heart an' hand—she simply comes a-runnin'

"It's in the early days, an' Wolfville's without that last evidence of advancement, a calaboose. It bein' inconvenient to shoot or lynch everybody who infringes our rooles, Jack Moore, in his ca'pacity as kettle-tender for the stranglers, invents a convincin' but innocyoous form of punishment for them minor offenders. Jack, who's plenty fertile that a-way, establishes a huge water-trough, big enough to swim a dog in, over by the wind-mill; an' when some too-fervent cowpuncher, sufferin' from a overdose of nosepaint, takes to aggravatin' 'round, Jack corals that trespasser an' swashes him about a whole lot in the trough, ontil, in what cooler

frames them exercises prodooces, he sees the error of his ways an' gives his word to live

a happier an' a better life.

"It's nothin' short of magic, the way that water-trough works. No matter how voloominously gala some boundin' pronghorn of a cowboy may feel, it shore lets the whey out of him. Given the most voylent, it's only a matter of minutes before he's soaked into quietood an' submission. Old Man Enright himse'f says that Jack's entitled to a monvooment for the idee.

"Turkey Track's name is Ford-Tom Ford, but workin' that a-way for the Turkey Track outfit, he nacherally gets renamed for The time his love affairs with the brand. the Mockin' Bird has their beginnin', Turkey Track an' two boon companions has been goin' hither an' yon, from the Red Light to the dance-hall, ontil, by virchoo of a overaccumyoolation of licker, they're beginnin' to step high an' walk on air.

Which they've took to upliftin' their tired souls with yells, an' blazin' away at tomattercans with their six-shooters, when Jack gives 'em a call-down. It's Enright tells him to.

"'What them boys does,' says Enright, 'is done harmless an' light hearted, to be shore, an' nothin' radic'lly wrong is either aimed at or meant. But all the same, Jack, it's no more'n proodence to go knock their horns off. It ain't what them yooths is doin', but what they may be led to do that makes the danger. It's like old Deacon Sopris, at the Methodist class-meetin', says of kyardplayin'. "It ain't," explains the Deek, "that thar's any harm in the children playin' sevenup around the kitchen table of a winter's evenin', but it leads to dancin'." An' so with these young merrymakers. They'll keep on slammin' away at empty bottles an' former froote-cans that a-way, ontil the more seedate element objects, an' somebody gets bumped off. Don't you agree with me, Doc?'

""Nothin' shorer,' says Peets.

"Jack rounds up Turkey Track an' his fellow revelers, an' tosses off a few fiats. 'Cut out that whoopin' an' shootin', boys,' says Jack. 'Now mind, I won't tell you twice. Also, keep your hardware in your belts, as more seemly an' deecorous. shore as I finds a gun in the hands of any or . of you ag'in, I'll shoot it out.'

"Turkey Track an' his compadres don't say nothin' back to Jack. They savvys about the water-trough, an' don't hunger none to have their ardor dampened in no sech fashion.

So they blinks an' winks like a passel of squinch-owls, but never onbuckles in no argyooment. Shore, it irks 'em, an' after Jack rectires they begins mod'rate to arch their necks an' expand 'round a little. They allows—talkin' among themselves in a quer'-lous way—that they ain't hurtin' no one, an' for Jack to come trackin' 'round lecturin'

on etiquette is a conceited exhibition of authority as offensive as it is onjest.

"'Whatever does that jim-crow sp'ilesport of a marshal mean?' says Turkey Track. 'It looks like he's puttin' on a heap of dog. Does he reckon this yere camp's a church?'

"I moves we treats them mandates,' says one of the boys, who's a rider for the G-bar ranch, 'with merited contempt.'

"'As how?' asks the third, who belongs with the Four-J brand. 'You ain't locoed to no sech degrees as to su'gest we-all t'ars into that Jack Moore in person none, I hopes?'

""Which you fills me with disgust!" says the other, nettled at the mere idee of

pawin' the sod 'round Jack. 'But whatever's the matter with goin' up to the far eend of the street, an' then w'irl an' come squanderin' back jest a-whangin' an' a-bangin' an' a-leavin' things on both sides of the road?'

"'Great!' says Turkey Track, applaudin' the scheme. 'Which we-all nacherally shoots up their old prairie-dog town, same as if it's a Mexican plaza, an' then jogs on out to our ranches all comfortable.'

"The three rides up to the head of the street, an' then turns an'—givin' their ponies the steel—comes whizzin' down through the center of eevents, yelpin' like Apaches an' lookin' like fireworks. They've got a gun in each hand, an' shakes the

So they blinks an' winks like a passel of cloads out of 'em so they looks same as souinch-owls, but never onbuckles in no Roman candles.

"Jack's standin' in front of the New York Store, talkin' to Dave Tutt. As you-all might imagine, it frets him to the quick to see how little them effervescent sperits cares for his injunctions. By way of reebooke—not wantin' to down 'em outright for what, take it

the worst way, ain't nothin' more heen'ous than a impropriety-Jack gets his artillery to b'ar, an' as they flashes by like comets opens on the ponies. It's hard on the ponies, but it won't do to let them young roysterers get away with their play. The example'll spread, an' onless checked at the jump, inside of a month thar'd be nothin' but a whoopin' procession o' cow-punchers chargin' up an' down the causeway. Tenderfeet might acquire misgivin's touchin' us bein' a peaceful camp, an' the thing op'rate as a blow to trade. Jack's plumb right. It's become a case of either get the boys or get the

"Turkey Track's name is Ford—Tom Ford, but workin' that a-way for the Turkey Track outfit, he nacherally gets renamed for the brand"

ponies has the call.

"Thar's no more artistic gun-player in town than Jack, onless it's Cherokee Hall; none who better savvys his weepons. As the ponies flash by, Jack's six-shooter barks three times. Two ponies goes rollin'; the third—it's Turkey Track's—continyoos cavortin' along as former. Turkey Track never pulls up nor looks back. The last we sees of him is mebby when he's two miles out an' a swell rises up behind him an' hides him from view.

ponies, an' onder the

circumstances the

"The G-bar boy, an' him from the Four-J outfit, hits the grass some twenty feet ahead of their ponies, like a roll of blankets chucked out of a wagon, an' after bumpin' an' tumblin' along for a rod or so, an' all mighty condoosive to fractures an' dislocations, they flattens out

reespective same as a couple of wet leaves. Shore, the fall jolts the savvy plumb out of 'em.

"Bein' they're stretched out an' passive, Jack collects 'em, an' sops 'em up an' down in the water-trough for mebby it's twenty minutes. Which they're reesus'tated an' reeproved at one an' the same time. When them yooths comes to, they're a example to angels. At that their intellects don't shine out like the sun at noon, but continyoos blurred for hours. Even as late as the weddin' of Turkey Track with the Mockin' Bird—an' that ain't for all of eight weeks—the G-bar boy informs Dan Boggs confidenshul, as they're takin' a little licker all sociable, that speakin' mental he's as yet a heap in eeclipse.

"The maiden name of the Mockin' Bird is Loocinda Gildersleeve, but pop'lar pref'rence allers favors her stage title. She's a fav'rite at the Bird Cage Op'ry House, at which refooge of the drammy she's been singin' off an' on for somethin' like three years. She's a shore-enough singer, too—the Mockin' Bird is. None of your yeepin's an' peepin's, none of your mice squeaks an' tea-kettle tones an' coyote yelps. Which she's got a round, meelod'yous bellow like a hound in full cry, an' while she's singin' thar ain't a wolf'll open his mouth within a mile of town. Why? Which them wolves is plumb abashed, the Mockin' Bird out holdin''em to that extent.

"You-all don't hear no sech singin' in the East. Thar ain't room, an' the East's too timid. For myse'f-an' I ain't got no y'ear for music-them top notes of the Mockin' Bird, like the death-yell of a mountain-lion, is cap'ble of givin' me the fantods; while the way she hands out 'Home Sweet Home' an' 'Suwanee River,' an' her voice sort o' diggin' down into the soul, sets eemotional sports like Dan Boggs an' Black Jack to sobbin' as though their hearts is broke. She's certainly a jo-darter of a vocalist, the Mockin' Bird, an' once when she renders 'Loosiana Loo,' an' Dan's more'n common affected, he offers to bet yellow chips an' bet 'em higher'n a cat's back, she can sing the sights off a Colt's .45.

"Which I enjoys one of the most mis'rable evenin's of my c'rreer,' says Dan to Faro Nell, when she expresses sympathy at him feelin' so cast down. 'I wouldn't have missed

it for a small clay farm.'

"'Yo tambien,' says Black Jack, who's keepin' Dan melancholy company while he weeps. 'Only I reckon now the odd kyard in my own case is I used to, before I'm a man

an' in some other existence, be one of these yere ornery little fice dogs which howls every time it hears a pianny. It's some left-over vestiges of that life when I'm a dog which sets me to bawlin' that a-way whenever the Mockin' Bird girl sings. I experiences pensive sensations, sim'lar to what comes troopin' over a gent on the heels of the third drink.'

"The Mockin' Bird looks as sweet as she sings. I mentions long ago about the phil'sophic stoodent who says, 'They do say love is blind, but I'll be ding-danged if some gents can't see more in their girls than I can.' This yere wisdom don't apply none to the Mockin' Bird. Them wooers of hers, to say nothin' of Turkey Track, possesses jestification for becomin' so plumb maudlin'. Lovely? She's as pretty as a heart flush.

"Folks likes her, too. Take that evenin' when a boor from over to'ards the Cow Springs cuts loose to disturb the exercises at the Bird Cage Op'ry House, with a measly fling or two. The public well nigh beefs him. They'd have shore put him over the jump,

only Enright interferes.

"It's doorin' the openin' act, when the actors are camped 'round in a half circle, facin' the fiddlers. Old Huggins, who's the only hooman who ever consoomes licker, drink for drink, with Old Monte, an' lives to tell the tale, is in the middle. At one eepock, bowin' to the Mockin' Bird, he announces:

"'The world-renowned cantatrice, Mamselle Loocinda Gildersleeve, cel'brated in two hemispheres as the Mockin' Bird of Arizona, will now sing the ballad wharwith she ravished the y'ears of every crowned head of Europe, said madrigal bein' the pop'lar air, "Down in the Valley."'

"At this that oncooth Cow Springs profligate gets up an' rectorts, 'The Mockin' Bird of Arizona you-all is bluffin' about can't sing no more'n a burro, an' used to sling hash in a section house over by Shakespeare.'

""Nevertheless, notwithstandin',' replies old Huggins, who's too drunk to feel ruffled, 'Mam'selle Loocinda Gildersleeve, known to all the world as the Mockin' Bird of Arizona, will now sing "Down in the Valley."

"Old Huggins would have let things go at that, but not so the Wolfville pop'lace. In the cockin' of a Winchester they swoops down on that Cow Springs outcast, like forty henhawks on a settin' quail, an', as I yeretofore observes, if it ain't for Enright they'd have made him hard to find. You can gamble that Cow Springs savage never does go out on that



"Jack gets his artillery to b'ar, an' as they flashes by like comets he opens on the ponies"

limb ag'in. He don't even have the nerve to so much as show his snoot in Wolfville pers'nal, not even when his travels takes him in our direction, but goes plumb 'round same

as if it's a swamp.

"While Turkey Track escapes the watertrough an' makes his get-away that time all right, the pore pony don't have no sech luck. Jack's bullet hits him jest to the r'ar of the saddle-flap, an' out about four miles he stumbles over dead. It's yere eevents begins to fall together like a shock of oats. The Mockin' Bird's doo that evenin' to warble some in Wolfville. She's been over entrancin' Tucson, an' the reg'lar stage with Old Monte not preecisely dove-tailin' with her needs, she charters a speshul buckboard. Thar's a feeble form of hooman ground-owl drivin' her, one of these yere pathetic parties who's all alkali an' hard luck, an' as deevoid of manly sperit as jack-rabbits onweaned. This yere ground-owl party, drivin' for the Mockin' Bird, comes rackin' along with the buckboard jest as Turkey Track strips the saddle an' bridle from his deefunct pony.

"Turkey Track is not without execyootive ability, an' seein' he's afoot an' thirty miles from his home ranch, he pulls his gun an' sticks up the Mockin' Bird's buckboard plenty prompt. At the mere sight of a weepon, the ground-owl person rots down right thar; his hands is searchin' for stars an' he's beggin' Turkey Track not to wipe him out, him thinkin' he's a reg'lar hold-up. That's all the opp'sition thar is, onless you counts the reemarks of the Mockin' Bird, who waxes both bitter an' bitin' in equal parts, but has no more effect on Turkey Track—an' him afoot that a-way—than pourin' water on a drowned rat. Shore, a cow-puncher'd fight all day before he'd walk a hour.

"Turkey Track piles his saddle an' bridle onto the r'ar of the buckboard, an' settin' in behind on his plunder, commands the ground-owl driver to head west till further orders. Likewise, he so far onbends as to say that them orders won't be deecem'nated, none whatever, ontil he's safe landed at the Turkey Track home camp. Since he backs this yere program with his artillery, the ground-owl ain't got nothin' to say, an' it's no time when the outfit's weavin' along up a side trail in the sole int'rests of Turkey Track.

"What's worse, to dispel the nacheral

ennui of sech a journey an' drive away dull care, Turkey Track takes to tyrannizin' over the Mockin' Bird with his six-shooter, an' compels her to sing constant throughout them thirty miles. He makes her carol everythin' from 'Old Hundred' to 'Turkey in the Straw,' an' then brings her back to 'Old Hundred' an' starts her over. The pore Mockin' Bird, what with the dust, an' Turkey Track despotizin' at her with his gun, sounds final like an ongreased wheel-barrow that has seen better days. She don't get her voice ag'in for mighty close to a month, an' even then, as she says herse'f, thar's places where the rivets reequires tightenin'.

"It's more'n two months before ever Turkey Track is heard of ag'in in Wolfville. It's in the Bird Cage Op'ry House he hits the surface of his times. The Mockin' Bird has jest done drove the vocal picket-pin of 'My Old Kentucky Home,' when bang! some loonatic shoots at her. Which the bullet bores a hole in the sityooation not a foot above her head.

"Everyone sees by the smoke where that p'lite attention em'nates from, an' before you could count game, Dan Boggs an' Texas Thompson, with Jack Moore in the fore, has convened themselves on top of that identical spot. Thar sets Turkey Track, cryin' to beat four of a kind.

"'It's no use, gents,' he wails, the tears coursin' down his cheeks, 'she's so plumb bewitchin', an' I adores her so, I simply has

to blaze away at her or bust.'

"While he don't harm the Mockin' Bird none, the sent'ment of the committee, when Enright raps it to order in the Red Light an' Black Jack has organized the inspiration, favors hangin' Turkey Track. Even Texas Thompson, who loathes ladies by reason of what's been handed to him in the way of divorce an' alimony an' all-'round rooin, that a-way, by his Laredo wife, is yoonan'mous for swingin' him off.

"'That I don't believe in marryin' 'em,' says Texas, expoundin' his p'sition concernin' ladies to Dan Boggs, who claims he's inconsistent, 'don't mean I wants 'em shot. But

you never was no logician, Dan.'

"Cherokee Hall's the only gent who's inclined to softer attitoodes; an' that leeniency is born primar'ly of the inflooence of Faro Nell. Little Nell is plumb romantic, an' when she hears how Turkey Track's been enfiladin' at the Mockin' Bird only because he loves her, while she don't reelly know what she does want done with that toomul-

tuous cow-puncher, she shore don't want him hanged.

"'It's sech a interestin' story,' says Nell, an' then capers across to Missis Rucker an' Tucson Jennie to c'llect their opinions.

"Jack Moore brings in Turkey Track.
Thar,' says Jack, 'don't bat an eye nor wag
a y'ear, or I'll bend my gun over your head.'
"Be you tryin' to blink out that young

lady?' asks Enright, 'or is your gun-play to

be took in the way of applause?'

"'It's love,' protests Turkey Track, his voice chokin'. 'I learns to love her that day on the buckboard while I'm lookin' at her red h'ar—red bein' my winnin' color. Gents, you won't credit it none, but jest the same them auburn tresses gets wropped about my heart.'

"'Whatever do you make of it, Doc?'

whispers Enright to Doc Peets.

"'This boy,' returns the Doc, 'has got himse'f too much on his own mind. He's sufferin' from what the books calls "exaggerated ego."'

"'That's one way of bein' locoed, ain't it?"

asks Enright.

""Shore," the Doc replies. 'But him bein' twisted mental ain't no reason for not adornin' the wind-mill with his reemains. The only public good a hangin' does is to scare folks up a lot, an' you can scare them with a loonatic same as a gent whose intellects is plumb.'

""Thar she stands,' Turkey Track breaks in ag'in, not waitin' for no questions, 'an' me as far below her as stingin' lizards is from stars! Then ag'in them folks down in front is applaudin' her, she wavin' 'em the gracious grin, an' that makes me jealous. Gents, I don't plan it none, but the first I knows I lugs out the old .45 an' onhooks it at her.'

I lugs out the old .45 an' onhooks it at her.'
"The Mockin' Bird has come over from
the O. K. House with Faro Nell, Missis
Rucker, an' Tucson Jennie. As she hears
Turkey Track's confession, two drops shows
in her eyes like diamonds. Clutchin' hold of
Nell, an' with Missis Rucker an' Tucson
Jennie flockin' along in the r'ar, she rushes
out the front door. This manoover leaves
us some upset, ontil Nell returns to explain.

"'She's overcome by them disclosures,' says Nell, 'an' goes outside to blush.'

""The ontoward breaks of that songstress,' observes Enright oneasily, 'has a tendency to comfoose the issue an' put this committee in the hole.'

"'Thar's nothin' confoosin' about it, Sam Enright.' It's Missis Rucker who breaks



"The Mockin' Bird has jest done drove the vocal picket-pin of 'My Old Kentucky Home,' when bang! some loonatic shoots at her"

out, high an' threatenin', she havin' come back with Nell. 'This yere Mockin' Bird girl's in love with that gun-playin' cowboy, an' she only now finds it out. Do you-all murd'rous tarrapins still insist on hangin' this boy, or be you willin' to see 'em wed an' live happy ever after?'

happy ever after?'
"'Let's rope up a divine some'ers,' exclaims Dan, 'an' have 'em yoonited a heap. If that Mockin' Bird girl wants Turkey Track she shall shorely have him. I'd give her Turkey Track's empty head on a charger, if she asks it—she singin' "Suwanee River" the

way she does.'

"Cherokee is ready to think a weddin' the proper step, an' Dave Tutt—who sees a instructive light in Tucson Jennie's eye—declar's himse'f all sim'lar some hasty.

"Even Texas backs the play. 'But make no mistake,' says Texas, 'I insists on marriage over lynchin' only because it's worse.'

""Which it's as well, Sam Enright,' observes Missis Rucker, blowin' through her nose mighty warlike, 'that you an' your fellow marauders has sense enough to see your way through to that decision. I'd have took this Turkey Track boy away from you-all with my own livin' hands. This vig'lance committee needn't think it's goin' to do as it pleases 'round yere—hangin' folks for bein' in love, an' stoppin' its y'ears like the adder to the cries of a bleedin' heart.'

"'My dear madame,' says Enright, his manner mollifyin', 'I sees nothin' to discuss. The committee surrenders this culprit into the hands of you-all ladies, an' what more is

thar to say?'

"'Thar's this more to say,' an' Missis Rucker's that earnest her mouth snaps like a trap. 'You an' your gang, settin' 'round like a passel of badgers, don't want to get it into your heads none that you're goin' to go rough-shod over me. When I gets ready to have my way in this camp, the prairie-dog that stands in my path'll shore wish he'd never been born.'

"Enright don't say nothin' back, an' the balance of us maintainin' a dignified silence, Missis Rucker, atter a look all 'round, withdraws, takin' Tucson Jennie an' Faro Nell, with Turkey Track in their midst.

""Gents," observes Enright, when they're shore departed, an' speakin' up deecisive, 'ways must be deevised to 'liminate the feminine element from these yere meetin's. I says this before, but the idee don't seem to take no root. Thar's nothin' lovelier than woman, but by virchoo of her symp'thies she's oncap'ble of exact justice. Her feelin's lead her, an' her heart's above her head. For which reasons, while I wouldn't favor nothin' so ondignified as hidin' out, I su'gests that we as the stranglers be yereafter more circumspect, not to say surreptitious, about holdin' our deelib'rations.'

"Shore, they're married. The cer'mony comes off in the O. K. House, an' folks flocks in from as far away as Tucson. It's almost

a territorial eevent.

"'If you was a chemist, Sam,' says Doc Peets, tryin' to eloocidate what happens when the Mockin' Bird learns she's hearthungry that a-way for Turkey Track, 'you'd onderstand. It's as though her love's in s'lootion, an' the jar of Turkey Track's gun preecip'tates it.'

""Mebby so,' returns Enright, 'but as a play, this thing's got me facin' sideways. Thar's many schemes to win a lady's heart, but this yere's the earliest instance when a gent shoots his way into her regyards.'

""Well,' returns the Doc, 'you know the old adage, to which of course thar's exceptions.' Yere he glances over at Missis Rucker. 'It runs:

"" A woman, a spaniel an' a walnut tree The more you beat 'em the better they be." '

"Dan Boggs has jest been congratchoolatin' Turkey Track, an' kissin' the bride. Texas, as somber as a handful of spades, draws him into a corner.

"'That Turkey Track,' says Texas, 'considers this a whipsaw. He misses hangin' an' he gets the lady. He feels like he wins both ways. Wait. Dan, it won't be months when he'll discover that, compared to marriage, hangin' that a-way ain't nothin' more'n a technical'ty.'"











Two portraits of Georgia Caine, whose work in musical comedy has made her a popular figure on the comic-opera stage. Miss Caine is one who was born to the profession, coming from a well-known theatrical family. She says that she was brought up on the stage, and cannot remember the time when she was not at home behind the foollights. As a baby she was carried onto the stage in one of the productions of her father, Ceorge R. Caine. At the age of three she played Willie in "East Lynne." She began to find her public when the Rogers Brothers first appeared, being their leading lady for five years. She was one of the Sonias who successively led "The Merry Widow" during its memorable New York run, and the next year she became the successful star of "The Motor Cirl." This session she created the rôle of Juliette in "Madame Troubadour." Miss Caine is a San Franciscan.

Portraits specially posed for the Cosmopolitan by the Campbell Studios



Gladys Hanson, who is the leading lady this season with Kyrle Bellew, appearing in the revival of the ever-popular "Raffles." Of the many stage women reported to be the "lovely daughter of a prominent Southern family" Miss Hanson is one of the few of whom this is really true. Five years ago she was an Atlanta society girl, and the hardest fight of her professional career has been that of reconciling her parents to her stage work. Miss Hanson made her first appearance under the tutelage of E. H. Sothern, in whose companies she was seen for several seasons. Despite her lack of experience, she showed unusual ability to cope with difficult rôles, and has rapidly risen to the position of one of the more promising young leading women on the stage to-day. By dint of hard study and careful schooling Miss Hanson has been able to efface entirely the soft Southern accent which she naturally uses.



Mademoiselle Emma Trentini, who sings the title rêle of "Naughty Marietta" in the new comic opera of that name by Victor Herbert and Rida Johnson Young, first came to the attention of American audiences when she appeared as Françuita in "Carmen" during Oscar Hammerstein's first season of grand opera in New York. The public quickly decided that it liked her, and in a few nights she found herself a favorite. Her mischievous spirit and diminutive size led to her nickname of "L Esfant Tenible," and she earned a reputation for daring because of the readiness with which she sang difficult rôles without preparation. Thus on two hours notice she sang Giulietta in "Tales of Hoffmann," a part which she had never studied, the basting-threads being ripped from her costume as she stood in the wings, Mademoiselle Trentini was born in Italy, and displayed her remarkable musical talents at an early eage.

Portraits specially posed for the Cosmoplitan by the Campbell Studios



Three poses showing Willette Kershaw, who is playing the rôle of Amy Leroy in Edgar Selwyn's new comedy of a city failure and country success, "The Country Boy." Amy Leroy is a show girl whose personal attractions so dazzle the country boy that he less his grip on himself. It is Miss Kershaw's part to make the show girl's charms apparent, and in this she succeeds admirably. Miss Kershaw made her professional debut in the difficult rôle of Desdemona, an ambitious start for a stage career. This was ten years ago, and she has been playing leading rôles ever succeeding another of the younger actresses who has found the training she needed in the difficult work furnished by repertoire and stock companies. "Marching through Georgia," a melodrama at the old Fourteenth Street Theater, served to introduce Miss Kershaw to a metropolitan audience.



Rita Tevis, the girl companion and fellow model of Valerie West

Drawn by Charles Dana Gibson Illustrating "The Common Law" By Robert W. Chambers

# The Common Law

A STORY OF LOVE AND THE STRUGGLE AGAINST TRADITION

### By Robert W. Chambers

Author of "The Fighting Chance," "The Younger Set," "The Danger Mark," etc.

#### Illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters: Louis Neville, a wealthy and well-known young artist, is disturbed by a ring at his studio bell. Answering it, he finds at the door a young woman, Valerie West, seeking employment as a model. He gives a negative answer, but something about her touches him to sympathy, and he invites her in to leave her name and address. He indifferently begins to tabulate her qualifications when her lifted veil discloses an unusual beauty. "How much time can you give me, provided your figure is as beautiful as your face?" is his next question. The answer being astisfactory, she is shown into the dressing-room to disrobe. A long time passes and many tears have been shed before she is ready for his critical judgment. She is pronounced practically faultless, and work is begun at once. He paints rapidly on until a gasp of pain from her warns him that she is about to fall, and he rushes to her. Then he learns that she has never posed before, and is all commiseration as he realizes how much it must have hurt her finer sensibilities to pose as she did. The incident puts them on a footing of camaraderie at once, for her education and culture are evident, as is his desire to shield her. There is luncheon in the studio and a long talk in which she discloses that she has had no real girlhood and is starved for a chance to have intellectual friends and make a decent living. She has tried the theater and left it—because the has principles.

he has principles.

Thus begins her career, followed by happy days in Neville's studio, in posing for friends of his, in gaieties and innocent sentimentalities shared with more or less gay devotees of art. Neville—Kelly, his friends call him—alone is always serious, but as the days pass a note of tendemess creeps into his talk with her and more than a shade of annoyance when she tells him of associating with other men. He begins work on her portrait, but his hand seems to have lost its cunning, and he becomes perturbed and irritable. He goes with a popular brother artist, José Querida, for a week-end at his sister's country home. In the gay party there is Stephanie Swift, who, according to Neville's sister, considers herself engaged to him. She, with the others, banters him about his pretty model. His defense of her angers his sister, who upbraids him. His reply is unyielding, and its spontaneous warmth reveals to him that he is beginning to like the girl immensely. He decides to return to town that night, and when he realizes that he will arrive too late to talk to Valerie, he leaves a tête-â-tête with Stephanie to call her up in town. Light hearted, he goes back to Stephanie, plunges into the matter of their relationship and clears that up, then is whirled away, impatient to reach the city and have another word with Valerie before he sleeps.

V

OWARD the last of June Neville left town to spend a month with his father and mother at their summer home near Portsmouth. Valerie had already gone to the mountains with Rita Tevis, gaily refusing her address to everybody. Packing their steamer-trunks and satchels, the two young girls had departed trium-phantly for the unindicated but modest boarding-house tucked away somewhere amid the hills of Delaware County, determined to enjoy every minute of a vacation well earned, and a surcease from the round of urban and suburban gaiety which the advent of July made a labor instead of a relaxation.

From some caprice or other Valerie had decided that her whereabouts should remain unknown even to Neville. And for a week it suited her perfectly. She swam in the stump-pond with Rita, drove a buckboard with Rita, fished industriously with Rita, played tennis on a rutty court, danced rural dances at a "platform," went to church and

giggled like a schoolgirl, and rocked madly on the veranda in a rickety rocking-chair, demurely tolerant of the adoration of two boys working their way through college, a smartly dressed and very confident drummer doing his two weeks, and several assorted and ardent young men who, at odd moments, had persuaded her to straw rides and soda at the village druggist's. And all the while she giggled with Rita in a most shameless and undignified fashion, went about hatless, with hair blowing and sleeves rolled up; decorated a donation party at the local minister's and flirted with him till his gold-rimmed eye-glasses protruded; behaved like a thoughtful and considerate angel to the old, uninteresting, and infirm; romped like a young goddess with the adoring children of the boarders, and was fiercely detested by the crocheting spinsters rocking in acidulated rows on the piazza.

The table was meager and awful and pruneful; but she ate with an appetite that amazed Rita, whose sophisticated palate was grossly insulted thrice daily.

"How on earth you can contrive to eat that hash," she said resentfully, "I don't

\* This story began in the November issue of the Cosmopolitan

understand. When my chocolates give out I'll quietly starve in a daisy-field somewhere."

"Close your eyes and pretend you and Sam are dining at the Knickerbocker," suggested Valerie cheerfully. "That's what I do when the food doesn't appeal to me. Sometimes with Louis Neville, sometimes with Querida," she said frankly. "It helps the hash wonderfully. Try it, dear. Close your eyes and visualize some agreeable man, and the food isn't so very awful."

Rita laughed. "I'm not as fond of men as that."

"Aren't you? I am. I do like an agreeable man, and I don't mind saying so."

"I've observed that," said Rita, still

"Of course you have. I've spent too many years without them not to enjoy them now—bless their funny hearts!"

"I'm glad there are no men here," observed Rita.

"But there are men here," said Valerie innocently.

"Substitutes. Lemons."

"The minister is superficially educated—"

"He's a muff."

"A nice muff. I let him pat my gloved

"You wicked child. He's married."

"He only patted it in spiritual emphasis, dear. Married or single he's more agreeable to me than that multicolored drummer. I let the creature drive me to the post-office in a buckboard, and he continued to sit closer until I took the reins, snapped the whip, and drove at a gallop over that terrible stony road. And he is so fat that it nearly killed him. It killed all sentiment in him, anyway."

Rita, stretched lazily in a hammock and displaying a perfectly shod foot and silken ankle to the rage of the crocheters on the veranda, said dreamily,

"The unfortunate thing about us is that we know too much to like the only sort of men who are likely to want to marry us."

men who are likely to want to marry us."
"What of it?" laughed Valerie. "We don't want to marry them—or anybody.
Do we?"

"Don't you?"

"Don't I what?"

"Want to get married?"
"I should think not."

"Never?"

"Not if I feel about it as I do now. I've

never had enough play, Rita. I've missed all those years that you've had—that most girls have had. I never had any boys to play with. That's really all I am doing now—playing with grown-up boys. That's all I am—merely a grown-up girl with a child's heart."

"A heart of gold," murmured Rita, "you darling."

"Oh, it isn't all gold, by any means! It's full of silver whims and brassy selfishness and tin meannesses and senseless ideas—full of fiery, coppery mischief, too; and, sometimes, I think, a little malice—perhaps a kind of diluted deviltry. But it's a hungry heart, dear, hungry for laughter and companionship and friendship—with a capacity for happiness! Ah, you don't know, dear—you never can know how capable I am of friendship and happiness!"

"And—sentiment?"
"I—don't—know."

"Better watch out, sweetness!"

"I do."

Rita said thoughtfully, swinging in her hammock: "Sentiment, for us, is no good. I've learned that."

"You?"
"Of course."
"How?"

"Experience," said Rita carelessly. "Every girl is bound to have it. She doesn't have to hunt for it, either."

"Were you ever in love?" asked Valerie curiously.

"Now, dear, if I ever had been happily in love is it likely you wouldn't know it?"

in love is it likely you wouldn't know it?"
"I suppose so," said Valerie. She added, musingly, "I wonder what will become of me if I ever fall in love."

"If you take my advice you'll run."
"Run? Where, for goodness' sake?"
"Anywhere until you become convales-

cent."

"That would be a ridiculous idea," remarked Valerie, so seriously that Rita began

"You sweet thing," she said, "it's a million chances that you'd be contented only with the sort of man who wouldn't marry you."

"Because I'm poor, you mean? On because I am working for my living?"

"Both-and then some."

"What else?"

"Why, the only sort of men who'd attract you have come out of their own world of

their own accord to play about for a while in our world. They can go back; that is the law. But they can't take us with them."

"They'd be ashamed, you mean?" "Perhaps not. A man is likely enough to try. But alas! for us if we're silly enough to go. I tell you, Valerie, that their world is full of mothers and sisters and feminine relatives and friends who could no more endure us than they would permit us to endure them. It takes

courage for a man to ask us to go into that world with him; it takes more for us to do it. And our courage is vain. We stand no chance. It means a rupture of all his relations; and a drifting-not into our world, not into his, but into a horrible midway void, peopled by derelicts. I know, dear, believe me. And I say that to fall in love is no good, no use, for us. We've been spoiled for what we might once have found satisfactory. We are people without a class, you and I."

Valerie laughed. "That gives us the more liberty, doesn't it?"

"It's up to us, dear. We are our own law, social and spiritual. If we live inside it we are not going to be any too happy. If we live without it-I don't know. Sometimes I wonder whether some of the pretty girls you and I see at Rector's-"

"I've wondered, too. They look happy-some of them.

"I suppose they are—for a while. But the worst of it is that it never lasts."

"I suppose not." Valerie pondered, grave, velvet eyed, idly twisting a grass-stem. "After all," she said, "perhaps a brief happiness-with love-is worth the consequences."

"Many women risk it. I wonder how many men, if social conditions were reversed, would risk it? Not many, Valerie."

They remained silent; Rita lay in the shadow of the maples, eyes closed; Valerie

plaited her grass-stems with absent-minded industry.

"I never yet wished to marry a man," she observed presently.

Rita made no response.

"Because," continued the girl with quaint precision, "I never yet wanted anything that was not offered freely; even friendship. I think-I don't know, but I think-if any man offered me love, and I found that I could respond—I think that, if I took

it. I'd be contented with love and



A smartly dressed and very confident drummer

ask nothing further, wish nothing elseunless he wanted it, too."

Rita opened her eyes.

Valerie, plaiting her grass very deftly, niled to herself. "I don't know much smiled to herself. about love, Rita; but I believe it is supreme contentment. And if it is, what is the use of asking for more than contents one?"

"It's safer."

"Oh, I know that. I've read enough newspapers and novels and real literature to know that. Incidentally the Scriptures

treat of it. But, after all, love is love. You can't make it more than it is by law and custom; you can't make it less; you can't summon it; you can't dismiss it. And I believe that I'd be inclined to take it, however offered, if it were really love."

"That is unmoral, dear," said Rita, smil-

"I'm not unmoral, am I?"

"Well, your philosophy sounds pagan." "Does it? Then, as you say, perhaps I'd better run if anything resembling love threatens me."

"The nymphs ran—in pagan times."

"And the gods ran after them," returned Valerie, laughing. "I've a very fine specimen of god as a friend, by the way. A Protean gentleman with three quick-change stunts. He's a perfectly good god, too, but he never ran after me or tried to kiss me."

"You don't mean Querida, then."

"No. He's no god.

"Demigod?"

"Not even that," said Valerie; "he's a sentimental shepherd who likes to lie with his handsome head in a girl's lap and make lazy eyes at her."

"I know," nodded Rita. "Look out for

that shepherd."

"Does he bite?"

"No; there's the trouble. Anybody can

pet him."

Valerie laughed, turned over, and lay at length on her stomach in the grass, exploring the verdure for a four-leaf clover. "I never yet found one," she said cheerfully. "But then, I've never before seen much grass except in the park."

"Didn't you ever go to the country?" "No. Mother was a widow and bedridden. We had a tiny income; I have it now. But it wasn't enough to take us to

the country."

"Didn't you work?"

"I couldn't leave mother. Besides, she wished to educate me."

"Didn't you go to school?"

"Only a few months. We had father's books. We managed to buy a few more, or borrow them from the library. And that is how I was educated, Rita-in a room with a bedridden mother."

"She must have been well educated." "I should think so. She was a college graduate. When I was fifteen I took the examinations for Barnard-knowing, of

course, that I couldn't go-and passed in everything. If mother could have spared me I could have had a scholarship.

"That was hard luck, wasn't it, dear?"

"N-no. I had mother-as long as she lived. After she died I had what she had given me-and she had the education of a cultivated woman; she was a lover of the best in literature and in art, a woman gently bred, familiar with sorrow and privation.'

"If you choose," said Rita, "you are equipped for a governess, or a lady's com-

panion, or a secretary."

"I suppose I am. Before I signed with Schindler I advertised, offering myself as a teacher. How many replies do you suppose I received?'

"How many?"

"Not one.

"I suppose you couldn't Rita sighed.

afford to go on advertising."

"No, and I couldn't afford to wait. Mother's burial took all the little income. I was glad enough when Schindler signed me. But a girl can't remain long with Schindler."

"I know."

Valerie plucked a grass-blade and bit it in two reflectively. "It's a funny sort of a world, isn't it, Rita?"

"Very humorous-if you look at it that

way."

"Don't you?" "Not entirely."

Valerie glanced up at the hammock. "How did you happen to become a model, Rita?"

"I'm a clergyman's daughter; what do you expect?" she said with smiling bitterness.

"You!"

"From Massachusetts, dear. The blue-light elders got on my nerves. I wanted to study music, too, with a view to opera." She laughed unpleasantly.

"Was your home life unhappy, dear?" "Does a girl leave happiness?

"You didn't run away, did you?" "I did-straight to the metropolis as a

moth to its candle.'

Valerie waited, then, timidly: "Did you care to tell me any more, dear? I thought perhaps you might like me to ask you. It isn't curiosity."

"I know it isn't, you blessed child! I'll tell you some day, perhaps. Pull the rope and set me swinging, please. Isn't this

sky delicious, glimpsed through the green leaves? Fancy your not knowing the happiness of the country! I've always known it. Perhaps the trouble was I had too much of it. My town was an ancient, respectable, Revolutionary relic set in a very beautiful rolling country near the sea; but I suppose I caught the infection—the country rolled, the breakers rolled, and finally I rolled out of it all—over and over plump into Gotham! And I didn't land on my feet, either. You are correct, Valerie; there is something humorous about this world. There's one of the jokes, now!" as a native passed, hunched up on a dashboard, driving a horse and a heifer in double harness.

"Shall we go to the post-office with him?" cried Valerie, jumping to her feet.

"Now, dear, what is the use of our going to the post-office when nobody knows our address and we never could possibly expect

"That is true," said Valerie pensively. "Rita, I'm beginning to think I'd like to have a letter. I believe-I believe

Rita, closing her eyes. She opened them presently and said:

"I've a nice little writing-case in my trunk. Sam presented it. Bring it out here if you're going to write."

The next time she unclosed her eyes Valerie sat cross-legged on the grass by the hammock, the writing-case on her lap, scribbling away as though she really enjoyed it. The letter was to Neville. It ran on:

Rita is asleep in a hammock; she's too pretty for words. I love her. Why? Because she loves me,

silly.
I'm a very responsive individual, Kelly, and a

The letter was to Neville



I want you to write me. Also, pray be flattered; you are the only person on earth who now has my address. I may send it to José Querida; but that is none of your business. When I saw the new is none of your business. moon on the stump-pond last night I certainly did wish for Querida and a canoe. He can sing very

charmingly.

Now I suppose you want to know under what circumstances I have permitted myself to wish for you. If you talk to a man about another man he always attempts to divert the conversation to himself. Yes, he does. And you are no better than other men, Louis-not exempt from their vanities and cunning little weaknesses. Are you?

Well, then, as you admit that you are thoroughly masculine, I'll admit that deep in a corner of my heart I've wished for you a hundred times. The moon suggests Querida; but about everything sug-

gests you. Now are you flattered?

Anyway, I do want you. I like you, Louis! I like you, Mr. Neville! And oh, Kelly, I worship you, without sentiment or any nonsense in reserve. You are life, you are happiness, you are gaiety, you

are inspiration, you are contentment.

I wonder if it would be possible for you to come up here for a day or two after your visit to your parents is ended. I'd adore it. You'd probably hate it. Such food! Such beds! Such people! But could you—would you—come just to walk in the heavenly green with me? I wonder.

And, Louis, I'd row you about on the majestic

expanse of the stump-pond, and we'd listen to the Can you desire anything more romantic?

The trouble with you is that you're romantic only on canvas. Anyway, I can stir you to sentiment. Can I? True, I never tried. But if you come here, and conditions are favorable, and you are so inclined, and I am feeling lonely, nobody can tell what might happen in a flat scow on the stumppond.

To be serious for a moment, Louis, I'd really love to have you come. You know I never before saw the real country; I'm a novice in the woods and fields, and, somehow, I'd like to have you share my novitiate in this—as you did when I first came to you. It is a curious feeling I have about anything new; I wish you to experience it with me.

Rita is awake and is exploring a bonbon-box which is about empty. Be a Samaritan and send me some assorted chocolates. Be a god, and send me some assorted choicates. Be a god, and send me something to read—anything, please, from Jacobs to James. There's latitude for you. Be a man, and send me yourself. You have no idea how welcomed you'd be. The chances are that I'd seize you and embrace you. But if you're willing to run that risk, take your courage in both hands and come.

Your friend, VALERIE WEST.

The second week of her sojourn she caught a small pickerel-the only fish she had ever caught in all her life. And she tearfully begged the yokel who was rowing her to replace the fish in its native element. But it was too late; and she and Rita ate her victim, sadly, for dinner.

At the end of the week an enormous box

of bonbons came for her. Neither she nor Rita was very well next day, but a letter from Neville did wonders to restore abused Other letters, at intervals. digestion. cheered her immensely, as did baskets of fruit and boxes of chocolates and a huge case of books of all kinds.

"Never," she said to Rita, "did I ever hear of such an angel as Louis Neville. When he comes the first of August I want you to keep tight hold of me, because, if he flees my demonstrations, I feel quite

equal to running him down."

But, curiously enough, it was a rather silent and subdued young girl in white who offered Neville a shy and sun-tanned hand as he descended from the train and came forward, straw hat under one arm, to greet her.

"How well you look!" he exclaimed "I never saw such a flawless laughingly. specimen of healthy perfection!"

"Oh, I know I look like a milkmaid, Kelly; I've behaved like one, too. Did you ever see such a skin? Do you suppose this sunburn will ever come off?"

"Instead of snow and roses you're strawberries and cream," he said, "and it's just as fetching, Valerie. How are you, any-

way?"

"Barely able to sit up and take nourishment," she admitted demurely. "I don't think you look particularly vigorous," she added, more seriously. "You are brown, but thin."

"Thin as a scorched pancake," he nodded. "The ocean was like a vast plate of clamsoup in which I simmered several times a day until I've become as leathery and attenuated as a punctured pod of kelp. Where's the rig we depart in, Valerie?" he concluded, looking around the sunscorched, wooden platform with a smiling interest.

"I drove down to meet you in a buckboard."

"Splendid. Is there room for my suitcase?"

"Plenty. I brought yards of rope."

They walked to the rear of the station, where buckboard and horse stood tethered to a tree. He fastened his suit-case to the rear of the vehicle, swathing it securely in fathoms of rope; she sprang in, he followed; but she begged him to let her drive, and pulled on a pair of weather-faded gloves with a businesslike air which was

enchanting. So he yielded seat and rusty reins to her; whip in hand she steered the fat horse through the wilderness of arriving and departing carriages of every rural style and description, drove across the railroad track, and turned up a mountain road-a gradual ascent bordered heavily by blackberry, raspberry, thimbleberry, and wild grape, and flanked by young growths of beech and maple set here and there with hemlock and white pine. But the characteristic foliage was laurel and rhododendron -endless stretches of the glossy undergrowth fringing every woodland, every diamond-clear watercourse.

"It must be charming when it's in blossom," he said, drawing the sweet air of the uplands deep into his lungs. "These streams look exceedingly like trout, too.

How high are we?"

"Two thousand feet in the pass, Kelly. The hills are much higher. You need blankets at night." She turned her head and smilingly considered him. "I can't yet believe you are here."

"I've been trying to realize it, too." "Did you come in your favorite cloud?"

"No; on an exceedingly dirty train." "You've a cinder-mark on your nose." "Thanks." He gave her his handkerchief, and she wiped away the smear.

"How long can you stay? Oh! don't answer! Please forget I asked you. When you've got to go just tell me a few minutes before your departure. The main thing in life is to shorten unhappiness as much as possible. That is Rita's philosophy."

"Is Rita well?"

"Perfectly-thanks to your bonbons. She doesn't precisely banquet on the fare here, poor dear! But then," she added philosophically, "what can a girl expect on eight dollars a week? Besides, Rita has been spoiled. I am not unaccustomed to fasting when what is offered does not interest me."

"You mean that boarding-house of yours

"Yes. Also when mother and I kept house with an oil stove and two rooms the odor of medicine and my own cooking left me rather indifferent to the pleasures of Lucullus.'

"You poor child!"

"Not at all to be pitied—as long as I had mother," she said, with a quiet gravity that silenced him.

Up, up, and still up they climbed, the fat horse walking leisurely, nipping at blackberry leaves here, snatching at tender maple twigs there. The winged mountain beauties—Diana's butterflies—bearing on their velvety, blue-black pinions the silver bow of the goddess, flitted ahead of the horse-celestial pilots to the tree-clad heights beyond. Save for the noise of the horse's feet and the crunch of narrow, iron-tired wheels, the stillness was absolute under the azure splendor of the heavens.

"I am not yet quite at my ease—quite accustomed to it," she said.

"To what, Valerie?"

"To this stillness; to the remote horizons. At night the vastness of things, the height of the stars, fascinates me to the edge of uneasiness. And sometimes I go and sit in my room for a while-to reassure myself. You see, I am used to an enclosure—the walls of a room, the walled-in streets of New York. It's like suddenly stepping out of a cellar to the edge of eternal space, and looking down into nothing."

"Is that the way these rolling hillocks of Delaware County impress you?" he

asked, laughing.

"Yes, Kelly. If I ever found myself in the Alps I believe the happiness would so utterly overawe me that I'd remain in my hotel under the bed. What are you laughing at? Voluptates commendat rarior usus."

'Sit tua cura sequi, me duce tutus eris!" he laughed, mischievously testing her limit

of Latin.

"Plus è medico quam è morbo periculi!" she answered saucily.

"You cunning little thing!" he exclaimed;

"vix a te videor posse tenere manus!"

"Di melius, quam nos moneamus talia quenquam!" she said demurely. "Louis, we are becoming silly! Besides, I probably know more Latin than you do, as it was my mother's favorite relaxation to teach me to speak it. And I imagine that your

limit was your last year at Harvard."
"Upon my word!" he exclaimed; "I never was so snubbed and patronized in all

'Beware then!" she retorted, with an enchanting sideway glance. "Noli me tangere!" At the same instant he was aware of her arm in light, friendly contact against his, and heard her musing aloud in deep contentment.

"Such perfect satisfaction to have you

again, Louis. The world is a gray void

without the gods.

And so, leisurely, they breasted the ascent and came out across the height-of-land. Here and there a silvery ghost of the shorn forest stood, now almost mercifully hidden in the green foliage of hardwood, worthlessly young as yet, but beautiful.

From tree to tree flickered the brilliant woodpeckers-they of the solid crimson head and ivory-barred wings. The great vermilion-tufted cock-o'-the-woods called querulously; over the steel-blue stumpponds the blue kingfishers soared against the blue. It was a sky-world of breezy bushes and ruffled waters, of pathless fields and dense young woodlands, of limpid streams clattering over greenish white rocks, pouring into waterfalls, spreading through wild meadows set with iris and pink azalea.

"How is the work going, Louis?" she asked, glancing at him askance.

"It's stopped." "A cause de-?"

"Je n'en sais rien, Valerie."

She flicked the harness with her whip absently. He also leaned back, thoughtfully intent on the blue hills in the distance. "Has not your desire to paint returned?"

"Do you know why?"

"Partly. I am up against a solid wall. There is no thoroughfare.'

"Make one."

"Through the wall?" "Straight through it."

"Ah, yes," he murmured, "but what lies beyond?'

"It would spoil the pleasures of anticipation to know beforehand."

He turned to her. "You are good for me.

Do you know it?"

"Querida said that, too. He said that I was an experience; and that all good work is made up of experiences that concern it only indirectly.'

"'Do you like Querida?" he asked curi-

ously.

"Sometimes." "Not always?"

"Oh, yes, always more or less. But some-times—"she was silent, her dark eyes dreaming, lips softly parted.

"What do you mean by that?" he in-

quired carelessly.

"By what, Louis?" she asked naively, interrupted in her day-dream.

"By hinting that sometimes you like Ouerida more than at others?'

"Why, I do," she said frankly. "Besides, I don't hint things; I say them." She had turned her head to look at him. Their eyes met in silence for a few moments.

"You are funny about Querida," she said.

"Don't you like him?"

"I have no reason to dislike him."

"Oh! Is it the case of Sabidius? 'Non amo te, Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare!""

He laughed uneasily. "Oh, no, I think not. You and he are such excellent friends that I certainly ought to like him anyway."

But she remained silent, musing, and on the edge of her upcurled lip he saw the faint smile lingering, then fading, leaving the

oval face almost expressionless.

So they drove past the one-story postoffice, where a group of young people stood awaiting the arrival of the stage with its battered mail-bags; past the stump-pond where Valerie had caught her first and only fish, past a few weather-beaten farmhouses. a whitewashed church, a boarding-house or two, a village store, a watering-trough. and then drove up to the wooden veranda, where Rita rose from a rocker and came forward with hand outstretched.

"Hello, Rita!" he said, giving her hand a friendly shake. "Why didn't you drive

down with Valerie?"

That child would have burst into tears at such a suggestion.'

"Probably," said Valerie calmly. wanted him for myself. Now that I've had him I'll share him."

She sprang lightly to the veranda, ignoring Neville's offered hand with a smile. A hired man took away the horse; a boy picked up his suit-case and led the way.

"I'll be back in a moment," he said to

Valerie and Rita.

Neville, seated on the veranda with Valerie and Rita in the long summer twilight, looked around him at scenes quite new to him. On the lumpy croquet-ground, where battered wickets and stakes awry constituted the center of social activity after supper, some young girls were playing in partnership with young men, hatless, striped of shirt, and of very, very yellow foot-gear.

Children, neither very clean nor very dirty, tumbled noisily about the remains of a tennis-court or played baseball in the dusty road. Ominous sounds arose from



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

It was a rather silent and subdued young girl in white who offered Neville a shy and sun-tanned hand as he descended from the train and came forward to greet her

the parlor piano, where a gaunt maiden lady rested one spare hand among the keys while the other languidly pawed the music of the "Holy City."

Somewhere in the house a baby was being spanked and sent to bed. There came the clatter of dishes from the wrecks of the rite in the kitchen, accompanied by the warm perfume of dishwater.

But, little by little, the high stars came out, and the gray veil fell gently over unloveliness and squalor; little by little the raucous voices were h hed; the scuffle and clatter and the stringy noise of the piano died away,

till, distantly, the wind awoke in the woods, and very far away the rushing music of a little brook sweetened the silence.

Rita, who had been reading yesterday's paper by the lamplight which streamed over her shoulder from the open parlor window, sighed, stifled a yawn, laid the paper aside, and drew her pretty wrap around her shoul-ders. "It's absurd," she said plaintively, "but in this place I become horribly sleepy by nine o'clock. You won't mind if I go up, will you?"
"Not if you feel that way about it," he

said, smiling.

"Oh, Rita!" said Valerie reproachfully, "I thought we were going to row Louis

about on the stump-pond!"

"I am too sleepy; I'd merely fall overboard," said Rita simply, gathering up her bonbons. "Louis, you'll forgive me, won't you? I don't understand why, but that

child never sleeps."

They rose to bid her good night. Valerie's finger-tips rested a moment on Neville's sleeve in a light gesture of excuse for leaving him and of promise to return. Then she went away with Rita. When she returned the piazza was deserted except for Neville, who stood on the steps smoking and looking out across the misty waste.

"I usually go up with Rita," she said.
"Rita is a dear. But do you know, I believe she is not a particularly happy girl."

"Why?"

"I don't know why. After all, such a life—hers and mine—is only happy if you make it so. And I don't believe she tries to make it so. Perhaps she doesn't care. She is very young and very pretty—too young and pretty to be so indifferent, so tired."

She stood on the step behind and above him, looking down at his back and his wellset shoulders. They were inviting, those firm, broad, young shoulders of his; and she laid both hands on them.

"Shall I row you about in the flatboat,

"I'll do the paddling-"

"Not by any means. I like to row, if you please. I have cold cream and a pair of gloves, so that I shall acquire no blisters."

They walked together out to the road and along it, she holding to her skirts and his arm, until the star-lit pond came

into view.

Afloat in the ancient, weedy craft he watched her slender strength mastering the clumsy oars—watched her, idly charmed with her beauty and the quaint, childish pleasure that she took in maneuvering among the shoreward lily-pads and stumps till clear water was reached and the little misty wavelets came slap! slap! against the bow.

"If you were Querida you'd sing in an exceedingly agreeable tenor," she observed.

"Not being Querida, and laboring further under the disadvantage of a barytone, I won't," he said.

"Please, Louis."

"Oh, very well—if you feel as romantic as that." And he began to sing

My wife's gone to the country, Hurrah! Hurrah!

"Louis! Stop it! Do you know you are positively corrupt to do such a thing at such a time as this?"

"Well, it's all I know, Valerie--"

"I could cry!" she said indignantly, and maintained a dangerous silence until they drifted into the still waters of the outlet, where the starlight silvered the sedge-grass and feathery foliage formed a roof above. Into the leafy tunnel they floated, oars shipped; she, cheek on hand, watching the fireflies over the water; he, rid of his cigarette, motionless in the stern.

After they had drifted half a mile she seemed disinclined to resume the oars; so he crossed with her, swung the boat, and drove it, foaming, against the silent current.

On the return they said very little. She stood pensive, distrait, as he tied the boat, then—for the road was dark and uneven—took his arm and turned away beside him. "I'm afraid I haven't been very amusing

company," he ventured.

She tightened her arm in his—a momentary, gentle pressure. "I'm merely too happy to talk," she said. "Does that answer satisfy you?"

Touched deeply, he took her hand which rested so lightly on his sleeve—a hand so soft and fine of texture, so cool and fresh and slender that the youth and fragrance of it drew his lips to it. Then he reversed it and kissed the palm.

it and kissed the palm.
"Why, Louis," she said, "I didn't think
you could be so sentimental."

"Is that sentimental?"

"Isn't it?"

"It rather looks like it, doesn't it?"

"Rather."

"Did you mind?"

"No. Only—you and I—it seems superfluous. I don't think anything you would do could make me like you more than I do."

"You sweet little thing!"

"No, only loyal, Kelly. I can never alter toward you."

"What's that? A vow!"

"Yes, of constancy and of friendship eternal."

"'Nomen amicitia est; nomen inane fides!
—Friendship is only a name constancy an empty title,'" he quoted.

"Do you believe that?"

"Constancy is an honest wish, but a dishonest promise," he said. "You know it

lies with the gods, Valerie."

"So they say. But I know myself. And I know that, however I may ever care for anybody else, it can never be at your expense, at the cost of one atom of my regard for you. As I care for you now, so have I from the beginning, so will I to the end; care more for you, perhaps, but never less, Louis. And that I know.

More deeply moved than he perhaps cared to be, he walked on slowly in silence, measuring his step to hers. In the peace of the midnight world, in the peace of her presence, he was aware of a tranquillity, a rest, that he had not known in weeks. Vaguely first, then uneasily, he remembered that he had not known it since her departure, and shook off the revelation with instinctive recoil, dismissed it, smiled at it to have done with it. For such things could

not happen.

The woods were fragrant as they passed; a little rill, swelling from a thicket of tangled jewel-weed, welled up, bubbling in the starlight. She knelt down and drank from her cupped hands, and offered him the same sweet cup, holding it fragrantly to his lips. And there, on their knees under the stars, he touched her full, childlike lips with his; and, laughing, she let him kiss her againbut not a third time, swaying back from her knees to avoid him, then rising lithely to

"The poor nymph and the great god Kelly!" she said; "a new hero for the pantheon, a new dryad to weep over. Kelly, I believe your story of your golden cloud, now."

"Didn't you credit it before?"

"But now that I've kissed you, you do believe it?'

"Y-yes."

"Then to fix that belief more firmly-" "Oh, no, you musn't, Kelly," she cried, her soft voice hinting of hidden laughter. "I'm quite sure that my belief is very firmly fixed. Hear me recite my creed. Credo! I believe that you are the great god Kelly, perfectly capable of traveling about wrapped in a golden cloud-

"You are mocking at the gods!"
"No, I'm not. Who am I to affront "No, I'm not. Olympus? Wh-what are you going to do, Kelly? Fly to the sacred wount with me?"

But she suffered his arm to remain around her waist as they moved slowly on through the darkness.

"How long are you going to stay? Tell I'm as tragically curious as me, Louis. Pandora and Psyche and Bluebeard's wife, melted into the one and eternal feminine. "I'm going to-morrow."

"Oh-h," she said softly.

He was silent. They walked on, she with her head bent a little.

"Didn't you want me to?" he asked at

length.

"Not if you care to stay. I never want what those I care for are indifferent about." "I am not indifferent. I think I had bet-

ter go."

"Is the reason important?"

"I don't know, Valerie-I don't really

He was thinking of this new and sweet familiarity, something suddenly born into being under the wide stars, something that had not been a moment since, and now was, something invoked by the vastness of earth and sky, something confirmed by the wind in the forest.

"I had better go," he said.

Her silence acquiesced; they turned into the ragged lawn, ascended the dew-wet steps, and then he released her waist.

The hallways were dark and deserted as they mounted the stairs side by side.

"This is my door," she said. "Mine is on the next floor." "Then, good night, Louis."

He took her hand in silence. After a moment she released it, laid both hands lightly on his shoulders, lifted her face, and kissed

"Good night," she said. "You have made this a very happy day in my life. Shall I see you in the morning?"

"I'm afraid not. I left word to have a horse ready at daylight. It is not far from that now.

"Then I shall not see you again?" "Not until you come to New York."

"Couldn't you come back for a day? Querida is coming. Sammy and Harry Annan are coming up over Sunday. Couldn't

"Valerie, dear, I could-" he checked himself; thought for a while until the strain of his set teeth aroused him to consciousness of his own emotion. Rather white, he looked at her, searching for the best phrase,

for it was already threatening to be a matter of phrases now, of forced smiles, and some breathing spot fit for the leisure of self-examination.

"I'm going back to paint," he said. "Those commissions have waited long enough."

He strove to visualize his studio, to summon up the calm routine of the old régime -as though the colorless placidity of the past could steady him.

"Will you need me?" she asked.

"Later, of course. Just now I've a lot of men's figures to deal with-that symbolical affair for the new court-house."

"Then you don't need me?"

"No."

She thought a moment, slim fingers resting on the knob of her door, standing partly turned away from him. Then, opening her door, she stepped inside, hesitated, looked back. "Good-by, Louis dear," she said gently.

VI

NEVILLE had begun to see less and less of Valerie West. When she first returned from the country in September she had come to the studio and given him three or four mornings on the portrait which he had begun early in the summer. But the painting of it involved him in difficulties entirely foreign to him, difficulties born of technical timidity, of the increasing and inexplicable lack of self-confidence. And, deeply worried, he laid it aside. A dull, unreasoning anxiety possessed him. Those who had given him commissions to execute were commencing to importune him for re-He had never before disappointed any client. Valerie could be of very little service to him in the big mural decorations which, almost in despair, he had abruptly started. Here and there, in the imposing compositions designed for the court-house, a female figure, or a group of figures, was required, but, in the main, male figures filled the preliminary cartoons.

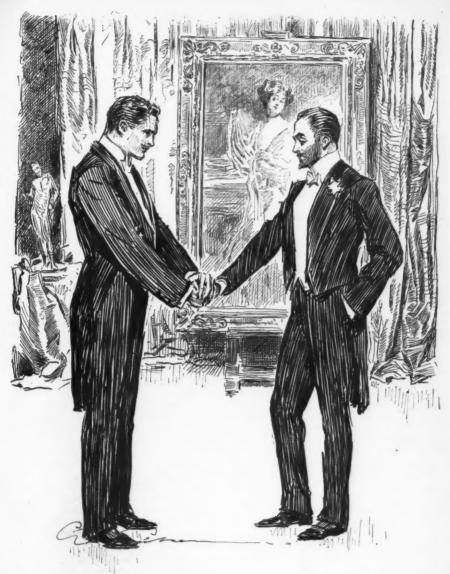
His studio was a confusion of silks, cut velvets, tapestries, embroideries, carpets of the East, lay figures glittering with replicas of priceless armor. Delicate fabrics trailed over chair and floor almost under foot; inlaid and gem-hilted weapons, illuminated missals, glass-cased papyri, gilded zones, fillets, girdles, robes of fur, hoods, wallets, helmets, hats, lay piled up, everywhere in

methodical disorder. And into and out of the studio passed male models of all statures, all ages, venerable, bearded men. men in their prime, men with the hardhammered features and thick, sinewy necks of gladiators, men slender and pallid as dreaming scholars, youths that might have worn the gold-red elf-locks and the shoulder cloak of Venice, youths chiseled in a beauty as dark and fierce as David wore when the mailed giant went crashing earthward under the smooth round pebble from his sling.

Valerie's turn in this splendid panoply was soon over. Even had she been so inclined there was, of course, no place for her to visit now, no place to sit and watch him among all these men. After hours, once or twice, she came in to tea-to gossip a little with the old-time ease, and barter with him epigram for jest, nonsense for inconsequence. Yet, subtly-after she had gone home-she felt the effort. Either he or she had imperceptibly changed; she knew not which was guilty; but she knew.

Besides, she herself was now in universal demand, and in the furor of her popularity she had been, from the beginning, forced to choose among a very few with whom she personally felt herself at ease, and to whom she had become confidently accustomed. Also, from the beginning, she had not found it necessary to sit undraped for many; a sculpture or two—Burleson and Cary Graves-Sam Ogilvy with his eternal mermaidens, Querida-nobody else. The other engagements had been for costume or, at most, for head and shoulders. Illustrators now clamored for her in modish garments of the moment-in dinner-gown, ball-gown, afternoon, carriage, motor, walking, tennis, golf, riding costumes; poster artists made her pretty features popular; photographs of her in every style of indoor and outdoor garb decorated advertisements in the backs of monthly magazines. She was seen turning on the water in model bathtubs, offering the admiring reader a box of bonbons, demurely displaying a brand of new hosiery, recommending cold cream, baked beans, railroad routes, tooth-powder, and real estate on Long Island.

Theatrical agents wrote her, making attractive offers for an engagement where showgirls were the ornamental carvatids which upheld the three tottering unities of Broadway. She had other opportunities, too—such as meeting several varieties of fashionable



DRAWN BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

Neville had gone to Querida and praised the work with a heart clean of anything unworthy

men of various ages, gentlemen prominently identified with the arts and sciences—the art of killing time and the science of enjoying the assassination. And some of these assorted gentlemen maintained extensive stables and drove tandems, spikes, and fours; and some were celebrated for their yachts, or motors, or prima donnas,

or business acumen, or charitable extravagances. Yes, truly, Valerie West was beginning to have many opportunities in this generously philanthropic world. And she was making a great deal of money—for her, but nothing like what she might very easily have made. And she knew it, young as she was. For it does not take very long to learn about such things when a girl is attempting to earn her living in this altru-

istic world.

"She'll spread her wings and go one of these days," observed Archie Allaire to Rita Tevis, who was posing as Psyche for one of his clever, thinly brushed, highkeyed studies very much after the manner and palette of Chaplin when they resembled neither Chartrain nor Zier nor any other artist temporarily in vogue. For he was an adaptable man, facile, adroit, a master navigator in trimming sail to the fitful breeze of popular favor. And his work was in great demand.

"She'll be decorating the tonneau of some big touring-car with crested panels, and there'll be a bunch of orchids in the crystal holder, and a Chow dog beside her, defying

the traffic squad-"

"No, she won't!" snapped Rita. "She's as likely to do that as she is to dine with

you again."

Allaire, caught off his guard, scowled with unfeigned annoyance. Repeated essays to ingratiate himself with Valerie had finally resulted in a dinner at the Astor and in her firm, polite, but uncompromising declination of all future invitations from him, either to sit for him or beside him under any circumstances and any conditions what-

"So that's your opinion, is it, Rita?" he inquired, keeping his light-blue eyes and thin wet brush busy on the canvas. "Well, sister, take it from muh, she thinks she's the big noise in the Great White Alley; but they're giving her the giggle behind

her back."

"That giggle may be directed at you, Archie," observed Rita scornfully; "you're usually behind her back, hoisting the C.

Q. D."
"Which is all right, too," he said, appar-

Atlantic City with Querida-"

"That is an utter falsehood," retorted Rita calmly. "Whoever told you that she went there with Querida, lied.'

"You think so?"

"I know so! She went alone."
"Then we'll let it go at that," said Allaire, so unpleasantly that Rita took fiery

"There is not a man living who has the right to look sideways at Valerie West! Everybody knows it-Neville, Querida,

Sam, John Burleson-even you know it! If a man or two has touched her finger-tips, her waist, her lips, perhaps, no man has obtained more than that of her, dared more than that! I have never heard that any man has ever even ventured to offend her ears, unless," she added with malice, "that is the reason that she accepts no more invitations from you and your intimate friends."

Allaire managed to smile and continue to paint. But later he found use for his palette-knife-which was unusual in a painter as clever as he and whose pride was in his technical skill with materials used

and applied premier coup.

With October came the opening of many theaters; a premature gaiety animated the hotels and restaurants; winter fabrics, hats, furs, gowns, appeared in shops; the glittering windows along Fifth Avenue reflected more limousines and fewer touring-bodies passing. Later opera-hats reappeared on the streets and in the lobbies; and when the Opera reopened, Long Island, Jersey, and Westchester were already beginning to pour in cityward, followed later by Newport, Lenox, and Bar Harbor. Gotham was beginning to be its own again, jacked up by the Horse Show, The New Theater, and the Opera; and by that energetic advertising trust company with its branches, dependencies, and mergers which is called Society, and which is a matter of eternal vigilance and desperate business instead of the relaxation of cultivated security in an accepted and acceptable order of things.

Among other minor incidents, almost local in character, the Academy and Society of American Artists opened its doors. And the exhibition averaged as well as it ever will, as badly as it ever had averaged. Allaire showed two portraits of fashionable women, done, this time, in the manner of Zorn, and quite as clever on the streaky surface. Sam Ogilvy proudly displayed another mermaid-Rita in the tub-and two babies from photographs and "chic" -very bad; but, as 'usual, it was very

quickly marked sold.

Annan had a portrait of his sister Alice, poorly painted and even recognized by some of her more intimate friends. Clive Gail offered one of his marines-waves splashing and dashing all over the canvas so realistically that women instinctively stepped back and lifted their skirts, and men looked vaguely around for a waiter-at least

Ogilvy said so. As for Neville, he had a single study to show—a full length—just the back and head and the soft contour of limbs melting into a luminously somber background—a masterpiece in technical perfection, which was instantly purchased by a wise and Western millionaire, and which left the public staring but unmoved.

But it was José Querida who dominated the whole show, flooding everything with the splendor of his sunshine so that all else in the same room looked cold or tawdry or washed out. His canvas, with its superbly vigorous drawing, at once became the sensation of the exhibition. Sunday supplements reproduced it with a photograph of Querida looking amiably at a statuette of Venus which he held in his long, tapering fingers; magazines tried to print it in two colors, in three, in dozens, and made fireworks of it, to Querida's inwardly suppressed agony and their own satisfaction. Serious young men wrote "appreciations" about it; serious young women published instructive discourses concerning it in the daily papers. Somebody in the valuable columns of the Tribune inquired whether Querida's painting was meant to be symbolical; somebody in the Nation said yes; somebody in the Sun said no; somebody in something or other explained its psychological subtleties; somebody in something else screamed "Bosh!"

Meanwhile the discussion was a godsend to fashionable diners-out and to those cultivated leaders of society who prefer to talk through the Opera and philharmonic.

In what the educated daily press calls the "world of art" and the "realm of literature," Querida's picture was discussed intelligently and otherwise, but it was discussed—from the squalid table d'hôte, where unmanicured genius punctures the air with patois and punches holes in it with frenzied thumbs, to quiet, cultivated homes, where community of taste restricts the calling lists; from the noisy studio where pianos and girls make evenings lively, to the austere bare boards or the velvet elegance of studios where authority and preciousness, and occasionally attainment, reside, and sometimes do not.

Neville was busy, but not too busy to go about in the evening among his own kind, and among other kinds, too. This unexpected resurgence within him of the social

instinct, he made no attempt to account for, to others or to himself. He had developed a mental and physical restlessness which was not yet entirely nervous, but it had become sufficiently itching to stir him out of fatigue when the long day's work had ended-enough to drive him out of the studio-at first merely to roam about at hazard through the livelier sections of the city. But to the lonely there is no lonelier place than a lively one; and the false brilliancy and gaiety drove him back upon himself and into his lair again, where for a while he remained meditating amid the somber menace of looming canvases and the heavy futility of dull-gold hangings and the mischievous malice of starlight splintering into a million incandescent rainbow rays through the sheet of glass above.

Out of this, after some days, he emerged, set in motion by his increasing restlessness. And it shoved him in the direction of his kind once more—and in the direction of other kinds.

He dined at his sister's in Seventy-ninth Street near Madison Avenue; he dined with the Grandcourts on Fifth Avenue; he decorated a few dances, embellished an opera box now and then, went to Lakewood and Tuxedo for week-ends, rode for a few days at Hot Springs, frequented his clubs, frequented Stephanie, frequented Maxim's. And all the while it seemed to him as though he were temporarily enduring something which required patience, which could not last forever, which must one day end in a great change, a complete transformation for himself, of himself, of the world around him and of his aim and hope and purpose in living. At moments, too, an odd sensation of expectancy came over him—the sense of waiting, of suppressed excitement. And he could not account for it.

Perhaps it concerned the finishing of his great mural frieze for the court-house—that is, the completion of the section begun in September. For, when it was done, and cleared out of his studio, and had been set in its place, framed by the rose and gold of marble and ormolu, a heavy reaction of relief set in, leaving him listless and indifferent at first, then idle, disinclined to begin the companion frieze; then again restless, discontented, tired, and lonely in that strange solitude which seemed to be growing wider and wider around him in rings of silence. Men praised and lauded the great

frieze; and he strove to respond, to believe them, to believe in the work and in himself, strove to shake off the terrible discouragement invading him, lurking always near to reach out and touch him, slinking at his heels from street to street, from room to room, skulking always just beyond the shadows that his reading-lamp cast.

Without envy, yet with profound sadness, he stood and faced the splendor of Querida's canvas. He had gone to Querida and taken his thin, olive-skinned hand in both his own, and had praised the work with a heart clean of anything unworthy. And Querida had laughed and displayed his handsome teeth, and returned compliment for compliment. And Neville had seen, on his dresser, a photograph of Valerie, signed in her long, girlish, angular hand—"To José from Valerie"; and the date was of midwinter.

Christmas came; he sent Valerie some furs and a note, and, before he went to Aiken to spend the holidays with his father and mother, he tried to get her on the telephone—tried half a dozen times. But she was either busy with business or with pleasure somewhere or other, and he never found her at home; so he went South without hearing

from her.

After he arrived, it is true, he received from her a cigarette-case and a very gay and frank Christmas greeting—happy and untroubled apparently, brimming with gossip, inconsequences, and nonsense. In it she thanked him for his letter and his gift, hoped he was happy with his parents, and expressed an almost conventional desire to

see him on his return.

Then his parents came back to New York with him. Two days before New Year's Day they went to Spindrift House instead of sailing for Egypt, where for some years they had been accustomed to spend the winter shivering at Shepherd's. And he and his sister and brother-in-law and Stephanie dined together that evening. But the plans they made to include him for a New Year's Eve home party remained uncertain as far as he was concerned. He was vague—could not promise—he himself knew not why. And they ceased to press him.

"You're growing thin and white," said Lily. "I believe you're getting painters'

colic."

"House-painters acquire that," he said,

smiling. "I'm not a member of their union vet."

"Well, you must use as much white lead as they do on those enormous canvases of yours. Why don't you start on a trip around the world, Louis?"

He laughed.

Later, after he had taken his leave, the suggestion reoccurred to him. He took enough trouble to think about it the next morning; sent out his servant to amass a number of folders advertising world-girdling tours of various attractions, read them while lunching, and sat and pondered. Why not? It might help. Because he certainly began to need help. He had gone quite stale. Querida was right; he ought to lie fallow. No ground could yield eternally without rest. Querida was clever enough to know that; and he had been stupid enough to ignore it, even disbelieve it, buoyed above apprehension by consciousness and faith in his own inexhaustible energy.

And, after all, something really seemed to have happened to him. He almost admitted it now for the first time—considered the proposition silently, wearily, without any definite idea of analyzing it, without

even the desire to solve it.

Somehow, at some time, he had lost pleasure in his powers, faith in his capacity, desire for the future. What had satisfied him yesterday, to-day became contemptible. Farther than ever, farther than the farthest stars receded the phantoms of the great masters. What they believed and endured and wrought and achieved seemed now not only hopelessly beyond any comprehension or attainment of his, but even beyond hope of humble discipleship. And always, horribly, like an obsession, was creeping over him in these days the conviction of some similarity between his work and the thin, clear, clever brushwork of Allaire-with all its mastery of ways and means, all its triumph over technical difficulties, all its tricks and subtle appeals, and its falsity, and its glamour.

Reflection, retrospection, sickened him. It was snowing and growing late when he wrote to a steamship agent making inquiries and asking for plans of staterooms. Then he had tea, alone there in the early winter dusk, with the firelight playing over Gladys, who sat in the full heat of the blaze, licking her only kitten, embracing

its neck with one maternal paw.

He dressed about six, intending to dine somewhere alone that New Year's Eve. The somewhere, as usual, ended at the Syrinx Club—or rather at the snowy portal—for there he collided with Samuel Strathclyde Ogilvy and Henry Knickerbocker Annan, and was seized and compelled to perform with them on the snowy sidewalk a kind of round dance resembling a powwow, which utterly scandalized the perfectly respectable

club porter, and immensely interested the

chauffeurs of a row of taxicabs in waiting.
"Come! Let up! This isn't the most dignified performance I ever assisted at,"

he protested.
"Who said it was dignified?" demanded "We're not hunting for dignity. Ogilvy. Harry and I came here in a hurry to find an undignified substitute for John Burleson. You're the man!"



BY CHARLES DANA GIBSON

One dream, one vision, one hallucination," said Annan, as he wafted three kisses from his gloved finger-tips in the general direction of Broadway

"Certainly," said Annan, "you're the sort of cheerful ass we need in our business. Come on! Some of these taxis belong to

"Where do you want me to go, you

crazy-"

"Now be nice, Louis," he said soothingly; "play pretty and don't kick and scream. Burleson was going with us to see the old year out at the Café Gigolette, but he's got laryngitis or some similar species of pip-

'I don't want to go-

"You've got to, dear friend. We've engaged a table for six-

Six!"

"Sure, dearie. In the college of experience co-education is a necessary evil. Step lively, son!'

"Who is going?"

"One dream, one vision, one hallucination-" he wafted three kisses from his gloved finger-tips in the general direction of Broadway-"and you, and Samuel, and I. Me lord, the taxi waits!"

"Now, Harry, I'm not feeling particu-

larly cheerful-

"But you will, dear friend; you will soon be feeling the Fifty-seven Varieties of cheerfulness. All kinds of society will be at the Gigolette-good, bad, fashionable, semifashionable—all imbued with the intellectual and commendable curiosity to see somebody 'start something.' And," he added modestly, "Sam and I are going to see what can be accomplished—"

"No; I won't go-"

But they fell upon him and fairly slid him into a taxi, beckoning two other similar vehicles to follow in procession.
"Now, dearie," simpered Sam, "don't you

feel better?"

Neville laughed and smoothed out the

nap of his top-hat.

They made three stops at three imposing-looking apartment-hotels between Sixth Avenue and Broadway-The Daisy, The Gwendolyn, The Sans Souci-where negro porters and hallboys were gorgeously conspicuous and the clerk at the desk seemed to be unusually popular with the guests. And after every stop there ensued a shifting of passengers in the taxicabs, until Neville found himself occupying the rear taxi in the procession, accompanied by a lively young lady in pink silk and swansdowna piquant face and pretty figure, white and smooth and inclined to a plumpness so far

successfully contended with by her corset-

"I have on my very oldest gown," she explained with violet-eyed animation, patting her freshly dressed hair with two smooth little hands loaded with diamonds and turquoises. "I'm afraid somebody will start something, and then they'll throw confetti, and somebody will think it's funny to aim champagne-corks at you. So I've come prepared," she added, looking up at him with a challenge to deny her beauty. "By the way," she said, "I'm Mazie Gray. Nobody had the civility to tell you, did they?"

"They said something. I'm Louis Nev-

ille," he replied, smiling.
"Are you?" she laughed. "Well, you may take it from mother that you're as cute as your name, Louis. Who was it they had all framed up to give me my cues? That big Burleson gentleman who'd starve if he had to laugh for a living, wasn't it? Can you laugh, child!"

"A few Mazie. It is my only Sunday

accomplishment."

"Dearie," she added, correcting him. "It is my only accomplishment, dearie." "That will be about all-for a beginning!"

She laughed as the cab stopped at the red awning, and Neville aided her to descend.

Steps, vestibules, stairs, cloak-rooms, were crowded with jolly, clamoring throngs flourishing horns, canes, rattles, and dusters decked with brilliant ribbons. some bore marks of premature encounters with confetti and cocktails. Waiters and head waiters went gliding and scurrying about, assigning guests to tables reserved months in advance. Pages in flame-colored and gold uniforms lifted the silken rope that stretched its barrier between the impatient crowd and the tables; managers verified offered credentials and escorted laughing parties to spaces bespoken.

Two orchestras, relieving each other, fiddled and tooted continuously; great mounds of flowers, smilax, ropes of evergreens, multi-tinted electroliers, made the vast salon gay and filled it with perfume.

Even in the beginning it was lively enough, though not yet boisterous in the city where all New York was dining and preparing for eventualities; the eventualities being that noisy midwinter madness which seizes the metropolis when the birth of the New Year is imminent.

### The Many-Sided McLean

By Evans Peck



COPPRIORE BY MARRIE & EWIN

HE editor of the newspaper, who was also the proprietor thereof, was a young person—quite young. The reporter who entered the editorial sanctum was also young—also new on the job.

"I say, Jack-" he began.

"Oh, my dear fellow," protested the proprietor-editor, "don't be so beastly formal; call me Johnny."

The editorial person referred to was John R. McLean, at that time the active head of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*. Who the reporter was is of no immediate consequence. John R. McLean is still editor and owner of the Cincinnati *Enquirer* and still full of humor and sarcasm. Also he is the owner of the Washington *Post*. Also he is head and front of the Washington Gas Company; a big owner of stock in the Washington traction

lines; the proprietor of so much money in yellow bales that you and I would spurn the custody thereof-maybe-and a candidate (at this writing) for Charles W. F. Dick's senatorial shoes. If you don't know who Charles W. F. Dick is, here's the answer: He is one of the United States senators from Ohio. That lets him entirely out. When this sketch reaches that period in magazine evolution, that period of fruition which involves the printing of the written word, Mr. Charles W. F. Dick may be a member of the political discard, and Mr. John R. Mc-Lean may (or may not) be a member-elect of the United States Senate, with Ohio as his recorded habitat and Washington, as

of yore, his residence.

For Mr. McLean, while a resident-in-law of Ohio, has spent most of his time for the last twenty-odd years in Washington, going out to Ohio now and then to vote or run for governor or senator or something like that and then coming back to Washington to mix up with the ephemeral dignitaries and the be-ribboned diplomats and to splendidly welcome all comers to either his town or his country house. That's one of the things that Mr. McLean would sooner do than eat or run for office-entertain. He loves to have guests and to make the guests gasp. Fussy foreign noblemen of all sorts and conditions have enjoyed hand-outs at the Mc-Lean handoutery, and Nick and Alice spent their honeymoon at "Friendship," which is the name given to the McLean country place near Washington.

But this is not to the point. When one writes of John R. McLean it is a little bit difficult to keep close to the point. McLean is a character. He is, in several and numerous and various ways, a wonder. He is the lovable and the unthinkable in one, the cruel and the merciful, the sage and the

savage

Once upon a time when he was actively engaged in the editing of the famous Cincinnati Enquirer he had in his employ an associate editor who displeased him. Mr. McLean didn't allow his displeasure to show on the surface. On the contrary, he called this man into his office and proposed that he take a trip—for the paper.

"You've been working hard, old man," he remarked in velvety tones, "and I think you need a vacation. Suppose you go to Europe and write us some stuff from there."

The employee was pleased with the sug-

gestion. He went to Europe for the Enquirer and had his expenses to Europe paid—one way. Over on the other side—at Constantinople, so the story goes—he found a cablegram awaiting him which said, "Your services are dispensed with." He got back, somehow, but he never loved McLean much after that.

That illustrates one phase of the McLean character. There is another side. In truth it might be said that there are many other sides. The McLean character has as many

surfaces as a well-cut diamond.

Out in Cincinnati ice is distributed to the needy in the hot months. John R. McLean pays for it. Coal is distributed in the winter time. John R. McLean settles the bills. Many of those who accept and use this summer ice and winter coal do not know that it is paid for by John R. McLean. He doesn't brass-band his philanthropies. He just likes to do these things.

And so it happens that there are people in Ohio and elsewhere who will fight at the mention of McLean's name—some for him and some against him. Which is proof conclusive that he is a positive, not a negative quantity, and that if he enters the United States Senate, as now seems likely, he will be anything but Dick-like; that is, negli-

gible.

No person on earth could well predict what Senator McLean would do. His enemies will tell you that he would ally himself at once with "the interests" and be bell-wether "plute" of the plutocrats. His friends will assure you that he would cast his lot with the common herd and make a scene every time a "plute" senator looked sideways. One thing only is certain, and that is that he would be heard from and be loyal to his friends and annoying to his enemies.

But regardless of the mouthings and the writings of those in Ohio who dislike Mr. McLean, one thing can be said without the possibility of successful contradiction; namely, that he looms up in the very front rank of important Ohio men—men whose names are associated with the Buckeye State and its activities. For he has done things. He has worked and fought and striven. He has won and lost battles. He has amassed a towering fortune. He has inanced campaigns. He has been the most regular political meal-ticket that the Democratic party in Ohio has ever had.

In appearance Mr. McLean is impressive. As a young man he was exceedingly handsome. Always did he dress in the best of good taste. Cincinnati used to look upon him as New York once looked upon Berry The years have not appreciably dimmed his pulchritudinous luster. He is a bit bald up on top, it is true. His eyes are prominent; that is to say, they are so large that they have the appearance of "bulging." Cartoonists have seized upon this and have exaggerated this physical peculiarity until those who have depended upon the cartoonists have pictured McLean as having eyes that hang out. Not so. His eyes are blue and steady and of the "baby stare" sort. He wears a stubby mustache and has the complexion of a girl. And he is sixty-one, remember. He weighs about 175 and is of medium height. He is a man of charming manner. When he talks to you you feel quite certain that meeting you is one of the events of his life. He can do it so

Away back in the years Mr. McLean tried to be senator from Ohio. He had worked for the election of a Democratic legislature, and his work had borne fruit. He had spent his money to assist Democratic candidates for the General Assembly-spent it without exacting a promise. His great newspaper in Cincinnati had fought the good fight. And when he announced his candidacy the anvil chorus that greeted the announcement was heard on Olympus. That soured him, and he went to Washington to live, always, however maintaining a legal residence in Ohio and going back home to vote. Then in 1800 he was persuaded to run for governor. He didn't get into the fight until late and, meanwhile-before he thought of becoming a candidate himself-his paper had been busy exploiting the independent candidacy of Sam Jones, the Golden Rule mayor of Toledo. This "boost" for Jones had the effect of giving that candidate enough votes to defeat McLean, the man who had made the Jones candidacy formidable. The irony of politics!

But, even with the Jones candidacy taking thousands of votes away from the Democratic ticket, Mr. McLean was beaten by less than fifty thousand, although Ohio had been going Republican by double that number of votes. If Sam Jones had kept out of the fight McLean would have been elected governor and, in all probability, would have

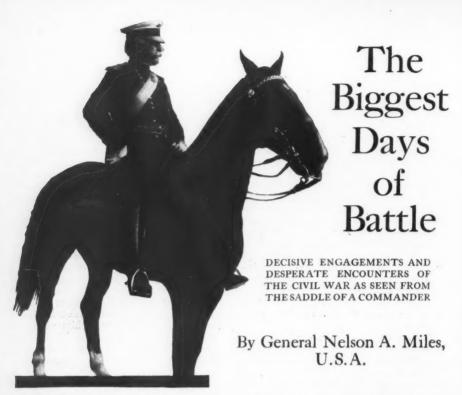
been the Democratic nominee for the presidency either in 1900 or in 1904. He was voted for both times in the national conventions. In 1896 he was the leading candidate for vice-president on several ballots, and left Chicago, after the nomination of Bryan, to escape the importunities of those who wanted him to accept the second place.

Mr. McLean was born in Cincinnati. His father was Washington McLean, as firm and sturdy and forceful a man as Ohio has ever produced. "Wash" McLean and a partner owned the Cincinnati Enquirer. John R. was an only son and not very promising. He was wild. After a tempestuous local school career he went to Harvard. At the end of a year he was expelled for "licking" a boy who preempted his seat in the chapel. Then McLean père sent him to Germany, and his education was rounded off in Heidelberg.

When the impetuous youngster returned to Cincinnati the father looked him over rather sorrowfully and gave him a job as a reporter. He was a good one. He liked the work. The father, encouraged, gave him a small block of stock in the company. This aroused the ambition of the son to such an extent that he gradually assumed charge of the paper, acquired all the outstanding stock that he could, and within a few years was in control. He so improved the property that it became, and still is, the leading newspaper of the state and is immensely valuable. It is said that the net profits are in the neighborhood of one thousand dollars a day.

Mr. McLean was married in the eighties to Emily Beale, daughter of General Beale, and one of the most famous beauties and society leaders of Washington's smartest set. One child, "Ned" McLean, was born to the couple. Ned is now married to Evelyn Walsh, the only daughter of the late Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado mining millionaire. The Walsh fortune and the McLean fortune, combined, make the little grandson of John R. McLean heir to something in the neighborhood of sixty million dollars—which is too much for the safety and comfort of any youngster.

Regardless of whether Mr. John R. Mc-Lean becomes "The senator from Ohio" or not, the fact remains that he is a very able, capable, impressive, aggressive, and worthwhile citizen. Ohio might do much worse than to commission him as one of her representatives in the Upper House.



HE battle of Antietam was fought between sunrise and four in the afternoon, and if fought out should have ended the war by the destruction of the Southern army. After the battle Lee retreated, recrossing the Potomac and moving down the Shenandoah and Loudoun valleys. The Union army remained on the field for several days, moving the wounded and burying the dead; more men were killed on that day than any other one day of the Civil War. If anyone would realize the horrors of war, he should remain on a battlefield several days after an engagement. No scene could be more gruesome, no atmosphere more offensive. Our inaction was most discouraging, and our surroundings most depressing. Still, we had won a victory. President Lincoln came to the army, as was his custom whenever possible. His presence gave recognition of the valor and sacrifice of the troops. I shall never forget the great confidence felt by everyone in that wise and benevolent man. He seemed the master mind wherever he appeared, and the army revered him as a devoted father.

After the battle of Antietam, Colonel Francis C. Barlow, while absent, wounded, was promoted to be a brigadier-general, and the governor of New York appointed me to the vacancy. The command of the 61st New York Volunteers, with the rank of colonel, at the age of twenty-three, was most gratifying, and prompted me to endeavor to make that regiment one of the best in the army. Its record during the war will compare favorably with the best. A more faithful, brave, and patriotic body of men I think was never engaged in any cause.

The army made a long and useless halt at Antietam and Harper's Ferry, then moved slowly down the Loudoun Valley to Warrenton, Virginia. Here General McClellan was relieved and General Burnside appointed to command. He marched the army to the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburg, Virginia. The non-arrival of the pontoon-train was the reason given for not crossing the river.

After waiting twenty-three days, and without adequate maneuvers or strategy, the army, under cover of a heavy fire of artillery, forced a crossing of the Rappahannock in the face of the enemy, who occupied a strong line of defense. The brave men first crossed the river in boats, landed on the right bank, and then constructed a pontoon-bridge across the river. This was not accomplished, however, without serious loss. The army then moved over, occupying the city of Fredericksburg, with the enemy holding the hills adjacent thereto.

#### MY FIRST SERIOUS WOUND

On December 13th the army advanced against the Confederate forces, but, notwithstanding some very heroic and desperate assaults, it failed to dislodge the Confederate army from its strong position. While my regiment was pressing forward in its advance upon the famous stone wall at the base of Marye's Heights, I was severely wounded in the throat by a Minie ball, which nearly proved fatal. Both armies remained in their positions and in close proximity to each other during the night of December 13th and the following day. On the 15th and 16th the Union army recrossed the Rappahannock, having lost in killed and wounded 12,653 men, without inflicting any serious injury upon

the Confederate forces. The result occasioned much dissatisfaction throughout the North, and was very disheartening to the troops. This engagement closed the campaigns and battles for that year. Another reorganization followed, in which General Burnside was removed and General Hooker placed in command of the army. A number of other changes were made in the division and corps commanders. We lost our beloved corps commander, the veteran Major-General Sumner, who was the soul of honor, a great patriot, and an able general. After leaving our camps, and before reaching the important command to which he had been assigned, he was taken ill and died with this patriotic prayer on his lips, "God save my native country, the United States of America.'

After a short absence from the army on account of my wound, I returned to active service. The army was being re-supplied, re-equipped, and reorganized, and this continued all through the long winter months. My regiment occupied a prominent advance position overlooking the valley of the Rappahannock, in plain view of the Confederate forces, though out of range. The days were occupied in instructing and drilling the



Portrait of General Miles posed specially for the Cosmopolitan while he was writing the story of the many tragic events in which he participated as a commander in the Army of the Potomac

troops, and careful attention was paid to every detail of equipment and supplies. Late in the afternoon our bands were accustomed to play the most spirited martial and national airs, to be answered along the Confederate lines by bands playing, with equal enthusiasm, the popular Southern songs. These demonstrations frequently aroused the hostile sentiment of the two armies, but the animosity disappeared when, at the close, some band would strike up that melody which comes nearest the hearts of all true Americans, "Home, Sweet Home," and every band within hearing in both armies would join in that sacred anthem.

During this time there was a practical cessation of hostilities over the entire theater of war. The enemy, holding strong positions, were acting on interior lines, while the Union forces were widely separated in independent armies. This method of warfare was quite the reverse of the Napoleonic methods of concentration and the destruction of the weaker forces of the

enemy in detail.

In the spring of 1863, the Army of the Potomac was better equipped and more efficiently organized than ever before. The military problem was to cross a formidable river and encounter the opposing army. In doing this, one of the best strategic maneuvers of the war was enacted. Circumstances were favorable to the accomplishment of this move. While the Confederate army had a very daring and enterprising spy system, and could overlook, in part, our territory, a fortunate condition of the weather was favorable to the Union forces. A warm rain produced a dense mist or fog that concealed the army. At one point near the river the ground was clearly visible from the opposite side, and one corps of our army was occupied nearly an entire day in apparently marching down the valley of the Rappahannock, but really marching around a hill, thereby giving the impression to the enemy that our army was moving down the valley to cross some distance below Fredericksburg. While this demonstration was being made, the other corps of the army were moving up the river under cover of forests and the dense fog. The cavalry had already taken possession of the upper fords, and these corps were thereby enabled to move over to the right bank of the Rappahannock, which they did, and then moved south a sufficient distance

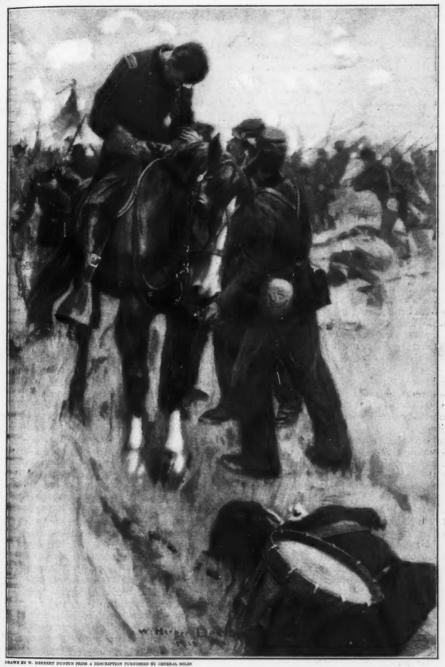
to turn the left flank of Lee's army and practically take it in reverse. In fact, that army was almost enveloped before any serious hostilities took place. Thus, by the first of May, the Second, Third, Fifth, and Eleventh corps had crossed the river, moved through a thickly wooded country, and debouched into an open country where it should have made the escape of the Confederate army impossible.

### THE BLUNDER AT CHANCELLORSVILLE

Evidently the Union commander did not appreciate the advantageous position he had gained, for, instead of continuing the aggressive move, he halted the troops, and then ordered them to march back a short distance and made preparations for fighting a defensive-offensive battle. This, like other battles that are well planned in advance, might have been successful had the Confederate commander obligingly conformed thereto. Often in war the unexpected happens, and the enemy does what is least anticipated. This usually results in the success of the more adroit and audacious.

Probably no more audacious maneuver was ever executed on a field of battle than the movement of Stonewall Jackson's corps at Chancellorsville. After being delayed down the valley of the Rappahannock by the decoy movement above mentioned, he moved with great celerity to and around the extreme right flank of Hooker's army. The movement was well covered by a dense forest, at places, and by the energy of Stuart's cavalry. He marched along almost the entire front of Hooker's army, and his assault was as sudden and impetuous as his march had been adroit. He found our troops unprepared to meet such an emergency; their arms were stacked, while they themselves were scattered about their bivouac. The Confederate forces moved through the thick timber in a solid mass without advance-guard or skirmish-line, and when they struck the picket-line of Union forces they were able to follow it closely, and deliver a most destructive and terrifying fire. The result was a serious disaster. The blow fell directly upon the Eleventh Corps, which was routed, and its retreat created great confusion and disorder in that part of the army.

When we first reached the Chancellorsville road and were advancing toward Fredericksburg, May 1st, over an open



"While riding down the line at Chancellorsville I was struck by a bullet and completely paralyzed below the waist. My horse seemed to realize what had occurred; he stopped, turned, and walked slowly back until we met a group of soldiers, who took me off"

country, I was assigned to the advance line. A heavy cloud of skirmishers covered the advance of our division and corps. When we were halted and the troops withdrawn I was directed to take up the best position I could find, covering, principally, the left flank and front of the Second Army Corps, on both sides of the Chancellorsville road facing toward Fredericksburg. I found an excellent position on commanding ground with some timber and a stream winding through marshy ground in front. This position I strengthened, in every way possible, by having the troops slash the timber and construct strong rifle-pits for shelter. In fact, the troops were occupied during the day and the entire night in rendering their position, as far as possible, impenetrable. An attack was made on this line during the evening of May 1st, and during the second day it was desperately assaulted at different times by troops of the Confederate divisions of McLaws and Anderson. both in line of battle and en masse.

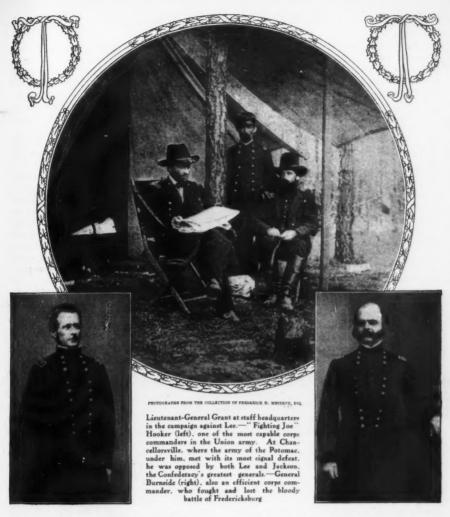
While the Confederates were greatly embarrassed by the obstacles they encountered in front of my lines, still they, in some places, nearly succeeded in breaking through them. In fact, their forces reached within a few yards of our rifle-pits, and one colonel jumped his horse over the embankment, and both horse and rider fell dead within our lines. General Hancock, during these attacks, had sent reenforcements, but he was careful to send regiments whose colonels were junior to me, which left me in command and increased my force to something more than a brigade. This position I held against vastly superior numbers until I was shot, on the morning of May 3d, and supposed to be mortally wounded.

While these engagements were occurring the Sixth Army Corps, under General Sedgwick, crossed the Rappahannock and drove the enemy from Fredericksburg. The success and advantage gained in the first few days, however, had been offset by the counter-movements of the Confederate forces, and the Union army was subsequently withdrawn to the north bank of the Rappahannock, in a series of engagements lasting for three days. The Union forces outnumbered the Confederates and should have won a decisive victory, yet that must be accorded to the Confederate army. They, however, met their most serious loss in that battle, in the death of their greatest

field-marshal, Stonewall Jackson. Up to that time Lee had scarcely lost a decisive battle. After Chancellorsville he never gained one. When I heard of the death of Stonewall Jackson I considered the event equal to the annihilation of an entire corps of the Confederate army. It is impossible to predict what might have been the result had he lived and been as active and successful in subsequent events as in those in which he had participated.

### HOW IT FEELS TO BE SHOT

One is often asked how it feels to be wounded in battle. The flight of a bullet is quicker than thought, and it has passed through a flesh wound before one realizes that he has been struck. I have seen bodies of men dead on the line of battle where the brain had been pierced and death had been instantaneous, and they would remain in every position of the manual of arms, with an anxious look, a frown, or a smile on their cold and rigid faces. My wounds received at Fair Oaks and Fredericksburg were flesh wounds and disabled me but a short time. While riding down the line at Chancellorsville, one of the enemy's bullets struck, with great force, my metallic belt-plate. This caused a slight deviation as it entered the body. The result was an instant of deathly, sickening sensation; my sword dropped from my right hand; my scabbard and belt dropped to the left; I was completely paralyzed below the waist. My horse seemed to realize what had occurred; he stopped, turned, and walked slowly back, I holding on to the pommel of the saddle with my hands. We soon reached a group of soldiers who took me off, and, placing me in a blanket, carried me to the Chancellorsville House, where they pulled a dead man off a couch to make room for me. Here I remained until the house was struck by a bursting shell and set on fire. I was then taken out and carried five miles on a stretcher, rested in the woods that night, and the next day was carried in an ambulance over a rough corduroy road twelve miles to a field-hospital. Thence I was sent to Washington, where my brother met me and carried me to my home in Massachusetts. Two weeks afterward I was able to move slightly the toes of my right foot, and the doctors concluded the bullet must be somewhere in the left side. A consultation was



held, and after a thorough examination it was found that the ball had crushed through the hip-bone and lodged down in the strong muscles of the left leg. The bullet and broken bones were removed, and after several weeks of convalescence I was able to return to the field. I was always curious to know how close to me the man must have been who fired the shot, as the force of his bullet was terrific. Many years afterward, by accident, I discovered and made the acquaintance of the Confederate soldier. In a letter to me he said: "I used a sharpshooter's rifle at a range of about 150 yards. I aimed for your heart, but think the motion of the horse carried

the ball a little low. After what has occurred during these thirty-six years, I am glad I missed that shot."

On the sixth of May the army recrossed the Rappahannock. The success of the Confederates gave them great confidence, and they immediately prepared for a second advance into Maryland and Pennsylvania. General Hooker was removed from the command of the army and succeeded by Major-General George G. Meade, one of the most accomplished officers of his day, a skilled engineer, and a brave and successful commander of a division and an army corps. He took the army at a time when it was more depressed and disheartened

than at any other period of its history. It had suffered a most disastrous and inglorious defeat upon a battlefield where it outnumbered its opponent in larger proportion than on any other field of the Civil War—approximately 130,000 against 60,000. It had endured all the hardships of warit had fought with great gallantry and made great sacrifices; its losses, in killed and wounded, at this battle were 17,197, as against 10,281 on the Confederate side. It had suffered defeat through no fault of its own. It had left thousands of its wounded and all its dead in the hands of the enemy; and had been withdrawn by slow marches from one position to another, before the approach of the victorious enemy menacing the national capital.

As the Confederate army moved around Washington, the Union army crossed the Potomac, chiefly at Edwards Ferry, and then moved north, covering not only Washington, but Baltimore and Philadelphia as well. As evidence of the indomitable spirit and undying patriotism of that army, regardless of the failures of its commanders, it quickly recovered and marched forth to battle with renewed fortitude, and was soon to grapple with its antagonist in the most desperate and decisive battle of the war.

The Confederate army, on the other hand, was excessively elated with its achievement, and overconfident in its prowess. In fact, its success had been so great under adverse circumstances that the men now believed they could invade any part of the Northern territory. A single remark of a Confederate soldier gives an idea of the great confidence which pervaded that army. It is related that this soldier, suffering from sickness or wounds, had applied to his captain for a sick leave. Upon the leave being granted and a furlough offered, he declined it with the remark that he "thought he would continue on duty with his company, at least until they reached And the ablest general then un-Boston." der Lee, Lieutenant-General Longstreet, who had recently joined him with two divisions of his corps, manifested his confidence by saying that the Army of Northern Virginia was in condition to undertake anything.

The assignment of Meade gave renewed confidence to our army; but it required all his skill so to maneuver as to hold it in position to check the invading force at all the points then threatened—Washington, Baltimore, and Philadelphia. He moved forward the First and Eleventh corps under Reynolds and Howard, who encountered the advance of a Confederate force at Gettysburg. Reynolds was killed in that engagement, and the Union forces were driven back in confusion. General Meade detached General Hancock from his own corps and sent him forward to represent him on the field, with instructions for selecting and taking possession of the ground, and giving any orders necessary, until he could move up the rest of the army.

Hancock selected a very strong position along the crest of Gettysburg Heights, checked the retreat, and placed the troops there in position. As the remainder of the army came up it prolonged the line, taking up a strong position which gave the Union army a decided advantage in the great

battle that followed.

The Confederate army had been strengthened by the addition of Longstreet's corps, so that it now numbered over seventy thousand men. The strength of our army had been reduced to nearly eighty thousand men. These numbers very nearly equaled those engaged on the field of Waterloo under Napoleon and Wellington, and the great results on both sides were very much the same.

Possibly the overconfidence of the Confederate commander, or the absence of Jackson, was the cause of his undoing. To both of these may be attributed the defeat of the Southern cause. Lee could have selected his own ground and fought a defensive-offensive battle with more chance of success in his favor. If Jackson had been there, he would undoubtedly have made a more vigorous pursuit of the defeated corps on the first day and occupied the crest of Gettysburg instead of halting on the low ground; and instead of making a direct assault on the third day, he would undoubtedly have turned either the right or the left flank of the Union army.

### GENERAL LEE'S FATAL MISTAKE

After the Union forces had been concentrated, the different corps all occupying strong positions, with a line of two hundred guns placed in position, Lee made the fatal mistake of moving across the open fields and assaulting the center of the Union line. Possibly he thought to make it an Austerlitz, but it was his Waterloo. There, on

the crest of Gettysburg, the Southern army passed the flood tide of its power, and the Confederate cause began to decline from the zenith of its strength and existence. How near that battle came to being disastrous to the great republic requires but a moment's reflection. Had the veteran Army of the Potomac been destroyed or captured on that field, there never would

have been another to take its place. The Confederate flag would have floated in triumph over the national capital and the great cities and populous territory of our country; the victorious army would have been in a position to dictate terms. That was not only the military view of the situation as it appeared to us in the army, but there had grown up a strong sentiment of dissatisfaction and discouragement among the people of the North. The recruiting of another army at that time would have been impossible, and the moving of an army from the West with sufficient strength to en-

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counter the victorious army under such a condition could not have been accomplished.

The Army of the Potomac fought with great tenacity. Every man felt that upon him depended the safety and perpetuity of the government. All the skill and bravery, the martial spirit and gallantry, of the Southern troops was matched by the fortitude of the Northern army.

The positions of the various troops on that field have been marked by the most beautiful bronze, granite, and marble monuments that adorn any battlefield of the world. In fact, there are more monuments on that field than on all the other battlefields that have marked the history of the

human race; and, as so beautifully said by Mr. Lincoln, the ground cannot be dedicated to the heroes who fell there, but the citizens of America, or the stranger from the remotest part of the world, on visiting that hallowed ground, can readily learn its story and be dedicated to the cause of human liberty and democratic government.

It has always been a source of regret to

me that this important battle occurred at a time when, owing to my wound, it was impossible for me to take an active part. Yet my feelings were only those of thousands of others who were intensely interested in the great cause then trembling in the balance. At the time of the invasion of Maryland and Pennsylvania, I left my home scarcely able to walk with a crutch and tried to return to the field of duty, but found it impossible, and went to Harrisburg, where my former corps commander. Major-General Couch, was then organizing the militia of the state and such volunteers as



General Miles in 1864, soon after he had been brevetted a major-general of volunteers for his gallantry at the battle of Reams's Station, where he made a counter-charge against the oncoming Confederates and turned the tide of battle

could be rapidly gathered to occupy the passes in the mountains and other important positions, to retard, if possible, the advance of Lee's army. I was assigned to the command of a brigade, composed mostly of men who had enlisted for three months or the emergency, then located at Huntington, on the Juniata River. For the organization, instruction, and drill of this body of troops I could make myself available, and it was not known then where the Confederate army would march.

When I had recovered sufficiently for field service, I rejoined my command, then located near the Rappahannock River, and found the morale of the army changed for

the better. The all-absorbing topic of conversation was the victory of Gettysburg. Yet it was sad to find so many of my comrades missing, with whom I had fought side by side so long.

#### MY NEW COMMAND

I was assigned to the command of a brigade in place of Colonel Cross, a very gallant officer who had been killed at Gettysburg. A forward movement of the army with the engagements at Mine Run and other places did not result in any important success, and the army finally went into winter quarters on the Rapidan in Virginia. During this time a complete reorganization of the military forces took place. General Grant's achievements in the Mississippi Valley, in which he had captured Vicksburg and opened the great river to the Gulf, dividing the Confederate territory, was heralded over the country to the great satisfaction of every patriot. He was made lieutenantgeneral and assigned to the command of the armies, and made his headquarters with the Army of the Potomac.

The winter months were occupied in rehabilitating the army. Men at home from wounds or sickness returned, and the ranks were recruited to their maximum strength; so that on the opening of the campaign of 1864, the most desperate campaign of the war, the Army of the Potomac was in first-class order for any service. On the fifth of May, General Grant crossed the Rapidan with one hundred and five thousand men, and to these were added very heavy reenforcements during the subse-

quent campaign:

Much has been said concerning the despatch sent by Grant at his first engagement, saying he would fight it out on that line if it took all summer. He did take all summer, and the object was not accomplished; neither did he keep on that line, but abandoned it for the route via the James

River

The first important engagement that year was the battle of the Wilderness, lasting three days; an undecisive, but most desperate engagement. It was fought in a thick forest of underbrush, where it was almost impossible to maneuver an army, to use artillery, or to see the enemy until the lines were within a few yards of each other. We could only keep up a general alinement. Yet it was fought with great

tenacity on both sides, and the losses were very heavy; about eighteen thousand on the Union side and eight thousand on the Confederate. To add to the appalling terrors, the forest took fire, and many of the men's clothes were burned while they were fighting, and thousands of the wounded were burned to death. In that desperate encounter the men fought during the day and rested on their arms during the night, neither army being able to dislodge the other. Both, during the lull in the fight or under cover of night, constructed a line of intrenchments.

It was in this condition that Grant recognized the impossibility of dislodging or destroying Lee's army on that field, and the impossibility of advancing against such a formidable barrier; he then decided to turn the Confederate left flank. The subsequent movements in the campaign were similar. Although he started out opposed to the idea of maneuvering and inclined to depend upon persistent, continuous blows, he was forced to maneuver in order to make any advance. In turning to the left, while it brought him nearer to his base of operations, it carried his army into a more densely wooded country, with inferior roads, making it more difficult to march than if he had moved to the right and forced Lee into an open field of battle like Gettysburg.

These flank movements were usually made under cover of the night. The Second Corps took the initiative, moving by Todd's Tavern to the Po River. My brigade.was moved out from Todd's Tavern to observe if the enemy were marching on a parallel line, and was attacked by two brigades of Mahone's division, then moving to intercept our flank movement. By a spirited counter-charge this attack was successfully repulsed. Another sharp engagement took place at the Po River, resulting in the defeat of the enemy. When the Union army reached the vicinity of Spottsylvania, prepared to assume the offensive, it found the enemy had moved by interior lines and were then in position. After reconnoitering and making various demonstrations to ascertain the position of the enemy and its relative strength, a disposition was made for an attack on an angle of the Confederate line, and our corps, and especially our (Barlow's) division, was selected to make the principal assault. Marching from its position near the Po River, under cover of night, our



DRAWS BY W. RESERVED DUNTON FROM A DESCRIPTION FURNISHED BY GENERAL MILES

"The Bloody Angle at Spottsylvania was fought over by the troops charging back and forth for ten hours and presented a spectacle of horror without a parallel. Probably on no other field of like area of the great Civil War did as desperate fighting and as heavy losses occur"

division formed en masse with two brigades in front and two in rear and forty men deep, the second and third divisions in two lines on the right and left, the last brigade moving into position and forming what is tacti-

cally called "double column on the center." Without a halt, we moved forward in the gray dawn of the morning for one of the most desperate assaults ever made. It was impossible to see more than a few yards in front of us, and without skirmishers or advanced line the troops moved in a solid mass over the undulating ground up to where they suddenly came upon the pickets of the enemy, who fired their rifles and then retreated back to their main lines. This fire was not replied to. In fact, the men had been ordered to remove the caps from their loaded rifles and use nothing but their bayonets until they had gained the

enemy's position.

The column moved steadily on, passing as best it could over the obstructions of felled trees and cut brush until it came in front of the intrenched line of battle with a strong line

of chevaux-de-frise in front that at first seemed impassable; yet the momentum of this column, forty men deep, was so great that the front lines could not

stop. On reaching the *chevaux-de-frise*, thousands of strong men literally raised it up and tore it to pieces and rushed under and over it to the line of works with their bayonets fixed. It was the first time that I had actually seen bayonets crossed in mortal combat, and it was a crash and a terrible scene for a few moments. The superior

numbers of the Union assailants soon overcame the Confederate defenders, who had held to their position with great tenacity. They had been able to load and discharge their rifles three times into the advancing

Union troops; the same was done with the batteries of artillery—the guns were fired three times before they were captured.

As the Union column swept over the fortifications, the Confederates threw down their arms: Generals Johnson and Steuart, with four thousand Confederate soldiers, thirty stands of colors, and twenty pieces of artillery, were captured. Of course, in the rush of the assault, our organization became very much mixed up, and somewhat confused by the excite-ment. If this assaulting column had been promptly followed by a supporting force to

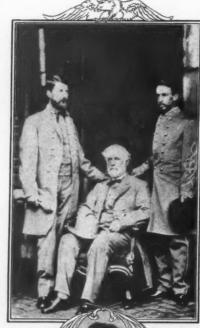
take advantage of the success gained, and then swept down the line to the right and left, greater success would have resulted from this heroic effort.

THE WAR'S SEVEREST BATTLE

The assaulting column pressed forward through the

broken line for some distance, and was then met by a counter-charge. The ground was fought over by the troops charging back

and forth for ten hours of that day and presented a spectacle of horror without a parallel. Probably on no other one field of like area of the great Civil War did as desperate fighting and as heavy losses occur. During that time, the infantry fire was so terrific that standing trees were cut down by musket balls alone; one solid oak twenty-two inches



Robert E. Lee; his son, G. W. C. Lee (left); and Colonel Walter Taylor of his staff.—
Stonewall Jackson, Lee's greatest field-marshal, whose dash and strategy turned the tide of many a hard-fought conflict in favor of

the Confederacy

in diameter was cut down entirely by the infantry fire during the engagement. Its stump is now in the National Museum at Washington. Batteries attempting to go into action were completely disabled and thrown into a disordered mass, by the drivers and horses being killed; and the bodies of the men who fell, killed or wounded, on the ramparts, were riddled by scores of bullets. It was the only battlefield that I saw during the war that was so completely covered with the dead and wounded that it was impossible to walk over it without stepping on men's bodies. Some idea may be had of the desperate character of this campaign in its almost continuous engagements between the Wilderness and Spottsylvania, when we consider that our army alone during that time lost over forty thousand men. Some authorities place the loss on both sides at 84,598 men.

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For our action in this engagement and in previous battles, General Francis C. Barlow was made a major-general and I was promoted to be a brigadier-general.

The campaign continued from Spottsylvania as it had commenced in the Wilderness. The armies had become so accustomed to intrenchments that whenever they were in close proximity to the enemy, or halted for the night, they would, in a few hours, construct a line of field intrenchments. We utilized anything available in the way of railroads, roads, cut banks, heavy fences, ridges with additional earth thrown up, and sometimes we felled trees to embarrass the enemy in case of an attack; so that if one army made an attack, it met, instead of an ordinary line of battle in the open, a line of battle concealed or sheltered behind earthworks, with batteries in position protected or masked in the same manner. Flank movements became imperative; but to make a successful flank movement with a large army in a wooded country with limited and very poor roads was most difficult, and the Confederate commander was enabled to anticipate almost every move that was made.

In these difficult and laborious marches, at times under drenching rains and over roads deep with mud, the troops pressed on, at times waiting and watching through the dreary hours of night; at times, when they could rest and had obtained food, they gathered in the evening around the campfires to cheer each other's spirits. The

grand war-songs and anthems were sung by thousands of strong voices. Frequently a rule was adopted that one must sing a song, make a speech, tell a story, dance around a hat, or stand on his head; this added to the joy and merriment of all. In a still night in the forests to hear some rich strong voice, or a splendid quartet, sing the best and purest of music, frequently to be joined by a chorus of thousands of voices, was enough to inspire men to noble purpose and heroic deeds.

### HUMOR IN THE MIDST OF DEATH

I have seen a large body of cheerless troops, massed in a field after a hard day's march and when all wanted rest, obliged to stand waiting for orders, knowing that an all-night march was before them, with a battle next morning, cheered by a witty little Irishman, on a caisson-box of one of the batteries, singing, crowing, talking, joking in the most inimitable manner, and the scene of gloom soon changed to one of uproarious laughter and good humor. Such scenes were of frequent occurrence as the army slowly carved its way toward Richmond. It was generally admitted that a wit or humorist was worth more to a company, battery, or regiment than a doctor; and a band of music more than a hospital.

The flank movement from Spottsylvania to the North Anna, though successfully made, found the advance of the Confederate forces there ahead of us. When the army had succeeded in getting into position, it found a formidable force in its front, and the result was similar to the other engagements of that campaign, necessitating a flank movement to the left, which brought the army on practically the old field of Cold Harbor, where a portion of it had fought two years before.

While these movements were progressing, a complete change of base was being made, which also involved long delay in relieving the army of prisoners, the wounded, sick, and disabled and receiving supplies of food and ammunition. The changes of base in the series of flank movements were made from Washington to City Point on the James River. The march from the North Anna to Cold Harbor was made in good time, the advance troops reaching that position in the afternoon of June 2d; but instead of the concentration of a strong force against a

weak position, the army was ordered to attack the enemy along the entire front, on

the following morning.

This resulted in the Union troops reaching the enemy's intrenched line of battle in a few positions, and breaking that line only to be attacked on both flanks and repulsed. This was the case with Upton's division of the Sixth Corps, and with Barlow's division of the Second Corps. The general result was a loss to the enemy of approximately two thousand, and to the Union forces, thirteen thousand, including many of the best men of our army. Three young colonels, with whom I had served from the time they were lieutenants, bivouacked that night together and slept under the same blanket; they were laughing and speculating as to the results of the morrow; when dawn came they all gallantly led their regiments, and were all dead in fifteen minutes. This was followed by another flank movement to the left, with our base line of operations once more on the James River, which we had left two years before. The army crossed the James and advanced toward Petersburg, but before reaching that point the enemy also had crossed the James near Richmond, and when the Union forces reached the immediate vicinity of Petersburg, they found a Confederate force there, intrenched and ready to meet them. General Barlow became exhausted by the severity of the campaign and was compelled by sickness to retire from the field, thus leaving the First Division, Second Army Corps, to my command.

A series of engagements, some of which assumed the magnitude of a battle, followed, extending along the whole line of the army from the Appomattox to Reams's Station on the south, and to Deep Bottom on the north side of the James. This consumed months and was practically a siege of Petersburg and Richmond. On July 29th our corps was ordered to the north side of the James in order to draw as much of the Confederate army in that direction as possible. My division captured a battery of artillery and a line of earthworks and advanced to within a few miles of Richmond. One of the forts on the Confederate line at Petersburg had been mined, and on the morning of July 30th its garrison was blown into the air with a loss of something like 740 men and a battery. In the

battle of Reams's Station our corps was desperately engaged against a superior force of the enemy, and for a time our troops were driven back in confusion, but I succeeded in making a counter-charge with a part of my division and recapturing some guns and a line of works, driving the enemy back over the ground they had taken from us, and turning the tide of battle. These minor engagements continued during the autumn with no decisive results.

#### THE ARMY'S BULLDOG TENACITY

The Army of the Potomac was now carrying on a protracted siege. While it had suffered more than any other Union army in the terrible losses, amounting to about sixty thousand men placed hors de combat, it still clung to the throat of the Confederacy with bulldog tenacity, gaining, inch by inch, positions of slight importance, but all having the effect of convincing the enemy that it could not be forced to release its hold in the death-struggle. Thus ended the campaign of 1864. While the summer and autumn had been occupied in short maneuvers, with almost daily encounters of some character-assaults, skirmishes, detached engagements, or battles-the general result had been but a short advance of the Union forces, paid for with great losses as a consequence of the terrible exposure and hard-

The movement of our army was to be co-incident with that of the Western army. The objective point of the first was to be Richmond and Lee's army; that of the latter, Atlanta and the army under John-The Western army had been the ston. more fortunate in results. Atlanta was ours and "fairly won." The Confederate army was defeated in the field, and forced away from its base, which had been destroyed; but though the Confederate army had been defeated, it was not demoralized or captured. The change of commanders from Johnston to Hood during that campaign was, I think, most unfortunate for that army. At least it was gratifying to

our commanding generals.

The dividing of Sherman's army, leaving one portion to encounter the Confederate army under Hood, was a bold piece of strategy which, if it had failed, would have been regarded as reckless and unwarranted; yet, under the circumstances, it was the best that could have been devised. It



Major-General Miles and staff, 1865. The commission had come to the general for gallantry in the great contests of the battle summer of 1864, and in his staff were many who had also been conspicuous in those critical engagements

broke the shell and demonstrated the hollow condition of the Confederacy by cutting a wide swath of destruction through the heart of the enemy's country, destroying railway communications and supplies, depots, and war materials of every description. Such small forces as the enemy were enabled to put in its front were swept away like a vapor, and Sherman finally reached the Atlantic coast, capturing the fortifications forming the defenses of Savannah, where he formed a temporary base and received all the supplies required. He then moved north, taking the Atlantic coast in reverse, and the garrisons of the fortifications along the coast of the two Carolinas either fled or fell into the hands of the Union forces.

General George H. Thomas, the "Rock of Chickamaugua," had been left to gather up that portion of the forces which had been scattered in detachments to protect Sherman's long line of communications, and receiving some reenforcements as he slowly retired toward Franklin and Nashville, that splendid, patriotic Virginian and really great field-marshal judiciously withdrew before the advance of Hood's army until he reached

Nashville. There, gathering up his full strength, he awaited the further advance of the Confederate army, and then fought, on the principles of grand tactics, one of the most perfect, and certainly the most decisive, battles of the war. So perfect were his plans, and so admirably executed, that what of Hood's army was not captured, including one gun, appeared to have dispersed and practically dissolved, as it never again appeared in any formidable condition.

Notwithstanding that the secret intrigue and despicable treachery displayed in reports sent to Washington to the detriment of General Thomas at that time caused an order to be issued relieving him and assigning another, not then with the army, to the chief command, he won that splendid and most important victory for the Union cause, and the order relieving him was rescinded. Thomas was one of the greatest generals that the war produced on either side, and he never received just credit for his loyalty and invaluable services. Like Winfield Scott, Farragut, Gibbons, Rousseau, and tens of thousands of other Southern men, he proved his loyalty by his noble deeds.

The next instalment of General Miles's Memoirs will appear in the March issue.

# The Superman

A STORY OF A MAN'S MIGHTY FAITH AND HIS PROVING THAT THE HUMAN HAS A SOUL

### By Mary White Slater

Author of "The Reverend Robert North," "The Birthday," "The Spinster," etc.

And if our needs outrun the visible universe, why may that not be a sign that the invisible universe is there? . . . Believe what is in the line of your needs. . . . Often our faith in an uncertified result is the only thing that makes the result come true.—William James.

HATEVER significance man has reached has been solely through the powers of his mind. Man, representing on this planet the ultimate phase of animal evolution, is steadily progressing farther and farther from animality. The ape that stood up to wonder at the stars was the super-ape. The Superman is the highest-type human of any age, who by the ache, stretch, and struggle of his mind for things beyond, yet in the line of his needs, secures a notably distinct evolutionary gain for humanity.

On that February evening John Thorne sat buried in an armchair before the study fire, his eyes fixed on asbestos logs licked by flames the blue of burning brandy. Northcliffe's letter lay open on the table beside him. It had lain a live thing in his pocket all afternoon, and all through his lecture at the university the certainty that he was going to act upon its strange lead had fired him emotionally to his psychological theme. He recalled the fine young faces of his afternoon audience. What would have been the result if he had touched the match to the well-laid kindling of their eager interest? If he had even hinted at the achievement that had electrified Northcliffe?

Thorne's handsome head, thatched thick and short with vivid, living gold, lay against the dark pile of the chair, his lean, ascetic face set in relief distinct as a cameo on a velvet background—a masterful, patrician face, struck as from a mint of aspiring centuries, with features delicately cut into the quick nostril, curved lip, and deep liquid eye of the dreamer. Born a woman, he would have been one of those arresting beauties of milk and gold, ethereal, exquisite; the

alchemy of sex had charged that beauty with a certain deep-wrought strength, remarkable for its lack of relation to field or market-place, yet compelling with the power of a strong, isolated spirit.

With long, shapely, psychic hands spread palms downward on the arms of the chair, he was feeling a choke in the throat at a luminous recall of Harvard days and the brilliant, insurgent friendship of Roy Northcliffe, whose postgraduate presence in that confident young world had made all but Thorne himself take a subaltern attitude. That this royal fellow should have been forced to forego his magnificent gifts for affairs to battle for mere breath in Colorado seemed a ruthless, wasteful thing on the part of fate. And now the end was near—the end of Northcliffe with all his stuff for human greatness.

An arrival at the front door and a bustle of leave-takings in the hall, where several women's voices were shrieking sociably at the top of their compass, told Thorne that his sister had returned from the concert. The idea of an interview with Janet now came over him with a throttling distaste mixed with a tender impatience, gripped as he was in the undertow of Northcliffe's letter. He wished that she would go upstairs to bed without coming in to see him, since the sad surface import of the news from Denver would better wait till morning anyhow. It was pertinent, too, that Northcliffe, whose friendship for Janet was rooted in their earliest youthful fellowships, had left the mention of her entirely out of the body of his letter, limiting his message for her to one sentence in the postscript. Northcliffe, of course, knew that Janet could not be made to understand, that this was something that her strictly common-sense

limitations could neither gage nor compass, partaking as it did of the qualities of a fourth dimension. Thorne smiled at the thought of mentioning to Janet the "liberation of the astral or subliminal"; it would be worse than wantonly addressing the lady in Greek, of which she was at least safely innocent, for her inherited, closed metaphysic had been deeply scandalized by her city's hotbed growths of new mental and religious theories, making her keenly intolerant of what she called psychic folderols.

A sharp tap at the door preceded the entrance of a tall, flat-waisted, oldish young woman in gray silk. She had a frail, tired sort of beauty, marred by a confirmed fretfulness of mouth and a flaccid droop of outer evelids over large, nervous pupils.

outer eyelids over large, nervous pupils.
"Ten o'clock, John." Her tone, flat and unleavened, held yet a pin-prick of oldersister authority, a prod that it was time for Thorne to retire. "Busy?"

"Not—just now, Janet." In inner revolt against the commonplace, Thorne rose rather slowly from his chair, which stood with back to the door.

"Sit still, sit still." Her limp voice combined with an anemic blondness to give her the typically thwarted expression of a woman without a mastering interest in life. "I just looked in before going up to bed—I know I'm not going to sleep a wink."

Thorne absently resumed his chair.

"Good night, Johnny."

The little hint of stored tenderness in her use of the name of his baby days when he trotted motherless at her solicitous skirts, roused Thorne to some of his accustomed thoughtfulness. "Sure you don't want me

to come up and rub your head, Janie?"
"No, I don't." The sudden, sharpfinality of her came like the snap of a steel trap to which her previous lifelessness had been the bait. "It's idiotic. I feel like a fool, lying there letting you imagine you are helping me to sleep."

The back of his head was toward her, and he carefully subdued any too great argumentive purpose in his reply. "But you did fall asleep, and for the entire night, didn't you, dear?"

"That's just because it was my third night. I always do get a few winks after I've lain awake for two nights."

Something in the hapless silence that followed and in his deep preoccupation, that suggested a vague withdrawal, arrested her

as she turned to go. Her eye fell upon the letter at his elbow.

"What makes you so silent, John? What's your letter?"

He started, turned to her from a long distance of thought. "I wasn't going to tell you till morning, Janie. It's from Northcliffe. The doctors have given him up—even Whitney." He shook his head in slow, sad contemplation. "The poor fellow waited too long for the Colorado experiment."

If Miss Thorne's slim fingers tightened on the knob, if a strange, wistful star shone in her eye and a faint rose tinged the ivory of her cheek, the low study lamp and the high ice-walls of repression packed round her hot New England heart concealed the drama. "He writes you this—himself?"

"Yes, he's mentally keen, but says the writing is his last effort of the kind. You know how consumptives go—out there. There's something in the rarefied air that keeps them mentally keen to the last."

"It's a long letter"—there was the look of an exile in her eyes—"why didn't he dictate to Whitney? What's it all about?"

"He—writes on a matter for my private ear—mostly—but he wishes in the post-script to be remembered to you especially."
"Ab!" Shorted cilents remember when the second silents remembered to you especially."

"Ah!" She stood silent a moment, a wan wistful figure with the look of a moan in her face. "And—he wants you to come?"

Thorne shifted uncomfortable eyes to the fire. "He wants to see me—more than anything—but he says it's too late for me to reach him—by rail. Denver is nearly four days from Boston, you know," he added rather weakly.

"You'll have to start at once—to-night. I'll find out about the trains."

He checked her gently as she started toward the telephone. "There's no train till four thirty in the morning, Janet."

"Oh, you've already telephoned. Well, you can go on that. I'll see to your things at once."

When she left the room Thorne came purposefully out of his absorption, followed her quickly, and called to her from the foot of the stairs. "One moment, Janet." As she looked down at him from the landing, he appraised the light in her eyes as mostly zeal to start him comfortably out on a long, sad journey. "Put just a few things in my suit-case, Sissy, and then you go straight to bed. I have something to do before I can

turn in, and I'll stretch out on the study couch for the rest of the night. And I'll set the alarm for three; so you needn't worry about the time, knowing how easily I waken. And don't tell Payne. No need to disturb him, as I'll walk to the station. And, Janet, there's really no need for you to get up at all, for I can get breakfast on the train.

"Oh, no, John, I'll see to your coffee and

eggs myself."
"Very well, dear. But listen, Janet." He pinned her attention as he stood with admonishing finger and face uplifted under the newel light. "I ask you to promise me solemnly that you'll go to bed, and not come down these stairs or into my study until three o'clock."

She gave a nervous, deprecatory little "Why, of course I promise, if you put it that way, John. I'm sure I'm the last person to want to disturb your sleep. But I do wish you'd come to bed at once.'

"Remember, it's a promise, and I seri-

ously hold you to it."

"Very well," she said droopingly.

Thorne went into the study and settled into the great chair to re-read the last pages of Northcliffe's letter.

"I have never been able," the lines read easily, "as you well know, Jack, to think of man and his importance here and hereafter as you preachers do. If experience has taught me anything, it is the fact of man's flylike perishability and his complete subservience to impersonal, natural law. And it's only that scientific kink of yours, Jack, and your lifelong determination to work toward proving your preachments by that

law, that has held us brothers.

"And now that this particular fly has grown slow and heavy, and summer and the sun are almost over for him, he wishes to thank you for your long solicitude in behalf of his alleged soul. My days are drawing to a close among other poor devils in this beautiful country, this sunny antechamber to death; but after all, Jack, there is much to be said for plain unmitigated death, when life has stripped one to this meagerness. Still, I must confess that my wonted resignation to complete dissolution has been disturbed by a certain sentence in your last letter-words that stand out in electric script on the walls of my brain. I quote

"'As to your vaunted natural law, what

if the existence of an invisible world for you or any one of us depends, by this very law, upon our possession of the faith-suggestion? What if the simple faith-tenet of Jesus proves to have a strictly scientific integrity to natural law, by which each man's possession of the faith-seed is necessary for securing a next step in his evolutionary progress—the survival of the incorruptible body out of the corruptible? And, finally, Roy, what if the existence of this astral body is actually demonstrable here, by successful experiment at its temporary liberation from the living body?

"Now, Jack, that's a pretty place to end a letter! What did you mean by what you didn't say? Out of your sustained efforts at psychical research, with the records of which you have so lovingly bombarded me, have you, too, joined that smiled-at minority of scientists who claim to have crossed a threshold of the occult? I know you were ever a dreamer, Jack, but a dreamer with a passion for truth. You wouldn't dangle a dream before me now-you must have considered well your startling insinuation. You must honestly believe that you have touched a proof of the existence of the soul!

"Well, unfortunately for me, Jack, it is now too late to reach me by any mere string of arguments, however logically fascinating, for I have not got the time, even if my brain, so long confirmed in doubt, were not too tired for any sustained effort of its own. All that could convince me now would be an actual proof, a revelation. You wouldn't have written as you did if you had not had an idea of somehow making good in the future; but you did not know, Jack, that there is so little of the future left me. If by newly discovered workings of natural law, you can indeed prove to me the possibility of temporarily liberating your alleged subliminal or astral, and of precipitating it through space-well, you would in a certain sense not only save my soul but actually create it, if the law of your faith-suggestion be true. For even I could not resist such a proof.

"So, Jack, if you think you can indeed put the Q. E. D. to your lifelong demonstration in my soul's behalf, I command you to set about the experiment at once, on the evening of the day you receive this letter, which I have timed and shall send by special delivery. I shall watch for your astral appearance at my bedside on Thursday night, February the seventeenth, between eleven thirty and twelve o'clock, sun-time in Boston. That is, if I am still alive. I am on my back now, and this letter is my last stunt of the kind. Couldn't dictate it to Whitney, who knows nothing of its purpose.

"The poor fly's summer is about done. If you can indeed inject into him the needed migratory strength for summer in another country, it's up to you, Jack. Here's hoping it's 'auf Wiedersehen!'"

When the sedate colonial hall clock struck eleven, Thorne rose, went into a closet, and came out enveloped in a blanket robe. turned down the reading-lamp, and the room went into the low glow of the fire. He stood a while facing the door, hesitating whether to turn the key in the lock, arguing quickly; it would take just the half-hour from eleven thirty to twelve for the test and he had Janet's promise not to disturb him; and if by any chance she should have occasion to try the study door, it were better that she find him deeply asleep than call unavailingly outside a locked door; that might mean all sorts of unpleasant developments. He decided to take his chances for undisturbed privacy for that thirty minutes,

with the door unlocked. He went to the window and looked out at the huge stone bulk of his church, his house of life, his workshop for human uplift. Vague visions came to him of the congregations of the future, concerned with new, strange, higher powers and duties of soul to soul. He looked up at the heavens. How the little earth-planet, the busy hive of man with all its fugitive actualities, so bright and big and all absorbing in the shine of its noonday sun, receded into pin-point significance in view of the midnight abyss scintillating with stars, with infinite numbers of greater worlds all obedient to the same monstrous mystery of law! For the hundredth time he felt the hungry man-pain that comes of looking alone into the black silence of earth's midnight, out of eyes straining against their little human limitations, into the appalling affairs of the sky. Again his brain ached with the Great Conundrum, and his soul came reeling back from contact with infinities and eternities. He thought: How lonesome the soul is! Enough to clutch with pity at the very throat of God! Yet, what was the portent of this force newly evolving out of the mind

of man, the upright worm of the earth, a microscopic speck upon a speck in a seething multiverse of suns? Could it be the first stirrings of a power for the creature that was to spell a greatness beyond the mere bulk and expanse of the visible universe? Might it not mean that the evolving human soul was some time to master the mysteries of space? Again Thorne thrilled with the conviction that God was expressing himself in the voice of science, through the human mind's ache and stretch for truth, and that whatever significance man reaches in the wondrous scheme rests purely in the growing powers of his mind. His impending attempt to serve Northcliffe, to answer if possible that cry of a human soul, loomed the highest, most sacred duty of his life.

He looked at his watch, kneeled beside the couch for a few moments, covering his face in motionless concentration, then rose, stretched himself straight on his back with eves closed and hands folded on his breast.

Miss Thorne was sitting up in bed, straight as a candle, forlornly blinking at sleep, when the vibration of the electric street-bell caught her ear. In an instant she was in a dressing-gown and leaning over the balustrade, listening for Thorne's light step in the hall below in response to the ring A second touch of the bell brought her hurriedly down the stairs, forgetful of her promise and anxious now to prevent if possible her brother's wakening. A buttony boy stood at the door holding a telegram addressed to John Thorne. She took it tremblingly, and the boy was gone before she thought to ask if an answer was expected. She seated herself on the stair-step near the study door and listened. Not a sound came from within. Her brother's sleep was strangely deep for him. She thought of her promise, and wondered what she ought to do about the telegram. She decided to open it. The message read: "Eleven thirty to twelve sun-time in Boston. Don't fail to try to come." It was signed Northcliffe, dated in the early morning of that day in Denver, and so was for some reason belated. Miss Thorne looked at the hall clock. It pointed to five minutes to twelve. She re-read the telegram, speculating: Northcliffe must have suddenly changed his mind, wanted her brother to come at once, and had been misinformed as to the earliest hour the train started: orcould it be possible that John, too, had discovered an earlier train and had started without disturbing her? If so there would be a note for her on his desk. She thought of her promise, but rose slowly, put her hand on the knob, unable to resist opening the door and peering in.

Something in the look of Thorne's recumbent figure flooded her veins with an icy rush. Her skin crept, her heart leaped and went thudding against her ribs. She went quickly toward him, and seizing him by the shoulder, cried out to him in almost petu-

lant fear:

"John, John! Why do you lie on your back so? It's enough to drive you mad

with nightmare!"

Under her hysterical outburst his figure lay absolutely still in bloodless rigidity, his delicate features sharpened as with the refinement of death's chisel and wearing that look of everlasting meekness and silence. Besieged with a shocking apprehension, she bent over him with eyes gone wild. She seized his hand. It was ice. She touched his forehead. It was marble. Horror invaded her. She broke out in a frenzied

"Johnny! O-oh-Johnny!"

The hall clock began its whirring preliminary to a midnight announcement, and

Thorne opened his eyes.

"Oh, John," gasped Miss Thorne, "how horribly you've frightened me! You're frozen stiff, lying there without a bit of covering. What on earth possessed you—why didn't you use this?" She threw an afghan over him, and began tucking it in about him. "You wait a minute. I'll bring some brandy."

She was back immediately, tipping the flask to his rigid lips, spilling the fluid and spreading the odor. He rose slowly in a dazed sort of way into a sitting posture, seemingly unconscious of his sister's ministrations. She began chafing his hands, looking worriedly into the unanswering mask of his face.

"Come over to the fire, Johnny! You're as cold as stone and white as paper!"

He rose with an effort and made a stiff, heavy progress to his chair, Miss Thorne elbowing him along with the afghan and growing chidingly garrulous in the intensity of her relief.

"What on earth made you so cold? The room's warm. It must have been that

horrid position on your back. Why, you looked like a corpse—I'll never get over the shock of it! That couch must be too near the window, and the sash must be loose. I'll have a carpenter here to look at it in the morning.

He was looking into the fire and made no

attempt at a reply.

"I had to break my promise to you, John -I mean about coming down-stairs, you know." She was wrapping the afghan around his shoulders, submerging his head in its folds and trying to tuck it in between him and the chair. "You didn't answer the bell, so I was obliged to come down, and it's a blessed thing I did, with you lying there killing yourself with cold! It was a telegram from Northcliffe. He's changed his mind, wants you to come, and thinks there's a train out of Boston between eleven thirty and twelve.'

Thorne was still staring like a sleepwalker when the mention of Northcliffe's name gave a fillip to the befoggment of his mind, for he spoke in a husky, strangled undertone

from a mouth dry as dust,

"Northcliffe's gone; he died at twelve

o'clock."

His sister looked with freshened worry into his white face. "Why, John, you're still dreaming! You did have nightmare! And what a horrible cold you've takenyou're hoarse as a crow! You stay right here—don't you budge from the fire—while I go and make some coffee. It'll warm you

and wake you up."

When his sister returned with the tray, Thorne still sat by the fire, but he had tossed off the hampering afghan. A faint color had returned to his lips, and a strange harmony lit the cameo pallor of his features. Miss Thorne recognized what his congregation called his "torch look," as he smiled reassurance at her with an almost poignantly delightful radiation. The look of him may have brought back to her the transparent beauty of his baby days, when she was his worshiping, care-taking big sister, for old tendernesses stirred in her so mightily that she stooped and gave him a dry little peck of a kiss, the first in years.

"Drink this, Johnny, right away." She poured the coffee and stood looking at him, torn by opposing considerations. let you go on that four-thirty train with such a cold as you have taken-

Thorne drank quickly, placing the cup

for more. "Don't you worry about me, dear," he spoke somewhat unsteadily but clearly; "I'm all right now."

"Why, your throat is better already, John!'

"But I Thorne drank the second cup. shall not start on the four-thirty."

"But, John"-again the repressed, baffled look of an exile-"I-we-must know how Northcliffe is-we must telegraph Whitney-"

"We'll do better than that—I'm going to 'phone him—"
"Ah!" She caught her breath in a little

gasp. "I wonder I didn't think of that." At that instant the silver call of the tele-

phone intervened.

Thorne's cheek fired as he reached the receiver from the farther side of the table. He answered the usual questions of identification and sat waiting, explaining in lowtoned aside to his sister:

"It's long distance, Janet. Denver wants

me."

"Then Northcliffe's worse, perhaps gone." She began fumbling about the tray with nervous fingers.

"Yes, this is Thorne. Is that you, Whitney?" Thorne's hoarseness had com-

pletely disappeared.

"Yes, this is Whitney," the far-fetched message fell into Thorne's ear. "Northcliffe's dead. I start East to-day with the body. Will be in Boston on Monday."

"Was Northcliffe conscious? Any message for me?" Thorne fairly shot the ques-

"Delirious just at the last. Started up from the bed, and I caught him in my arms. He thought he saw you standing in the room and kept repeating 'Auf Wiedersehen, Jack, auf Wiedersehen!' He died smiling, and his dead face is frozen in a smile. But I'll tell you-"

The words ceased, melted impalpable as snowflakes in mid-air. Thorne spoke quickly, but there was no response. connection was lost. He hung up the re-

"It's all over, Janet." He turned upon his sister a countenance strangely brilliant

with eyes like running water. "Northcliffe's gone."

Miss Thorne wheeled round unsteadily away from him as though seeking to avoid his clairvoyant gaze. She made a halting step or two toward the door, when something, perhaps the dead despair for her that lay beyond it, came burdening in upon her; she turned back, instinctively harking to the strange light in her brother's face, and broke out chokingly against an effort at self-control, to a note of suppressed but terrible suffering,

"Oh, John, how can you endure the thought-his soul-Northcliffe's soul-is

Thorne turned in quickening surprise. looked into the blanching, sagging face with the dew of a crucial pain on the forehead. An illuminating flash lit for him a region of his sister's soul to which no one had ever been admitted or ever would be admitted. He saw what had made her a poor broken thing, sapless, bondless, detached from the vital push of life-that Janet had hopelessly loved Roy Northcliffe all through the years-Northcliffe, who had never come to a warm personal need of any woman in his life.

Chained by the inexplicable reserve that family relationship often imposes upon the New-Englander into a shamefast fear of exposing his knowledge of his sister's secret, he tried to speak evenly, normally.

"You are mistaken, Janie, if you mean that Northcliffe died without faith. He died believing. A great change came over him at the last."

"Ah!" The sigh forced itself through wan lips that tried to perform a flicker of a smile over dry white teeth. "And that'swhat the long letter was about?"

"Yes, dear."

Miss Thorne passed from the room, a

lonely shadow.

Thorne still sat in the great chair, his clean-cut profile etched in sharp relief against the velvet background, his countenance incandescent with something all made of light, something burning white and lustrous, like a star.





# The Story-Tellers

### Favorite Yarns

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Everybody has a "pet" story. In the case of noted men and women especially it will be discovered that at least one good story is a part of each one's social equipment. The thing is to draw out the bright particular yarn which is cherished for occasions. In this department we strive to print only the best. The requirements of "The Story-Tellers'

APTAIN CHARLES of the Lusitania relates the following:
"Last summer I was showing a young

woman friend over the ship during one of our westward trips, and as we passed through the steerage I called my fair companion's attention to a strapping big English emigrant who was putting away with knife, fork, and spoon a huge midday meal.

"' Just look at the enormous amount

of food that fellow is consuming,' said I.
"I suppose, Captain,' said the young
lady, with a dimpling smile, 'he is
what you sailors call a stowaway.'"

OVERNOR DENEEN, of Illinois, is not a vegetarian. Neither is he at all in sym-

pathy with the movement, as this story of

his indicates:
"One day," said the governor, "I overheard a conversation in a Springfield restaurant that pleased me mightily. Two persons, a man and a woman—both evidently strangers, however-sat near me. She was a vegetarian, and, glancing at his plate, took occasion to warn him against 'making

a graveyard of his stomach."
"But,' protested the man, smiling politely, 'I sel-

dom eat meat.' "'You have ordered eggs,

she said tartly, 'and an egg is practi-cally the same as meat. It eventually becomes a chicken.'

CHARLES S. DENEEN

"'The kind of eggs I eat never become chickens,' remarked the stranger quietly.

"'Impossible,' she exclaimed. 'What kind of eggs do you eat?'
"'Boiled eggs,' replied the stranger."

GOVERNOR-ELECT WILSON, of GOVERNOR-ELECT WILSON, or New Jersey, tells of a commercial traveler who came regularly to Prince-ton, the governor's home. "This man," says Mr. Wilson, "was passionately fond of honey, and the proprietor of the hotel at which he stopped always had some on hand for him.

"One day the drummer took his wife



along, and, as he approached Princeton, mentioned to her that he was getting to a place where he could have some particularly fine honey. When their dinner was served, however, no honey appeared. ""Where is my honey?' he asked the

head waiter sharply.
"'You mean the little black-haired one?' asked the waiter, smiling. 'Oh, she doesn't work here any more, sir.'"

SENATOR ELKINS, deploring the dishonest methods of one type of business man, said, with a smile:

"It all brings back to me a dialogue I once heard in a Southern school. "'Children,' said the teacher, 'be

steadfast, and you will succeed. the case of George Washington, whose birthday we are soon to celebrate. Do you remember my telling you of the great difficulty George Washington had

diligent and

to contend against?'
"'Yes, ma'am,' said a
little boy. 'He couldn't tell a lie.

THOMAS A. EDISON. remarking on a new style aeroplane, said its makeup was, to say the

least,

"It is, in fact, astriking idea.

I have seen nothing to beat it since last month. Then a young man from Orange showed me an engagement ring that he was going to patent.
"'But,' said I, examining the very

ordinary-looking circlet, 'what is there patentable about this?'

"'It is adjustable, sir,' answered the young man proudly."

W. O. THOMPSON, president of the Ohio State University, tells the following as a good example of Irish wit: Two Irishmen stood at a fruit-stand

where some grape-fruit was exhibited. "Look at th' oranges, Pat," said one. "Did yez iver see such large oranges? Faith, and 'twud not take minny of thim to make a dozen."



WOODROW WILSON

### Hall of Jun of Famous People

Hall of Fun" are few. We want genuinely funny stories as narrated by or told about living men and women whose names are universally familiar. We are glad to pay liberally for those that are found available. If you know a truly famous person ask him for his favorite anecdote and send it to the Anecdote Editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine.

PHILANDER C. KNOX, the present Secretary of state, told, at a recep-tion at Valley Forge, of an impudent politician.

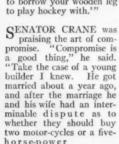
"The impudence with which he demands his favors," said Mr. Knox, reminds me of the impudence of young John Gaines, a Brownsville boy.

"One winter day in Brownsville the skating was good, and a game of hockey was proposed. John Gaines, his skates over his arm, rang the bell of one of our oldest inhabitants, an 1812 veteran with a wooden leg.

"'Excuse me, sir,' he said, 'but are you going out to-day?'
"'No, I believe not,' replied the vete-

ran kindly. 'Why do you ask, my son?'

"Because if you are not,' said John Gaines, 'I'd like to borrow your wooden leg



horse-power runabout suitable to their means. Hesaid, "'My wife

and I wrangled for months and months, but, thank goodness, we have compromised at last.'

(r) BY PACH BROS

WINTHROP M. CRANE

"'What have you compromised on?' I asked.

"'A baby-carriage,' he answered, with a wide, glad smile.

ROBERT S. LOVETT, the new president of the Union Pacific, tells this

"Recklessness in finance doesn't pay -unless, indeed, it be the cautious kind of recklessness that Legier, the baker, was noted for.

"Legier, bent over his counter, was working away with a pencil and a piece



PHILANDER C. KNOX

of wrapping-paper, when Mrs. Liscum entered for a loaf of bread.

"Noticing on the paper a lot of familiar names, Mrs. Liscum said, "'What are you figuring there, Mr.

Legier?'
"'Well, ma'am,' said Legier, 'I'm
just putting down the names of all my

friends that I can lick.' "'Is Harvey Liscum's name there?'

asked Mrs. Liscum. "'Yes,' said the baker. 'Yes, I got it down.

"Mrs. Liscum went home and told Harvey. He snatched his hat and hastened to the bakery.
"'Legier,' he shouted, 'is it true

what my wife tells me-that I'm on the list of the men

you can lick?' "'Yes,' said Legier calmly, 'I've got you down, Mr. Liscum.

"'Why, you little shrimp,' roared Liscum, 'I could wipe up the floor with you! I could eat you alive!'

"'Are you sure you could?' said the baker.

"'You bet I'm sure!' said Liscum, shaking his fist in Legier's face.

"'Well, then,' said the baker sadly, 'I guess I'll cross you off the list.'"



CLARK HOWELL

C L A R K HOWELL, of Atlanta, tells

of the sad case of an elderly darky in Georgia charged with the theft of some chickens. negro had the misfortune to be defended by a young and inexperienced attorney, although it is doubtful whether anyone could have secured his acquittal, the commission of the crime having been proved beyond all doubt.

The darkey received a pretty severe sentence. "Thank you, sah," said he cheerfully, addressing the judge when the sentence had been pronounced. "Dat's mighty hard, sah, but it ain't anywhere what I 'spected. I thought, sah, dat between my character and dat speech of my lawyer dat you'd hang me, shore!'



ROBERT S. LOVETT

## Mandy's Chantickler Bunnit

By E. W. Kemble



"Didn't Ah jes 'bout set dat cong'gation crazy wif dis yer topknot!"



"Great Gabriel! Whar's yo'-all a-gwine ter?"



"De Good Book done say dat de Lord will pervide."



"Shuah nuf, he will."



"Fo' de land sakes, who done cast dat in ma way?"



"Ah did, you low-down holy man, an' you shell out fo' de cost of dat bunnit er Ah's gwine ter cyarve yer ter small pieces."

# MAGAZINE SHOP-TALK

### The Stomach on Furlough

PTON SINCLAIR'S "Jungle" wrenched the national stomach, and for a time almost wrecked the nation's meat trade. Now it is the grocers who will have a grievance against this writer; for his article in the May Cosmopolitan upon the virtues of fasting is raising up a host of followers. Fasting as a means of spiritual purification runs back to Scriptural days, but as a means of physical renovation it is a somewhat new idea.

However, before Mr. Upton Sinclair had slid out of pinafores into knickerbockers, I had become a convert to the value of the stomach furlough. I have seen tested the efficacy of the complete fast, especially in the case of ills and ails springing from overeating-the special vice of adult human beings. We would each resent any imputation that we do not speak the truth or that we do not pay our debts; still, any of us will confess without a quiver that we eat too much and too often. Yet, to my mind, it is a grievous sin to defile the temple of the spirit and impair our usefulness in forwarding the work of the world. In the fierce scramble of living, we ought not to neglect the beautiful art of life.

Now, my first observation of the rest cure for the overdriven stomach was in the case of a neighbor of long ago. At the beginning of a certain month he bore the huge girth of a Jack Falstaff; at the end of that month he had shrunk to the dimensions of the lean Cassius. This was the way of it. A good worker and a good eater, sedentary occupation cut out his exercise. The overgoaded stomach turned insurgent. The man became a nervous wreck. He saw the grave drawing near. After weeks of acute agony, he was counseled to fling away pill-box and potion-bottle and give his tired-out stomach an absolute furlough. He accepted this forlorn hope. He ate nothing, drank only distilled water, kept about his ordinary work. After a day or two the hunger-call disappeared. But, at the end of ten days, a new real hunger sprang up. Then he began to take slight

nourishment, gradually returning to a reasonable daily diet. However, my friend cut down his eating to the noonday meal; and he ate with leisure and a quiet mind, taking an hour of rest after the event.

This was years ago, and he is still alive and well, an active worker, a hale man. And needless to say, he is an advocate of the fast cure.

#### Bribes to the Stomach

Generally, however, a man has to get quite sick before he is willing to give up the tickle of the table; men will try any compromise before resorting to the penance of fasting. The Romans retired between the courses of a dinner to take an emetic, and came back to the eating-couch to proceed with undiminished vigor. I once knew a man who gorged like an anaconda, and then turned exhausted to the pepsin bottle to put down the gastric riot in the nether deep. I know another who absorbs large sections of mince-pie or plum-pudding, and then flings down his throat after the departed medley a few lactic tablets to lead a Waterloo against the pastry bacilli.

Strange pranks, my masters, the beast in us will play rather than forego the jungle

joy of gulp and glut.

Mr. Sinclair discusses this month the questions that have poured upon him since his first article concerning eating and fasting, dying and dieting. He finds that many of his countrymen are with him in his advocacy of abstinence at times of illness or dull depression. Now we realize that a condition like that of starving India, where the poorer classes never have enough to eat, is not a condition of highest working efficiency. But we also know that eating habitually more than one needs is a thing that brings to the body the almost hopeless problem of elimination the problem that causes most of the adult ills of civilization. And well may mankind ask, with old Thomas Browne, to be delivered from the tyranny of the gullet and the groin -those two tyrants of the flesh which destroy more millions than flood and fire, than sword and shell.

### Art Revolution

GROUPS of artists over the world are today revolutionizing old standards, giving a new impetus to the spirit of beauty, a new urge to the spirit of fellowship. new schools of art in Spain, in Russia, in Norway and Sweden, in Germany, France, and England are represented by vigorous thoughtful young men about whom very little is known outside of the inner cir-These men are the chief forces in the onward sweep of art. They are propelling a nobler radicalism than all the philosophic insurgents of the age. Men like Zuloaga and Carlos Vasquez of Spain, Franz Stuck and Arnold Böcklin in Germany, Frank Brangwyn in England and Lupin in Russia, have hurled down tradition in their several spheres. They have peered into existence from a new and surprising cliff of vision. They cry back to us from the paths and peaks of to-morrow. I am glad to hear that the Cosmopolitan has in preparation a series of simple unacademic articles on these new men, with fine reproductions of their typical paintings. It will be good to look on life from the shoulders of these giants.

### The New Idea in Detective Science

MR. ARTHUR REEVE'S series of detective stories in the Cosmopolitan introduces the new idea in criminal science, an idea whose possibilities kindle the imagination, lighting up long vistas into the mystery of the human mind. The hero, Craig Kennedy, a professor of experimental psychology, makes keen researches into criminology. He sets about detecting crime by means of the principles and appli-ances used in his laboratory. When "suspects" are before him, he leaves the world of gross matter and begins to deal with the chemistry of the mind-begins to produce and to inspect "the precipitates" of emotion. It is an adventure into a world once supposed to be intangible, impenetrable.

This experimental psychologist has delicate tests and balances that measure man's reaction to various sorts of stimuli—measure his quickness of thought or feeling; his response to color, to sound, to pressure. One may control the muscles of his face; but the beat of his heart and the intake of the breath are beyond the control of the will. Yet the alert machine of the scientist can record

these involuntary movements as precisely as the clock-dial records the minute and the second.

So this new sort of detective story provides a thrill for the jaded reader. The cycle of ghost and goblin tales ran its wonder course. Then came Poe with "The Murders in the Rue Morgue," as the originator of the detective story; and Conan Doyle with his Sherlock Holmes has long held the field with a variant of these stories of analysis and deduction. But Arthur Reeve begins where Conan Doyle leaves off. Craig Kennedy's method is a sort of sublimated "third degree."

### Wallingford, Criminaloid

IN "The Adventures of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford," by George Randolph Chester, we find the well-known "Young Wallingford" now grown from his early pinkness and plumpness into the more pronounced solferino and avoirdupois that come of easy living. Wallingford is already known to many novel readers and theatergoers as the human symbol that stands for the gay manipulation of crooked business deals. He is the type of social cormorant from whose make-up conscience seems to have been accidentally omitted. He is the type of that new brand of sinner classified by Professor Edward Ross as the criminaloid, that twentieth-century malefactor whose vices have not, like till-tapping and horse-stealing, become sufficiently institutionalized to be fought by commandment, code, and prison-

Wallingford (and he has many brothers in real life) plunders in such a pleasant manner, and his thronging dupes are so eager to be parted from their stocking-end and safety-deposit hoards, that one cannot be too much depressed at seeing the biters well nipped, albeit by a knave whose winning ways make him the very knave of hearts.

Mr. Chester's stories mergeinto farce and fun; but they have grim truth under the ribs of them. As "a jest oft reaches him who would a sermon fly," the light, laughter-laden chronicles of Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford, now running in the COSMOPOLITAN, ought to carry to thousands a warning against the bucket-shoppers and land-sharks and other alert fakirs who make a fat living off the gaping and the gullible.

EDWIN MARKHAM

### THE SQUANDERER

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### BY ELLA WHEELER WILCOX

God gave him passions, splendid as the sun;
Meant for the lordliest purposes, a part
Of nature's full and fertile mother heart,
From which new systems and new stars are spun.
And now, behold, behold, what he has done!
In Folly's court and carnal Pleasures' mart
He flung the wealth life gave him at the start.
(This, of all mortal sins, the deadliest one.)

At dawn he stood, potential, opulent,
With virile manhood, and emotions keen
And wonderful with God's creative fire.
At noon he stands, with Love's large fortune spent
In petty traffic, unproductive, mean—
A pauper, cursed with impotent desire.



# HE BEST POLICY

By Reginald Wright Kauffman Drawing by Charles A. Winter



It all depends on what you mean by success. These people got their own brands in their own ways.

There is, however, another brand, and that kind can't be had except by virtue of honesty



HEY have stopped preaching in the copy-books THE that "honesty is the best policy." They are BEST trying to teach, laudably, that when honesty is POLICY merely a good policy it is a poor virtue. My own opinion is that if you can't get the best virtue from the heart, then it is almost as well to get a cheaper grade from the pocketbook, which is

cheaper grade from the pocketbook, which is where most men's hearts are located, anyway. However, this does not, in the present case, apply; for the broad fact is that, for all

If, by the term "success," you mean what most of us mean, honesty is almost antagonistic to it. It nearly always has been. There are exceptions; but not many, and these are daily growing less. Considering his times, Henry VII was England's richest king, and he got his fortune by telling Parliament he wanted money for the national defense, and then locking the collection in his own strong-box. His granddaughter looked upon an accepted lie as an intellectual triumph, and by such triumphs Elizabeth kept her throne for forty-five years. Napoleon laid the foundations of his empire in France by what all men now know to have been gigantic lies in his despatches from Syria.

politic men, honesty is the worst policy in the world.

Consider the types of success that many of our school-teachers are still holding up as achievements possible of simulation by every American boy. Do you suppose the men that made the meat trust got rich by charging you an honest price for your pound of beef? Have you forgotten that, though the law forbade coal-mine officials to be officers of a coal-carrying road, in 1903 the president of the Reading Railroad boasted that he was president of so many coal companies that he couldn't remember the names of them all? How about our Warwicks of Wall Street? And how about — well, how about a few gentlemen in your own state Legislature?

It all depends on what you mean by success. These people got their own brands in their own ways. There is, however, another brand, and that kind can't be had except by virtue of honesty.

The question involved is simple, and there is no escaping a categorical answer. Do you want to be, in your own sphere, a rich Henry VII or a poor Columbus? An Elizabeth or a Florence Nightingale? A Napoleon or a John the Baptist?

Within your own limitations, you can be anything you want to be.

It's up to you.